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FEBRUARY, 1861.

RAJA RADHAKANTA AND HIS ANCESTORS.

A Rapid Sketch of the Life of Raja Radhakanta Deva Bahadur, with some Notices of his Ancestors, and Testimonials of his Character and Learning, by the Editors of the Raja's Suddakalpadruma, Calcutta: 1859.*

THIS little book comes into the world with the whole weight of Raja Radhakanta's name, for, despite the plural which on the title-page claims and justly claims the authorship, it is easy to see that, as the life of one who has not yet breathed his span, by the members of his own family, it could not have been undertaken, without his consent, if it was not at his suggestion, nor have been published without his inspection, if, what is more probable, he had not superintended the work

* Though dated 1859, the book has only recently been published.

throughout its progress. Its value consists in its being a brief friendly account of the most far-famed Hindu now living and an one-sided family memoir. The book in its extreme brevity disappoints all classes of readers. Few lives have been more eventful, more honored, more uniformly dignified, more active and well-directed, and few more chequered by exaltations of fame and depressions of fortune, than the Raja's. In place of a spirited narrative of such a life, we are told to be content with 16 octavo-pages of big type. The faults of omission of the book are serious. No life of Raja Radhakanta should aspire to the name which wholly ignores and we fear designedly ignores his share in the social and religious movements which have taken place in Bengal within the last twentyfive years. The portrait given is simply a faint outline of Radhakanta, the scholar; but of Radhakanta the man, or of Radhakanta, the social leader, the Sudra who rules Brahmins in their Brahminism and weilds a social power in matters of caste &c., which is most humiliating to the pride of the twice-born, we are totally left in the dark. Shrewd minds are naturally inclined to conclude that the book consists of notices of those incidents of the Raja's life on which he can willingly permit public criticism, and still shrewder men may interpret the silence to be repentance

—an implied recantation of former opinions. In point of fact, nothing of the kind. The Raja is simply “willing to *please*, yet afraid to *proceed*.” If ever the Raja has exhibited moral cowardice on any considerable scale, it is in the matter of this biography. If ever life and character were proof to the widest publication, these are his, and we so much regret the ill-advised, hide-and-seek prudence which marks the present book, that we sincerely hope he and the public will repudiate it.

The notices of the Raja's ancestors are meagre still and, as it were, revel in the grossest inaccuracies. Not to speak of others, Navakrishna, to whom alone a separate biography ought to be assigned, is dismissed with $7\frac{1}{2}$ pages.—From the facts contained in this book and from others of our own collection, we intend to furnish a narrative, which, we hope, will be found somewhat fuller than the one already before us,—not forgetting, at the same time, our legitimate function of criticism.

We do not pretend to be versed in the heraldry of the Kayasthas and are willing to confess our want of interest in it. We believe, however, that few Sudras, even in this part of India where the Sudras are most favorably situated in every respect, can trace their geneology so remote as does Raja Radhakanta. It is easy enough in Bengal to introduce interpolations in the metrical lists of the

fessional *Kúlinas*, and, above all, the drying up in the people's mind of old channels of ambition make *Ekajayais* now, as ever, few and far between. The seat of an *Ekajayai* for the time becomes so crowded as to be easily mistaken for a fair. Months previous to the wedding day, letters of invitation are circulated over all parts of the country, and days previous, the expected batches of *Kúlinas* and *Ghattackas*, numerous, attended, begin to arrive in, are received with a welcome such as only Hindus can accord, and are shown their quarters. As soon as a boat bearing its august load of a distinguished *Kulina* and his retinue is announced at the Ghaut, the host himself or a proper proxy waits on him to conduct him on shore. These guests are provided with every convenience at their lodgings, sometimes the shopkeepers are directed not to charge anything to them, but to lay their accounts before the host, and the host, as often as he can, visits them. Different guests trace relationships near or remote, as the case may be, among themselves and enquire of one another's family. The contiguity of so many *Kúlinas* and *Ghattackas* favor the contraction of marriage-alliances, and agreements are often entered into for unborn issues. Many a father harrassed to find for his son a bride who will not degrade the dignity of his forefathers, falls in with a party possessing the jewel. Heraldic dis-

cussions, general conversation, and chess-parties and dice-parties beguile the day. When all from all quarters have arrived, the day of assembly is appointed. The chief heads of the *Kúlinas* now draw towards each the *Ghattackas* who are to support their pretensions above others, and in this competition large sums are some times spent. On the appointed day, the day which is to set at rest the quiver of struggling breasts, slowly they proceed to the spot attended by their partizans. As soon as a considerable assembly has been got up, the discussion of rival claims is brought on the carpet. Gradually it grows warm, till at last nothing is distinguishable amidst a sea of noise and confusion. Dimly, however, through the smoke of *hookkás* and the deafening roar, is perceived who wins and who falls.—And the table of precedence there settled immediately influences the relative value of the presents, including travelling expences, which the host gives his guests.

• Such is an *Ekajayai*. • Pitambara, the sixth in descent from Srihari, is celebrated as having got up one. On that occasion he caused portion of a rivulet to be filled up with paddy for the *Kúlinas* and *Ghattackas* to pass over, whence his surname *Dhanya* Pitambara (Paddy Pitambara.) Pitambara must have been a man of considerable riches and influence. He must have been one of the

lights of the Kayastha community of Bengal; and to be such in a land, where most property and posts are in the hands of the Kayasthas,* is no small distinction. He appears to have been at the Court and received the title of *Khan Bahadoor*. His era must have been the same with that of one of the first Mogul viceroys of Bengal. One of his great grandsons, Nityananda Raya, settled in Purgunnah Saudapura. Raya Bidhyadhara Deva, the ninth in descent from the last, removed first to Najara and then to Nitada in Purgunnah Múragáchá. Owing no doubt to the effects of equal partition, his grandson, Devidasa Majoomdara was so reduced as to be no higher than the local *Kanungo*. On his death one of his sons was confirmed by Nawab Aliverdi Khan in his father's post and another, Rúkkinikánta, who had settled at Panchagrama (Panchgang), was appointed manager of the estate of Kesavaráma Raya Chowdri, the Zemindar of Purgunnah Múragáchá, then a minor, with the title of *Vyatahartha*. His son, Rámeswara, succeeded him, but as he appeared to be more solicitous of increasing the revenues of the Nawab than of conciliating the good wishes of Kesavaráma, the latter, when he became of age, confined him as a prisoner in his house. Rámcharana, the se-

* The Ayeen Akbarry, alluding to the very era of Pitambara, says that most of the Zemindars of Bengal were Kayasthas.

cond of the six sons of Rámeswara, was gifted with a spirit of enterprize and resolution rare among Bengalees. He went to the Court at Moorsheadabad, introduced himself to the Chancellor of the Exchequer and, offering to increase the revenue of Purgunnah Múragachá to Rs. 50,000, was appointed Commissioner of Revenue of the Purgunnah. Armed with his new powers, he returned to Múragachá, and one of his first acts was to release his father and revenge himself upon Kesavarama by confining him in turn. Dreading, we suppose, evil consequences from his neighbourhood with Kesavarama, Ramcharana removed to Govindpoor, the village whereon Fort William is built. Once more presenting himself to the Nawab, he was appointed Salt-Agent and Collector of Higli, Tumlook, Mahisadal &c.; and in this latter post he discharged himself with so much satisfaction that the Nawab reserved him for still higher promotion in the service.

Munirúddin Khan, quarrelling with his brother, the Nawab of Arcot, took refuge with Nawab Aliverdi Khan, who, not only treated him with great consideration, but appointed him Governor of the province of Cuttack, with Rámcharana as his Dewan. The Mahrattas at this time being very turbulent, and a body of them actually carrying depredations in Orissa, Munirúddin and Rámcharana

went to oppose them attended by a respectable force. In their way from Midnapore to Cuttack, they were at one time marching with a small number of attendants, leaving the main army at a great distance, when four hundred Mahratta Cavalry surprized them in the woods and cut off Munirúddin Khan. Rámcharana, unlike a Bengalee, after a gallant bush-fighting, in which he killed several of the enemy, died overpowered, as unbecame a Bengalee, sword in hand.

This incident, which, if true, is unexampled in the annals of our nation, which is one fact in support of a hope, that the Bengalee, with his amazing docility in the arts of peace, may, if trained, be not wholly wanting in the arts of war, and which relieves the story of the Fighting Moonshif from absolute loneliness, rests, however, upon a doubtful foundation. The biographers do not give the authority for it, and all we have learnt by private enquiry is, that they found it mentioned in a family-memoir compiled by Raja Radhakanta himself. The high character of the Raja renders the charge of wilful fabrication simply impertinence. His Rajaship has not strength enough to bear the load of self-acquired laurels and is not likely to covet to the serene triumph of his scholarship the glory of ancestral military renown. He may have been deceived. The story may have been invent-

ed by Navakrishna himself to feed his vanity. The presumption is that, if it is a fabrication, it is a fabrication of Navakrishna's. It bears evident impress of the stormy times in which Navakrishna's fortune was cast. Ordinary Bengalees love to associate their fathers rather with fiscal settlements or even with treaties than with bloodshed. Whether the account may or may not have at bottom some layer of truth, we will hereafter determine. For the present, we will simply remark, that it is not improbable, that Rámcharana, while accompanying Munirúddin Khan to Orissa, was cut off with his master and that the dying man made some struggle and that the feats of valor are a sort of natural sauce to the story for which the inevitable tendencies of the human fancy are responsible. Besides, the family throughout seem to be endued with an ease for migration so uncharacteristic of the stationary Bengalee, that it requires no effort of imagination to believe one of them capable of fighting like a true Khettrya. Our regret is, that this feat of extreme heroism—it is extreme heroism in a Bengalee to strike a blow even when rudely forced to part with life—should not be mentioned in any history we have read, that even the minute Golaum Mahamud, the contemporary historian of the times, should be wholly silent upon the point.

He even does not so much as mention any expedition or appointment of Munirúddin Khan. We hope that the research of the Raja's biographers may yet clear up a circumstance of so much national, more than heraldic, importance.

We next come to the most extraordinary discrepancy between fact and the assertions in the book under notice. Ramcharana left, say our authors, "a widow and three infant sons, Rámsúndara Deva, Manikyachandra Deva, and Navakrishna Deva, who were, all of a sudden, reduced to great straits [?] by the loss of Ramcharana's whole property, consequent upon the death of Fakhar Tojjar Khan, (alias Khwaja Wajid), a wealthy merchant of Hugli, in whose custody it was kept." From the obscurity of this sentence, it is hard to make out, whether the writers allow any time between the death of Ramcharana and that of Khwaja Wajid. If they do, how to explain the sudden reduction to poverty of Ramcharana's sons? On the other hand, the stubborn difficulty interferes, that the deaths of the owner and the trustee could not as a matter of fact have occurred simultaneously. Ramcharana died in Aliverdi Khan's reign, that is before the 9th April, 1756, the date of the Nawab's death, and Khwaja Wajid died in either 1758 or 1759*. During these few years which

* Holwell's India Tracts, p. 103. Holwell does not mention the

elapsed, the infants of Ramcharana must have enjoyed comforts corresponding to their wealth and rank, if their poverty is to be fathered upon Khwaja Wajid's death,—but when the last event took place, their poverty must have been but too sudden. But lower down the page, we are informed, that in 1756, Navakrishna was sixteen years of age ! This alters the whole thing altogether. In that case, about sixteen years must have intervened between Ramcharana's and Khwaja Wajid's death, and if the former had really left all his personalty, which seems to have been nearly his whole property, in the custody of the latter, Navakrishna and his brothers must have been reared up according to their position. It is notorious that Navakrishna was a poor man, and that he was the sole architect of his fortune. Our authors have been totally and shamefully discomfited in their attempt to reconcile the well-known poverty of Navakrishna with the alledged rank of his father. The wretched shift of the sudden demise of a wealthy merchant, to whom Indian custom entrusts the management of other people's monies, has completely failed to explain the inconsistency. But, lest any doubt should perplex any reader on this head, we will relate all that is known of Khwaja Wajid and how

exact date, but his narrative leaves no doubt that he means either the latter end of 1758, or the early part of 1759.

and when he came by his end. He was a Cashmerian of fortune and family, who carried on extensive mercantile transactions and, from his interest with the reigning dynasty, since Aliverdi Khan was on the throne, was enabled to carry them on with the greater safety and make immense profits. He was in fact the principal merchant of Bengal, and enjoyed several monopolies, the principal of which was that of saltpetre*. Some idea of his wealth may be formed from the fact, that his daily expenses amounted to Rupees 1,000, and that on one occasion he gave the Nawab a nuzzur of fifteen lacs of Rupees. He was besides a regular diplomatist. The manager of the French trade in the province, he represented French interests at the Court of Moorshedabad, but he saw with the quick-sightedness of an Asiatic that the English were destined to get the better of his own employers and deserted to the more hopeful cause. When in 1756 the Nawab threatened the English with extermination, Khwaja Wajid was applied to to plead with Serajudowla the English cause. High in the confidence of Serajudowla, he was one of the first to show to the English that his was a tottering throne. In those days the merchant princes managed diplomatic relations. Both Omichund (Amirchand) and Khwaja Wajid were diplomatists

* Mr. Marshman (History of Bengal, p. 167,) says salt, but we have not been able to find his authority for the statement.

as much as merchants. Both Omichund and Khwaja Wajid were disappointed of the hopes which they had entertained of the Revolution, a revolution the credit of which belongs to these cool merchants as much as to Col. Clive, Mr. Watts and Meer Jaffier; but because Khwaja Wajid was free from the avarice of Omichund and possessed a stronger will, he did not succumb to the misfortune, but reserved his revenge for whenever opportunity might offer for its play. If, as some transcendentalists believe, opportunity is success, real opportunity against England was impossible so long as it was not England's turn to repay her progress in India; but false opportunity was not equally coy; *she* was not long in tempting him,—the greased cartridges speedily followed the annexation of Oude. The thought that the immense risk was undergone, and the traitor to one who joined in his person the character of both king and benefactor—for both of these was Serajudowlah to Khwaja Wajid—played, in vain, was of itself all but overwhelming. But the last straw was not slow in adding its weight to break the camel's back. Disappointed at the personal, however favorable were the national, results of the Revolution, Khwaja Wajid, in the momentary reaction against worldliness which inevitably overtakes the mind on the defeat of projects and hopes of ex-

treme worldliness, bade a temporary farewell to politics and confined himself within the less exciting sphere of his mercantile transactions. He was not long left to do so. The Revolution demonstrated the relative strength of the revolutionists. While the English despaired of seizing the civil power, none of the native leaders ever hoped to attain their military prestige. Clive was the "King-maker." As one concession encourages another demand, Clive was not content with the political and commercial advantages secured to his country by the Treaty with Meer Jaffier. The general of a "shop-keeping nation" and of a trading Company, he coveted for his employers the rich saltpetre farm of Khwaja Wajid near Patna. With this view, he invoked to his aid the policy which succeeded with Serjudowlah and which has ever since succeeded with native princes in extending the sway of England, the policy, viz, of annoying the intended victim into resistance and greedily accepting the latter's self-defence as a *causus belli*. The servants of the English factory at Patna were prompted to harass those of Khwaja Wajid's farm. Frequent quarrels ensued. The Nawab whom Clive "made" was, as a matter of form, appealed to. The "destiny" of England triumphed over native "right." The farm, the golden apple of contention, the object of de-

fence with one, and the aim of avarice with the other, party, was transferred to the children of "destiny."*

A loser by commerce as well as by politics, Khwaja Wajid, but for the strength of his character, would have died a maniac like Omichund. Failing in diplomacy, he sought consolation in the contemplation of the safe and immense returns of his speculations. But deprived of his strength and pride, almost his stay, his farm, ere he had recovered from the shock of his last disappointment, he writhed to pour out the long-collecting and well-filled phials of his vengeance in an attempt, no matter were that attempt his end, against the authors of his miseries. No wonder that his usual judgement forsook him. He looked about for a confederate. The Nawab, Meer Jaffier, who had transferred the farm to the English, became that confederate. Each wanted the other. Meer Jaffier required the services of an experienced diplomatist, Khwaja Wajid the assistance of a powerful man, in his views against the English. Meer Jaffier had not long been on the Musnud before he felt all the ills of a semblance of authority without the reality of power. A revolt against the dictatorship of the Company's servants was to him, situated as he was, a natural contemplation ; and he found in

* Orme's War in Indostan, vol. I. p. 182.

Khwaja Wajid, equally disappointed at the legacy the Revolution left him, a ready instrument in negotiating with the Dutch at Chinsurah to bring a large army and expell the English. Clive, convinced of Khwaja Wajid's hand in the conspiracy, had had him arrested on his way from Moorshedabad to Chinsurah and conveyed to Calcutta. There he was confined, and in that confinement he shortly after died. At that time, according to our authors, Navakrishna was both an infant and a youth of eighteen ! If he was an infant and his father's property had been entrusted to Khwaja Wajid, he ought to have been bred up according to his rank. If he was the other, Khwaja Wajid died two years after he, according to our authors' account, was appointed Moonshi to the Company, and therefore the sudden transition from a state of opulence to one of want consequent upon that merchant's death, falls to the ground.

But to return to our authors' narrative. The widow of Rámcharana contrived to bring her children up with the small means at her command. Her resources must have been still further crippled by the necessity she was put to, of building a new house at Govindpoor, that in which she lived being washed away by the river. Rámsúndara, the eldest of her sons, when he grew into man's estate, became supervisor of Pachtete and other places

and supported the family. When the English wanted to erect Fort William on the village of Govindpoor, Rámsúndara received, as compensation for his premises, some lands in Aurlpooli and a few thousand Rupees. Not liking Aurlpooli, however, he built a house in Chutanutty, which, according to our authors, formed the nucleus of the present extensive Shobhabazar buildings. Now, we smell some inaccuracy here also. The English thought of abandoning the Old Fort and of building a new one in Govindpoor after the battle of Plassey. When Rámsúndara, therefore, had to remove from his old habitation, Navakrishna was the active and powerful Moonshí to the Company and owned lacs, if not crores. But our authors would make us believe, that, when the change of residence took place, Navakrishna had not acquired his importance, but was wholly dependent upon his eldest brother, which is contrary to fact. The great difficulty we meet with, in our authors, is, that they scarcely ever venture to give dates, but when they do give them, they exhibit their utter want of historical exactness.

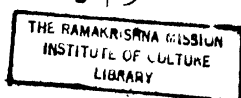
It is singular that in a family-memoir, which pretends to take us as far back as the Hindu Dynasty of Bengal, the birth of the most distinguished of the family should not be related with even the ordinary minuteness. From the incidental remark

that in 1756 Navakrishna was sixteen years of age, the reader is left to guess that he was born in 1740. We believe the family themselves do not know the date of his birth, and this circumstance detracts somewhat from the bare respectability of Navakrishna's parentage,—in spite of the story of a hero who would have been honored in Rajputana. Every Bengalee, whose condition is but one remove from pauperism, has means more accurate of knowing his birth-time to the second than the Parish Register, and he who, without sufficient reason, is found deficient in these means, is deficient in the A. B. C. of respectability. With the high claims set up in behalf of Navakrishna's illustriousness, the idea of there being no horoscope of his sounds ridiculous to Bengallee ears.

But the supposition that Navakrishna came into the world in the year 1740, meets with a difficulty. Lord Thurlow, quoted by our authors themselves, says that in the 1750 Navakrishna was the Persian preceptor of Mr. Hastings, which renders it impossible that he was born in 1740, for within ten years of age he could not have finished his education and set up schoolmaster, even making every allowance for the precocity of genius—a gift of nature which seems to be the special portion of the Devas. Then, as if to embarrass the case still more, we are told that his education was finished

at Moorshedabad. We are therefore obliged to bring him into the world earlier still than 1740. He therefore is born before Aliverdi Khan acquires the throne of Bengal and consequently the beautiful romance of the Bengalee Dewan of Munirúddin Khan dying after prodigies of valor, sword in hand, fades into a baseless vision. Distrusting, altogether, the accuracy of our Joint Stock Company of authors, we assume, that, of humble parents, Navakrishna was born about the year 1732, in the village of Govindpoor. While he was yet within his teens, his father probably, died, and he was reared up with his other brothers by his needy mother. He picked up some knowledge of the Persian, then the fashionable study and the Court language, in his village, which he greatly increased by self-culture. The English settlement at Chutanutty was the nearest town. As he began ✓ to grow up towards manhood and as the responsibilities of life began daily to press upon him, he no doubt used to repair to it often in quest of employment from its many native merchants and *shahibs*. In those days, when ships visited Bengal at long intervals, the arrival of one from Europe was anxiously expected by numerous people. Some of the Company's servants expected promotion, others feared degradation. Young cadets who had ruined themselves by *pilules* and harems

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expected a dull letter from their parents which they were sure not to read, and a—remittance. Native Banians, who had successively equipped newly-arrived Europeans, expected fresh batches. Without any definite expectation, Navakrishna, with the imagination of an youthful Oriental could hardly have failed, as he remarked these vessels come one by one, to picture to himself that in one of these was to come the shahib who was destined to make his fortune. If he did indulge in such a fancy, he was not deceived. On the 8th of October, 1750, eight young men for the Civil Service arrived at Calcutta.* They had each to be furnished with a Persian tutor. Warren Hastings, who afterwards played so important a part on the political stage of the East, was one of them and Navakrishna was retained for him. Navakrishna soon ingratiated himself into Hastings' favor and to their mutual understanding their mutual youth, we believe, not a little contributed. In 1753 Hastings was sent to Cossimbazar and was prevailed upon by Navakrishna to be accompanied by him. There, at Cossimbazar, he may have perfected his Persian studies, which accords with our authors' assertion of Navakrishna's having finished his education at Moorsshedabad. In 1755 Hastings was nominated to the Council at

* Gleig's History of Hastings vol. I.

the factory of Cossimbazar, but in the following year he was made prisoner, with others of the factory, at the Nawab's orders, but was permitted his liberty on giving bail. We next find him at Moorshedabad, reporting to Mr. Drake and the Council of Calcutta, who had taken refuge at Futta, the proceedings at the Court. Navakrishna appears to have been with him there, and to have served the English in many ways in the troubles preceding the Revolution.

At this stage we feel it our duty to examine the story given by our Company of authors of Navakrishna's entering the English service. Mr. Drake, say they, had given refuge to Krishnabulluba, the son of Rajabulluba. The Nawab was naturally incensed at the kindness to a man whom he meant to persecute. Mr. Drake and the English were thrown into great consternation, when they were assured by Rajabulluba and other Hindu chiefs of the Nawab's Court that they were all dissatisfied with their prince and that they will find their concurrence, if they inaugurated an attempt at deliverance. The letter in which this assurance was conveyed, was entrusted to a Hindu messenger with a verbal message that it may be explained only by a Hindu Moonshí. Mr. Drake hereupon told his men to get one. That day, Navakrishna, then only sixteen, had gone to that quarter and some of

Mr. Drake's people knowing him took him to their master. He explained the letter and wrote a reply. He was rewarded handsomely for his toil, and was henceforth appointed Moonshí to the Company. Bah ! It was not enough to make Navakrishna begotten by a hero, but he must needs himself play an important part in a Revolution when only sixteen ! We are tempted only to wonder at the moderation of our authors. Poetical consistency requires that the son of Dewan Ramcharana should command a battalion at Plassey in Clive's side, rather than explain Persian chits. We are surprized that the utter incredibility of the story they would trump upon the public did not strike our authors. Is it at all likely that the letter to Mr. Drake remained unexplained until Navakrishna went and explained it ? There must have been more than one Persian scholar among the English at Calcutta, not to speak of the numerous Hindus in their employ and confidence. Are we to beleive, that a youth of sixteen was entrusted with secrets on which the very existence of the English in Bengal depended, when older men must have been at hand ? The thing is impossible, and this little story is one of those beautiful romances with which the book teems. The truth may have been that Navakrishna had returned home from Hastings' side at Moorshedabad and gone

to Burrabazar that day on business and Mr. Drake's men, recognizing in him an old servant of the English, may have brought him. Though the letter from Moorsshedabad had been read and replied to, yet it might have been deemed advisable to retain a Hindu Moonshí in place of the Mahomedan one.

Our doubt of the correctness of the authors' account is strengthened by a striking feature of difference that we observe between their description of the conspiracy against Seraj-u-dowlah and the description of all other historians. To enable our readers the better to judge for themselves we shall quote the sentence to which we allude. "Mr. Drake and the other English gentlemen in Calcutta, were thrown into great perplexity at this threat [of the Nawab that he will drive the English away from Bengal, if Krishnabulluba were not at once given up] when they were assured by Rajabulluba, the Sirdars and other Officers of the Nawab, most of whom were Hindus, that they were highly dissatisfied with the Nawab, and were willing to assist the English ; this assurance was conveyed in a letter addressed to Mr. Drake ; it was despatched with great secrecy, through a Hindu messenger, with the request that it should be explained to him by a Hindu." Leaving the critical student of Grammar to decide whether "most" of the Sir-

dars and Officers of the Nawab or "most" of Rajabulluba's co-assurers are meant to have been of the Hindu persuasion, we shall remark that it was not a knot exclusively of Hindus but the principal Officers of Seraj-u-dowlah, both Hindu and Mahomedan, who invited the English to assist them in dethroning the Nawab. We require better authority than our authors' before we accuse the Hindu Officers of Seraj-u-dowlah, who were by far the most sensible of the gang, of the nothing short of idiocy implied in the exclusiveness attributed to them, when we reflect how patent it must have been to them that a Mahomedan was an absolute necessity to their plot, as none of them could replace their master on the throne, that unaided by a strong Mahomedan element, they could effect nothing. Rajabulluba himself, on whom these assurances are fathered, never obtrudes his existence during the Revolution. Juggut Sett is naturally supposed to be one of the Hindus meant by our authors, but Juggut Sett retained the services of a Mahomedan for his protection, and when the great banker meditated the Revolution, he set up this protege of his, Yar Khan Lattee, for the musnud before the superior claims of Meer Jaffier entered the field. Above all, notwithstanding the great skill of the Hindus in the exchequer, the army must be secured, and the army, notwith-

standing a sprinkling of Hindu Officers, was essentially Mahomedan. Rajabulluba and Co. "were willing to assist the English;" but they could assist them only with money—troops they had none to spare.

History, in omitting to record such an insane conspiracy, gives mankind credit for more sense than our authors are willing to accord. But the the conspiracy becomes a matter of more than doubt when it is not only not authenticated but improbable. The date of the assurance of our authors' Hindu firm is 1756, while the first proposal of the disaffected chiefs of the Nawab's Court was not made to the English earlier than the 23rd April, 1757.

"The Nawab wrote to Mr. Drake, the Governor of Calcutta, to deliver up Krishnabulluba, and to raze the fortifications, but he stated in reply, that if the Nawab had any demands upon Krishnabulluba, he would immediately settle them," and we are to infer that Mr. Drake did not condescend a reply to the other portion of the Nawab's letter. "The Nawab, however, was so incensed at this, that he wrote another letter to Mr. Drake, to the effect that if he did not at once comply with his order, he would send his troops to seize his protege, and drive away the English from Bengal." This account differs considerably

from that of other writers and the public know well on whom to place their dependence. The letter of the Nawab's in which he ordered the English to give up Krishnabulluba, did not include the order for levelling the fortifications of Calcutta. Sir John Malcolm indeed mentions that a reply was sent to it to the effect that Krishnabulluba should be reserved for the Nawab's pleasure, and proof was offered, that the treasure he was said to have fled with had no existence. We, however, are inclined to give greater credit to Orme, who, with more minuteness, asserts that owing to certain suspicious circumstances connected with the bearer of the Nawab's letter, he was not received by the English, and that Seraj-u-dowlah took no notice of the matter afterwards, nor issued any further injunctions regarding Krishnabulluba. Our authors supplement this slight discrepancy between two such reputed writers by an account by so many degrees distant from both that the public belief demands the precautionary guarantee of better proofs than the bare assertions of men whose knowledge of their country's annals is simply disgraceful.

“ When Seraj-u-dowlah, meditating a second attack upon Calcutta, lay encamped at Amirchand's Garden, now called Halsibag, Munshi Navakrishna was sent to him with presents, under

pretence of making proposals for peace ; he returned with detailed accounts of the Nawab's encampment." We must protest with all our might against this unworthy employment of the talents of the son of so illustrious a father. Navakrishna a spy ! As if a tame Moonshiship was not degradation enough for Dewan Ramcharana's son, but he must needs descend to a spy ! *O tempora ! O mores !* We can scarcely believe the sound. The report, did any such spread, that Raja Radhakanta was besieging Dr. Duff's door to be conducted to the "light" would certainly not sound stranger. We are comforted, however, by the reflection that we were frightened out of our wits by a shadow. History, with a better regard and delicacy for the honor of the Deva family than their own, preserves a considerate silence upon the prostitution to which our authors would make Navakrishna descend. Clive knew his man too well to entertain thoughts of disposing the Nawab to negotiation by presents when the plunder of Calcutta appeared to the latter's conceited imagination to be within his grasp. At the Nawab's desire, Clive sent two deputies to confer with him at Nawabgunge, near Barrackpore, but as he had left that place some hours, they went straight to his camp at Amirchand's garden. Navakrishna who as the Munshi was a sort of Foreign Secretary, may have

accompanied these deputies, though his name is not mentioned by any historian. That was the only occasion in which deputies* from the English waited on the Nawab at Amirchand's garden but they did not go with the object of reconnoitring the plan of the enemy's encampment, which could be clearly seen from the English camp, nor with presents. The story of Navakrishna's espionage appears to us to be an improved manufacture from the circumstance that Clive, next morning under cover of a dense fog, penetrated into the enemy's quarters. This daring feat implies a minute knowledge on his part of their plan of encampment, and the supply of it is with exemplary readiness credited to Navakrishna by his dutiful descendents.

649 Navakrishna, say our authors, "was chiefly instrumental in bringing about the league between Meer Jaffier and Colonel Clive." History on the contrary informs us that Meer Jaffier himself made proposals to the English. How could Navakrishna do the service attributed to him? He served the English at Calcutta and Meer Jaffier was at Moorshehabad. Nor can we believe the statement in this book, that Navakrishna "settled the terms of the Subadari agreement between them." He is not once mentioned in Clive's or any body else's letters during the negotiations preceding the overthrow of Seraj-u-dowlah.—For a little

while we shall take leave of our authors and resume our own narrative.

That Navakrishna exhibited in many ways his zeal for the English cause previous to the Revolution, is attested by Mr. Verelst.* The nature of his services, however, remain unfortunately unknown. As Europeans have ever received credit for work really done by natives, it is more than probable that many diplomatic results which go by others' name were really attained by Navakrishna. We could prove, for instance, that the reputation for diplomacy of M^r. Watts was built entirely by Omichund, a name branded by history as that of a mere avaricious intriguer. Our authors may be telling us the bare truth when they say that Navakrishna brought about the league between Meer Jaffier and Clive, that he settled the terms of the agreement between them, that he concluded a treaty with Shah Allum and the Vizier of Oude or that he effected the settlement of Benares with Bulwant Singh and of Behar with Shitab Roy. But in order to succeed in subverting established history, they must make us acquainted with the sources of information so novel. The sham-fight at Plassey, which demonstrated the attachment his Officers bore to Seraj-u-dowlah, was followed by the flight of the Na-

* View of Bengal.

wab to the north. Six days later Meer Jaffier was proclaimed the new ruler. One of the first acts of the authors of the Revolution was to examine Seraj-u-dowlah's treasury. On the part of the English, Mr. Walsh, Mr. Watts, Mr. Lushington, Dewan Ramchand and Moonshi Navakrishna went to inspect the hoard. It fell short of their expectation, consisting of one crore, seventy six lacs in silver, thirty two lacs in gold, two chests of gold ingots, four of jewels set, and two lesser ones of loose stones and gems. Clive states the sum in round numbers at one hundred and fifty lacs of Rupees.* But this was merely the outer treasury. An aged custom of the East enjoins every person, be he prince or private man, to reserve most of his money and the best of his jewels for the hoard in the Zenana. The inner treasury of Seraj-u-dowlah, the existence of which was kept a secret from the English, was divided amongst Meer Jaffier, Amir-beg-Khan, Ramchand and Navakrishna. The sum so made away with is said to have amounted to eight crores of Rupees. Ramchand and Navakrishna were believed to have appropriated to themselves Clive's share, which could have been second only to Meer Jaffier's. †

* Malcolm's Life, vol. I.

† Seir Mutaqherin.

My first Railway to Rajmema.

HOLIDAY makers are not unfrequently placed in the position of the ass between two loads of hay. The demand upon their fancy is so varied and infinite, the focus of their pleasures is formed from lights collected from such discordant points of amusement, that the very thought of how to commence and from what to commence becomes a serious effort—upsetting all previously conceived thoughts, and rendering them helpless under a shere *embrass de richesse*. The mind is bewildered amidst a maze of beckoning joys, and the moral courage to strenuously resist the allurements of one in deference to those of its neighbours, is exercised as vigorously as in any of the more important concerns of life.—I have known men of the most ardent temperaments and bouyant spirits absolutely sink under the weight of the consideration how to spend a holiday. Perhaps for the whole week previous the same consideration had afforded a perpetual pabulum to their elated minds, exercising their wits in the most torturing positions of human conceit—a fishing excursion or a pic nic, cards or cricket, grouse shooting or a river trip—yet when the day of action

arrived, all their favorite plans broke down like a paper house, making them bilious and sad, discontented and testy—the blasted relics of disappointed holiday-making ! Of course I am not an exception to the general rule ; and many is the time I have felt the agonizing pain of a listless day which I had hoped to spend like a king but which I had slept out like a beast ! Oh ! the torment of that night on which I recounted the events, or rather the no-events, of my murdered—cruelly murdered day. I could pluck my heart out of my breast and bastinado it for the crime of having made me miss my holiday ! But human ills come and go away like breath upon the polished mirror. The next day dawned and every thing fell in its proper place as before—the same perpetual office with its cares and its anxieties, the same eternal struggle for gain, the same greetings and lip friendships, the same repetition of hackneyed nonsense, made up the aggregate of existence.

I had, however, resolved that the Doorgah Poojah recess of 1860 should not mock me with a sleeping draught. I have a constitutional aversion to railways. My reasons, if any exist, need not be recapitulated. Perhaps they belong to the “ I do not like thee Dr. Fell ” category. Perhaps the sight of the third class carriages with their compact cargo of oily human wretches puffing the air as in an air pump, with distended nostrils and starting binoculars, pressing and squeezing each other as if life and death depended on an additional inch of turning in room, had furnished

Some imperceptible ground for the dislike. Perhaps I am no dreamer and believe that railways do not lead to heaven. At least my forefathers not only did very well without them, but lived happily without one care how to hold a slippery insolvent fast, or fill up an Income-tax return ! Perhaps—but why heap Pelion upon Ossa for nothing. I had set out with the statement that I did not like railways, and the public might take a gentleman's word for such a simple matter as that without worrying him with questions like a lawyer. I hate railways, and on that ground I stand in the teeth of Mr. Stephenson's ghost, who is already grinning at me from the dark corner of the large room which does duty at once for a dormitory, eating room, study, nursery and what not. Fortunately the next bed is fully occupied and I can return Mr. Stephenson's ghost stare for stare. Well I do dislike railways ; that is, if a journey was proposed to me with the free option of travelling in a boat or in a railway carriage, I would by all means and without the impediment of a second thought hang out for the former, though I fully know I cannot swim like a fish and will go down to the lowest depth of the waters like a plumb if by any mischievous freak of the stars of my destiny the frail wood took it into its head to turn a somersault as it does almost every day of the year. Yet notwithstanding this formidable dislike, this deep and settled antipathy to the iron horse, I did travel rail and with a vengeance for twelve hours in a run from Howrah to the farthest limit of Rajmehal. The rea-

sons which induced me to perpetrate this extravagant folly, were many. The public will find no interest in them. Let the too curious satisfy themselves with the conceit that I was disgusted with the world and its ways, with perpetual and never ending strife, with boring acquaintances and hollow friends, with the very tom toms—it was the season of the Doorgah Poojah be it remembered, when all the rat tat and unserviceable drums in Bengal are poured down upon Calcutta to prevent the citizens from going to sleep on the festive occasion. Let the curious I say help themselves to any one or all of these conjectures. Let them even suppose that I meant to take a flying leap into the Adji as the train whirled over its fifty two arches, in order to escape from my troubles. Perhaps such a thought did occur to me as it must have occurred to many who survey the world with the eye of Cato and lament with the envious Roman that it should all have been made for Cæsar ! Perhaps it was a crochet, a mere fantasy of the brain that made me stick to my resolution not to allow the Doorgah holidays to escape without some tangible use of them in a lively way. Alas ! how often had such strenuous resolves melted into thin air before the unconquerable inertia of my somnolent nature ! How often had I risen from my holiday-couch to behold the sun set in radiant majesty behind the house tops and the cocoanut trees. How often had I yawned and stretched myself as the last purple of twilight faded away reminding of me

the morrow with all the terrors of the work-a-day world aggregated and condensed in that horrid 'black monday!' And shall I now say, sinner that I am, that I stuck to my resolution without the help of a more adequate or omnipotent cause than a mere crochet of the brain or a simple fantasy of the mind? No! I will not perpetrate such noonshine. I am infinitely above it, so help me God or even thou Sir Mordaunt Wells, that hast sworn to uproot perjury and forgery from Bengal. I was driven to Rajmehal by that everlasting tom tom which had sworn as solemnly as even Sir Mordaunt Wells, and more solemnly if possible, to uproot sleep from Bengal, at least for a season. I arose on the second day of the tom toms from my restless couch. The sun had not yet risen and stars shone as brightly as on that night on which Lord Byron saw the Duchess' ball at Belgium break up to be followed by the break up of Napoleon's splendid army at Waterloo. I however, did not hear the "cannon's opening roar", but something worse—the perpetual rat tat which had murdered sleep like a second Macbeth. I resolved to fly. But wither could I fly? All Calcutta and its suburbs were redolent of the harrying music. I bethought me of the Railway, of Rajmehal. Every body was talking of Rajmehal, every newspaper in the city was brimful of Rajmehal. The very streets overflowed with notices of Rajmehal printed in the largest type of the Railway Press. To Rajmehal then, now or never! I have said the stars were shining brightly in the

heavens. Yes! that they were, and I thought I should be the first mortal in the booking office. But I had not gone far, when a strange unearthly sound broke upon my reverie. It seemed as if all Babel had been let loose and were struggling for the Railway tickets. The uproar was tremendous, as in fact all the nations of the world were lending their voices to swell its clamour. But foremost amidst the din uprose the shrill Bengalee treble whose clear ringing brazen note was unmistakeable. There is a sort of caste in even Bengalee lungs which renders them preeminent above those of any other race. But if the distant growl of that immense sea of men who at that early hour were blocking up every access and avenue to the booking offices, was so startling and formidable, what was the impression upon the tympanum at the minimum range to which I had now approached! When the powers of expression fail, silence is usually resorted to to indicate transcendentalism and extricate the narrator from his wanderings in the dictionary. I eagerly avail myself of the conventional help; the more gratefully, as I shall presently have a great need of words which I cannot afford to exhaust at the very outset of my trip. Like a good general I must reserve my fire so that I may have sufficient rounds for a *fen de joi* with which I mean to illuminate my triumph.

The pencil and not the pen can do justice to the scene which awaited me at the Booking Office. Fortunately Bengalees are an exceedingly parsimo-

pious people thoroughly understanding the golden maxim "take care of your pence and the pounds will take care of themselves." Otherwise my journey to Rajmehal might have been prolonged to a journey to a certain very distant locality from which they say only Jesus Christ once returned for just a few hours yarn with his disciples. The silence of death reigned in the first and second class offices whilst drawn battles were being fought at the third class aperture between contending masses resolved upon upsetting the law of impenetrability by a long dash, a strong dash, and a dash altogether. Behold yon oily Brahmin with his bare body streaming with perspiration and looking in his nudity more like one of those savages you read of in the books of Australian travellers than the sacred minister of God carrying salvation in the knots of that dirty nondescript skein of thread which begirds his huge body, pressing close upon the white canbric back of that young Baboo dressed out in the full splendour of the latest fashion, merino stockings and China coat. Alas ! how the spotless white of the charming vest disappears under the magic of that holy contact ! holy indeed ! Observe how the little dandy turns fiercely upon the discolourer as if he could eat him alive thread and all. But the assault upon the law of impenetrability becomes just at this moment so furious that the beligerents are fairly swept out of the scene depriving me of the rare fun of beholding Young Bengal dine off a live Brahmin, a feat which he will some day or other

accomplish to confound the shasters and give Hindooism its final *quietus*. The Railway steamer has in the meantime arrived and I hasten on board for fear I should be pitched into the Hooghly by the pressure of that immense living mass which chafes and surges behind the grating which confines it to the rear of the jetty until such time as the first and second class passengers have made themselves comfortable in the cabin of the steamer. The cavalry charge at Balaklava could have been scarcely superior as a feat of combined and headlong movement to the rush with which the third class passengers charged the steamer the moment the grating was opened, every one of the compact mob afraid of losing the vessel and overturning in their precipitate fury casks, barrows and planks, the strongest pushing aside the weakest, and hurling others head foremost into the deck at the imminent risk of eyes, noses, the dental decorations and other equally useful and interesting components of the human form divine.—The last man had jumped in having escaped a tumble into the river most providentially by holding on to the bars of the steamer with the clutch of death with one hand and with the other to the jacket of a fat Baboo which not possessing the consistency of a coat of mail forthwith exhibited a formidable rent, when the steamer heaved anchor and dashed into the water like a mermaid. More pressure, pitchings forward, miraculous escapes from drowning and bloody noses, and lo! we are on our way to the carriages. To augment,

maliciously augment and intensify the sufferings of the third class passengers, perhaps to punish them for their rebellion against the statute of impenetrability and mock them with their impotence, a narrow passage admitting scarcely two abreast was, with a drippl distillation of cruelty, placed in their way through which the jammed up mass was required to run up doublequick, the ominous bell ringing impatiently for the last time but one! Such however is the forbearance and elasticity of the much-abused natives of Bengal that the malicious Khyber was cleared without so much as an imprecation or groan! Nay there were men who achieved the heroic march with a smile upon their lips and a beam in their eyes! And well they might for is not the mild Hindoo governed by a philosophy a homœopathic globule whereof would have sufficed to save France from her revolution and prevent the English people from perpetrating cold blooded regicide? In any other country but Bengal the atrocious treatment of the third class passengers would have brought down a grim and ghostly Nemesis about the ears of the officious puppies who bluster up and down the platforms in the full blown impudence of irresponsible power. But the Bengalee has too great a love of sleek skins and plastic limbs to jeopardise their natural conditions in senseless affrays with guards, stokers, enginemen, *et hoc genus omne* of Railway economy. He is content to pocket all the ills that ever flew out of the hand-box of that careless hussey Miss Pandora for the sake

of another half pice. Perhaps poor soul he cannot afford to be liberal at the expense of that numerous brood of aunts and half-sisters whom he must feed out of his scanty income; and not only feed, but send them to Benares or Juggurnauth once every five years to fatten idle Brahmins and rascally faqueers. But to return to my journey. Behold me strutting busily up and down the platform in search of a convenient compartment. I am very particular in that matter, for I once happened to be in the same partition with a German doctor who bored me all the way with dissertations on alkali and potash, and who insisted upon my seeing how easily my countrymen could make a splendid use of "plantin fibres instid of stoopidly throwing away the stalks to cettle." On another occasion I had the misfortune to enter an empty carriage which I hoped would escape the notice of my fellow travellers. Judge my confusion and dismay when half a dozen stalwart British grenadiers marched through the half-open door with musquets and accoutrements complete and a well stocked brandy bottle peering ominously through the side bag of the most formidable-looking of the set. My desire to be left alone was now converted into a furious longing for more company. I looked beseechingly into the eyes of the throng who were hurrying to and fro in search of places. But alas! they took one peep at the soldiers and vanished from my imploring gaze. Every one of the second class carriages was full yet none of the still hurrying on

passengers would enter that in which myself and the grenadiers were thinly scattered. But one week before, the Calcutta newspapers had published a horrifying account of a robbery by soldiers in a second class carriage from the person of a Bengalee Baboo, and it was therefore no wonder that my fellow travellers shunned our compartment like a plague spot. One stout European gentleman had almost opened the door of the carriage and my heart leapt with joy at the happy event. But the sight of the rough grenadiers was a settler to him—the coward ! He sprang back as if he had beheld a Gorgon. My heart returned in despair into its inmost citadel. I looked the picture of a forlorn hope. But there was no help for it. One shrill blast of the whistle and the train moved heavily away from the station. The brandy bottle was now withdrawn from its hiding place and passed briskly round. It was even very kindly offered to me. I was unfortunately a teetotaler. Yet I durst not disoblige my grim host who might base upon my refusal a pretext to relieve me of my watch and chain which latter glittered rather unseasonably on my breast just then. What could I do ? No ! I will not sell my soul ! I called to aid my blandest smile and most winning intonation, a neat little speech was hastily improvised in which my caste and every other humbug which the shasters could supply was duly paraded with all manner and circumstance of regret, extreme obligation, great misfortune, and such

like gilding of a bitter pill. Luckily the brandy was genuine Radhabazar stuff, three-fourths water and one fourth spirits. It made my companions merely a little merry, a condition of mind from which I had very little to dread. I was deluged with songs and duets which I omitted no opportunity of praising superlatively until the thousand and one notes of the train dashing away at the rate of fifteen miles an hour was drowned in the tumult of the chorus with which they greeted my warm connoisseurship. Perhaps the reader will excuse this digression to which I was tempted with the sole view of proving that I am not unreasonably particular about the choice of a seat. Well, and I at last did obtain a comfortable place amongst a group of funny looking Israelites who I learnt were going to Burdwan, to see the races. These chosen people of the Lord are extremely companionable owing probably to their belonging to every country and to no country. They know their exiled position which they take good care should not be rendered further irksome by a disposition to quarrel with their neighbours on the slightest pretexts. My fellow travellers amused me exceedingly, specially an old fellow with a scull cap and capacious jaberdine reminding one strongly of Shakespeare's Shylock. He was a rather gloomy sort of a person scarcely deigning to exchange above a couple of words, and those awfully practical and to the purpose. The train had not been in motion above an hour and the sun had scarcely yet risen high in the horizon,

when the old gentleman commenced fidgeting in his seat as if a flea had entered his dress. By and bye he shifted his position laying down his parallels nearer and nearer the huge basket of edibles which his friends had taken care to provide as it seemed to me for his particular use and behoof. In another moment his plump broad hand had uncovered the basket relieving it of a large double loaf and no end of cakes. With this heavy prize he retreated into his snug corner maunching away till the loaf disappeared beneath his capacious throat. The whole carriage was alive with enthusiastic talk, for we were rattling away at an enormous pace through scenery that looked like a gorgeous picture. Far as the eye could reach, rich verdant vegetation shot up on all sides. Groups of villages with their picturesque straw houses lent a rustic charm to the surrounding landscape. As we neared Chattra where the rail passed direct through the very heart of a populous Hindoo town dividing the little brick built houses as it were with a table knife, the curious in sociology might have taken a peep into the domestic life of the Hindoo Zenana, for the carriages overlook all those puny obstacles with which oriental jealousy in vain sought to hide and hedge in the little misses and the portly dames, who might now be seen in the interesting occupations of skinning fish or pounding turmeric on the sunny house tops. There, in that little pond half choked with water cresses, a beauteous purdanashin has just opened out her fair plump arms in the act of ablution. A

hundred eyes are directed to her splendid profile. She stands bewildered for half a second, then dives into the water before her like a goddess of the element! Behind that grated window another tall handsome belle is combing out her long black hair, black as the raven's plume, casting furtive glances on the approaching train. We have arrived just opposite to her, when lo! the beauteous head vanishes suddenly from the window sill and our view like a ghost! But the gormandising son of Israel cared naught for such scenes. His mind floated over the provisions basket which he had by this time fairly anchored between his two legs. Let the young please their eye sight. He pleased his palate! A fabulous quantity of dates was going through the highly interesting process of deglutition within the broad isthmus of the old man already well moistened by half a gorgle of cold water. But the wheel of fortune is served by a perpetual steam engine. It has neither sabbath nor holiday. My friend's monopoly, his bread law and his date law, was destined to be broken—most rudely broken. That enormous commissariat upon which he had quietly and unobservedly made such a merciless havoc did not compose his individual ration. There were other and as greedy mouths billeted upon it. These gradually became intelligent with thirst and hunger. The wagging tongues stopped suddenly, and as every eye turned inquiringly upon the eatables, lo! and behold! how they had been abbreviated! The finest loaves and the broadest cakes had taken wing and disappeared,

the dates bag had collapsed and lay shrunk and smothered at the feet of its admirer. Not a moment was to be lost. The fat plump hands were again making their way to the basket. Other fat plump hands had now however entered the field under the generalship of more ravenous appetites. A hot *mêlé* ensued. The supplies disappeared apace till not a fragment remained of that huge mass which only three hours ago was swelling out in all the impudence of conscious plethora. Alas ! hunger is contagious, and the sight of so many men eating away like aldermen after lent, was not calculated of all things to allay the longings of my own famished stomach. I had no provisions basket, and the sun was riding in the meridian. The train stopped for just ten minutes at Burdwan. But the Burrabazar was a good fifteen minutes walk from the station. I could not eat in the hotel. My too sensitive caste stood across the doorway with a thick volume of the shasters, ready to shy it against my soft head if I dared attempt to make an entry. My throat was as dry as a sponge. I was dying of thirst ! Mr. caste shook his head authoritatively. I must not pollute my lips with water from the mussacks. My gentleman in waiting had taken a most undue advantage of my kind disposition and the rogue knew when I had once given up the reins to his keeping I was not competent to resume them, though it were to save myself from a precipice.

Another whistle, and the train moved away from Burdwan. My Israelitish friends had left me and

I was the sole occupant of my compartment. I felt lonely and sad. The scenery did not delight me. For the same endless repetitions of open fields and clustering co-coanut trees filled the retina on all sides. Occasionally the ground rose shutting up the prospect on either side and enclosing us as it were between two ramparts of earth. Now we crossed little rivulets reminding the Calcutta cockney of the great municipal drains of his dear city. Now we whirled over the fifty feet span arches of the Adji and the Mourakhi—broad and rapid streams whose sandy beds extended far and wide like sheets of burnished gold beneath the glaring sun. Anon we are entombed by high green terraces on which the rude habitations of the Sonthall workmen loom faintly. How little is the world aware of the patient toil, the untiring energy of that half savage race. What indeed would have been the fate of the railway in Bengal if the Sonthall had not lent his spade to the great work? If during their famous rebellion those swarthy Hillmen were guilty of devastating the Railway, they might now proudly say “if we have destroyed railways we have built more” parodying the boast of the Macedonian madman. In the opening dinner at Rajmehal one important toast was omitted. We could wish some original thinker who looked more closely into the hows and the wherebys of the East Indian Railway than is indicated by the mockery of “Stephenson” or of “Canning” had proposed the Sonthalls, the pioneers literally of the

Railway in Bengal! Smile not, reader, at the seeming paradox. Large forests are not ashamed to own a stray acorn as their progenitor, and surely it will not detract from the dignity of our Railway to allow the savages their due in that great work.

We had passed Cynthea and two or other stations further up when a dark cloud appeared to hang over the western horizon. What could it be. On on we dashed away at a furious pace. Behold the dark cloud has become magnified and a chain of similar clouds obscure the horizon. A Calcutta man who had never seen higher land than the ramparts of Fort William may be excused for mistaking the true character of the clouds during another hour's sharp rattle. Urecka, now I have it. Those are the hills! Yes! they must be the hills. See how one tier rises above another! Glorious sight! I stand transfixed. What should I have done if I had seen the Himalayas? No wonder Shiva the God of Gods has made his home on the Dhawallagiri! On, on we speed. The mist gradually clears away. It is half past four. We near a splendid elevation covered with jungle. My hunger and my thirst have disappeared. I could fast for days to look on such a scene. The train stops. It is Rajmehal. Now for the ruins. Whoo! goes the whistle, the train is again in motion. Is it not Rajmehal? No! we have still a good hour's whirl before us. We scamper away through a tunnel cut out of the living rock. On all sides the frowning masses of granite seem to reproach us for the

mutilation caused by the audacious hand of man. But the iron horse is not amenable to impeachment or attainder. It rushes along like the wind until we again gain the open country. Another hour has elapsed and we are in Rajmehal. The broad Ganges flows by. But where are the ruins? In vain the eye searches all the four points of the compass. The ruins are a myth—unless that delapidated mosque at the single aperture whereof a couple of half-famished Sonthal urchins are grinning with their white teeth, may be accounted a ruin. But why go to Rajmehal for it? I could shew at least half a dozen such ruins in the very heart of civilised Calcutta. Then again where are the hills? We have left them far, very far in our rear. What a disappointment! I descend sorrowfully from the carriage and ask up my way to the new bazar. A group of low dirty looking hovels into which you must creep upon all fours to effect an entry, completes my vexation. The stalest sweetmeats on which the dust of at least half a week lay thick and nauseatingly was offered to me. I turned away in disgust. I could have lain quietly down and died rather than swallow such an apology for food. Woe me! Why did I come to Rajmehal! A burning thirst possesses me. Away with caste, I must enter McCheyne's hotel. What excesses I might have committed in this unorthodox mood of mind I cannot say. But my thirty three millions of Gods and Goddesses had not yet given me up to the opposition shop. A Jew sup-

plied me with two glasses of lemonade for the very moderate sum of half a rupee. I felt revived and re-strengthened. McCheyne lost a customer and Young Bengal a convert. I lay that night in the hospitable bungalow of the Joint Magistrate's Sheristadar. But I could not sleep, I had sworn to bid good bye to Rajmehal at once and the least sound awoke me with the frightful apprehension that the train was returning. At last day dawned. I hurried away from my still sleeping host, had another long twelve hours' ride, another day of close, unmitigated fast, another crushing bout in the Railway steamer, and my journey and folly were over simultaneously. I need hardly mention how I astonished my friends with a gastronomic feat that night, beating completely hollow even the old Jew of whom honorable mention in that line has been made by me and how my snore drowned even the wild energy of the tom toms thundering away on this the last night of their glory.

Gudadhur : or a moiety of Young Bengal.

CHAPTER I.

Hurry Baboo—that is the infant Hurry who, progressing through the stages of Hóray &ca., cul-

minated in the end to Hurry Baboo—was born at a village about 10 miles north of Calcutta, about the year of grace 1802.

“Here I have caught Homer nodding!” exultingly exclaims the reader who prides himself upon being a remarkably logical one, and feign would I leave him that consolation, reserving for myself the belief that he is none the less ignorant of the mighty revolution which has of late overtaken the Art of Composition.

“None of your bullyism, sir! I studied the Sutras of Gautama twelve years at Nuddea. You ask our attention to a story of Gudadhur, not of Hurry. It is quite out of place to sing a song of Shiva when one is required to kick the *dhaykee*.* You break all rules of the syllogism,” warmly insists the logical Bengalee reader; and his European brother equally desirous of finding fault with myself and determined to assert his superiority as a metaphysician over the dusky critic, exclaims “think you I am a child to be moved by bugbears of imaginary “revolutions?” In my tour through the Continent I took up my lodgings in the same inn in which Kant slept one night”—giving particular stress upon the last sentence.

My dear sirs! I merely follow a noble precedent. There are many honest individuals in this city, as elsewhere, who would seem to have changed places

* A simple instrument universally made use of by the natives for refining rice. A couple of women keep continually kicking one end of it.

with their servants. Their servants command them, and as the rule of those who have raised themselves from very low depths to high places invariably assumes the worst form of despotism, the patience of Ram Baboo, Sham Baboo and Co., under the yoke of Rámá, Shámá and Co., almost rivals that of Job. But under this strange system of inversion have grown up strange methods of consolation unknown to the rest of the world. When one of these honest individuals finds himself “ousted” of his bed by his *khansamah*, instead of instituting an ejectment-suit in the Court of Physical Force and getting himself into possession of his own, and the criminal punished, he revenges himself upon wife and servant by keeping a mistress. In the emphatic language of the Bengalee proverb, such men seem thieves in their own house. Now, what these men are in their house, Raja Radhakant is in his recently published “Life”—so decidedly subordinate a figure does he cut in it. Of 33 pages of which the book consists he occupies only 16, and the remaining ones are devoted to his ancestors up to the twenty fourth generation.* Such an arrangement in the autobiography-in-the-third-person of so great a personage as the Raja and by little less inferior personages than his kinsmen, the editors of the “Subdakulpadruma” ought, in my humble judgement, to be accepted by vulgar penmen like myself as introducing a new era in biographical composition; and I, for my part, expect I shall be considered free from the obligation implied by the

title hereof, if I so much as reserve Gudadhur for a few lines of the last chapter ! How much indebted should we biographers feel towards the new biographers ! Metcalfe freed the Indian Press. To these gentlemen belong the glory of relieving Indian Biography of its fetters. How are our hearts lightened at the joyous consummation ! how much have our pens gained in facility ! I, for instance, may be permitted to write of the geology of the moon and ignore poor Gudadhur altogether without, under the New Act, diminishing the force or propriety of the title I have adopted. The new law is also my justification for these parenthetical paragraphs.

Well then, Hurry Baboo was born—I have already told the date when and the place where. His father was a representative of a type which in its highest form is fast becoming extinct. We meet less frequently now, than we did formerly, with instances of extreme wealth joined to a mode of life absolutely beggarly. Hurry Baboo's father was however one instance. I have often thought the phrase "worshippers of Mammon" as applied to the money-making, selfish, restless, ever-discontented Anglo-Saxon misapplied. What he acquires, he is not unwilling to spend ;—he may have laid out his substance in one continent, yet will he often embark for another without a groan in search of his fortune. But the true Mammon-worshiper is he with whom, with whatsoever wealth, miserliness is the all-absorbing faith. Passion is not the right word,

nor sentiment. The Christianity of Sterling, Coleridge or Maurice is a sentiment, but Mammonism in its intensity approaches the faith of the early Christians. Christainity of course is as far removed above Mammonism as divine things are above human, but Mammonism, because not pure and ennobling like Christianity, is none the less a belief, a faith as real as any false religion which has ever exercised dominion over deluded mortals. Hurry Baboo's father was one of the few sincere, earnest followers of Mammon. The creed of his religion is simple enough. Its whole theology is comprised in this, that money is the *sumum bonum*, and that therefore it is to be acquired anyhow and on no account to be parted with. As every religion dooms all "outsiders" to perdition, in the eye of Mammonism all of us who spend their incomes as they ought to do, are so many poor deluded wretches,—hardly sinners, for Mammonism does not seem to acknowledge a future state of punishments and rewards. The sincerity and strength of belief of Hurry Baboo's father, however, may be imagined when I tell the reader that he would in the pursuit of his religion brave imprisonment, banishment, aye, death itself and all the horrors which a Dacoit's ingenuity can invent, as calmly and resignedly as the early Martyrs did.

Hurry Baboo's father was, as I have prepared the reader to find him, a man of considerable riches and lived in a style of swinish beggarliness commensurate with his wealth. His house consisted of only two wretched thatched rooms. A

platform of earth raised two feet above the level ground with earthen walls supporting a conical frame of bamboo covered with *úli* straw, with doors constructed of bamboo sticks and *durmá* and with the usual verandah on one side gives some idea of the principal one of these—as indeed of most rooms or houses in the interior of Bengal. The floor was the cold earth and the bare walls discovered their parentage. This room served for bedroom, drawing-room, store-room and what not. The general sitting-room and office was the verandah. The other room which served for kitchen, store-room and dining room stood on a lower platform, was walled with bamboo branches to which an earthen paste was applied, and thatched with the poorer stuff of paddy straw, and possessed no verandah.—Most thatched houses have a compound opposite the rooms around which an earthen wall, prevented from washing away by the rain by a thatch-top on both sides, is raised. Hurry Baboo's father did not of course put himself to that unnecessary expense, so that the two rooms might be mistaken for those of two near neighbours. The first room was ill sheltered from the rain, the second from both rain and wind. The *úli* of the first was changed every seventh year when the owner found leisure and inclination to do the same—for Hurry Baboo's father entertained the supremest contempt for the Political Economists, could never hear with patience of the division of labor, and did all the work of the *ghurámis*. It should also be remembered to his eternal credit that he

was *par excellence* the sole architect of his house. If any work was the work of one man, unassisted, that work was Hurry Baboo's father's house. He himself, alone, dug the earth and raised the platforms and the walls, cut the bamboos, made the thatch frames, gave to one, the *ulū* and the other the paddy coat, and constructed the doors. But as no human work ever can be perfect, it is no disgrace to Hurry Baboo's father that his was not. He was indebted to a neighbour blacksmith for a lock and key and hinges and nails and staple and chain for the door of his Room No. 1. With this single exception, however, so entire is his credit of having raised the fabric single handed, that we hope no reader is squeamish enough to grudge him the glory in its entirety. The walls of No. 1 presented a contrast to its roof—they were very thick and besides that they had no windows (as no earth-bamboo-straw rooms then had and scarcely any now have) were impenetrable to wind or air, which is more than can be said of those of No. 2. The roof of the last was not in a better condition than its walls. Hurry Baboo's father owned some beegahs of *lakhraj* land which grew paddy, hence he got every year paddy-straw more than sufficient to change the straw-roof of No. 2 annually. But his religion, Mammonism, is a strictly conservative one and forbade the change. He could rather put up with an unsheltered kitchen than withstand the temptation of converting the paddy-straw into a rupee or two. So year after year he so succumbed to this temptation and hoped

some accident to give a new upper covering of straw to No. 2, till the seventh year when even his faith failed him and he gave it a thatch—for by that time it ceased to have any. This beggarliness of his house, gave, Hurry Baboo's father some advantages which he extremely valued. He was enabled to pass for a very poor man. None of those thirtieth cousins, fortieth uncles, and hundredth brothers who, with lists of geneologies and tales of misery besiege not the great man's gate only, but also the door of him who has some competence, disturbed him. If he simply stared in the face of any one who has seen his dwelling, the man trembled in the suspicion that that was preparatory to ask something. To guard his immense hoard he kept no *paiks*, his best defence was the extremely inviting aspect of his home. Dacoits religiously abstained from coming within a mile of the infection of such evident poverty.

He inherited from his father a large sum in cash, which, during the many years they were with him, seemed neither increased nor decreased. Certain is it that the money was invested in no productive business—all that sum gave its possessor not a pice of income. Except what the rupees and gold mohurs lost by frequent counting, not one was spent ever since they came into his possession. There they were, the veritable ones, unchanging, unchanged. His father kept them under the floor of No. 1, and so great was his respect for his deceased sire, that no locomotion had taken place in his reign. A few rupees

had indeed been added, but they were the struggling savings from his own scanty income. He would often starve himself to add a few pice to the old stock—he kept the *ekádóshí*, not from any pious, but a pecuniary, motive. He would not willingly obey nature's summons, lest that accelerated and sharpened hunger, and he rigidly exacted the same disobedience to nature from Hurry Baboo. Except his love of money, which was truly Himalayan, his everything was on the most beggarly scale. Even his senses were poor and exiguous. For, if his nose was sound, he would prefer to drive a scavenger's cart than live as he did. If he had eyes to see filth and ears to hear the detestation of his neighbours, he would fly to the desert.

This devout worshipper of Mammon, so unsentimental, so brutal, joined to excessive avarice, strangely enough, a real taste for a handsome wife. This taste was of course subordinate to the other, yet still it was evident that money was not the be all and end all of his existence—it was the *summum bonum*, not the sole good, with him. Hence the suffocating monotony of the calculating, sedate, unlocomotive Bengalee miser's life was relieved by the action of another strong, if not equally strong, principle. What a contrast did he, like so many in the East, present ! He shamed Young's celebrated series of antitheses on man. He was a slave to the master passion of his mind, avarice ; yet little less slavishly did he bow to the desire for the enjoyment of female beauty in a wife. The co-exist-

ence of these two passions is generally considered incompatible; he realized the "eclecticism", if I am allowed the word, and reconciled the one with the other. Verily it was the kissing of the two poles!

In Hurry Baboo's father's philosophy of life, happiness, then, is synonymous with great wealth, successful miserliness and a pretty wife; and H. B's father had the good fortune to do what falls to the lot of few "idealists" to do, *viz*, he realized his "idea." What would not Plato have sacrificed for a moment in his Republic and More in Utopia? It was reserved for Hurry Baboo's father to prove to the world that doctrinaires do not labor under the curse of impracticability. His wealth was great, his miserliness was as extreme as it was eminently successful, and his wife was no unfavorable specimen of Indian beauty.

Without enquiring into the sources of his happiness, Hurry Baboo's father must be admitted to have been a considerably happy man. O ye philosophers who believe

"Virtue alone is happiness below,"

how much vaster than your estimate are the capability and the adaptability of the mind! Hurry Baboo's father was happy—as happy as most happy men—in spite of the limits of your theory. Depend upon a novelist's word of honor, he was happy without virtue—happy though bestial—just as brutes are when their wants and wishes are satisfied.

Had his thirst for gold been capable of satiety and his anxiety to gain the metal been not, he would have been completely happy. But as we have once before had occasion to make the very sage and original remark that nothing human is perfect, it was perhaps necessary that his cup of happiness should not be too full, lest he altogether want companions to keep him in countenance,—a circumstance which in itself is enough to equalize any one's unusually great happiness with the average standard. As it was, however, he had a very solid foundation of happiness in the realization to himself of what, according to him were its three essentials, *viz*, wealth, (he could never persuade himself that his wealth was great, but the chuckle with which he counted his rupees and gold mohurs denoted his satisfaction that he was not altogether poor), successful miserliness and a pretty wife.

With the difficult task of blending Mammonism with the passion for a beautiful wife it would have been the death of Hurry Baboo's father if his wife had turned out to be of a liberal disposition. It was fortunate, therefore, that she was the reverse, and well worthy to be the wife of her husband. Indeed, so stingy was she that H. B's father might be proud of being her husband rather than she of being his wife. I am inclined sometimes to think that human savingness could scarcely go beyond her's. There would be frequent quarrels of love between husband and wife, the former solicitous of giving sustenance to the latter's frame—of whose graces so much of his

felicity consisted—would present her with food which she would refuse, gently chiding his husband for running into so much profusion on her account and saying that she could yet fast some hours more. Such a master of economy was she that I dare say had she lived to this day and her virtues found a Homer like myself, the Indian Government would not have called to their assistance Mr. Wilson but appointed her their Financial Member. Beginning with reducing her own salary, she would without additional taxation and by retrenchment alone have extinguished the deficit and left a surplus. Certain is it that she did what no Hindoo wife could on any consideration be induced to do—she used to fast on the eleventh day of the moon, from what principle the reader will not be long in guessing.

I have said that II. B's father inherited from his father an immense hoard deposited in the safe of a cavity in the earthen platform on which stands room No. 1. The mouth of the cell was of course carefully concealed from view, but lest the earthen veil gives way to rough pressure, it was with characteristic wisdom dug in an unfrequented part of the room. When his wife went out nearly every other day to plague the neighbours with narratives of transcendental distress and bring home little presents extorted from them, he shut the door of No. I. against every body, put a mat on any opening or aperture of the door or wall through which the light penetrated and, separating the floor by

means of a spade, gazed on his rupees and gold mohurs, to see if they had been diminished in bulk, or, if there were time for it before her return, counted them. He then drew the earth to their former place as a sort of pall over the dead treasure beneath, hastily opened the door and, if any body approached, pretended some domestic employment.

Although his wife soon after her marriage at nine years of age, gave earnest of an economical spirit which latterly developed itself so successfully and with such happy results, yet was he from the first disinclined, in spite of all his love for her, to entrust her with the secret of the wealth concealed in the cavity of the floor. But after she had been on her trial for more than half as many years as Horace advised authors to keep their works by before publication, and during that time given repeated proofs that the secret might without injury be shared with her, the apprehension of the lickpenny gave way and she was admitted a partner in the knowledge of the existence of the hidden treasure. And in this he was wise, for his wife became a guard against the money being squandered away by a possible liberal reaction in him (*she* was above the reach of such weakness) and he was relieved from the anxiety of looking for an opportunity for mining operations in room No. 1, to inspect and count the rich inheritance in her absence.

• As usual in this country, he was married very early, and the couple shortly after began to keep the Divine Command to “increase and multiply.”

But the prematurity of their powers soon manifested itself in the fact that though every twelvemonth a child was born of them, none of their issues survived a twelvemonth. To give all the beautiful customs of my country their due, I must confess that to early marriage alone does not belong the glory of killing the many children of Hurry Baboo's father. Great credit is unquestionably due to superstition generally. My friend the reviewer has, I see, told the European reader and reminded the native that nearly every Bengalee has his horoscope; and it is mine to give the circumstantial details in my own humble way. On the birth of a son the astrologer being apprized of the exact moment of birth frames, what I should call, a life-chart. This chart is invariably drawn upon yellow paper. The principal figure is the representation of a parti-colored lily, but drawn after such a fashion that the uninitiated might mistake it for a design of one of the flowers of an Indian carpet. Within the precincts of this lily are carefully docketed the planets and stars of destiny of the child. Almost the whole writing in these life-charts is unintelligible except to the mystical fraternity who, if they do not "find" in, certainly give "tongues" to, stars. As Sir William Hamilton said that the idea of the Infinite requires infinite time for its realization, so the length of a life-chart appears to me to be limited by the limits of the purse that dictates it. A friend of mine, the only son of a millionaire father, has a life-chart capable of encircling his house. These life-charts are one of the results of the doc-

trine of predestination, which exercises so great an influence in the East and which is the principal cause of the stationary character of Asiatic civilization. The people have no faith in Free Will, they know that the drama they are to enact has been fixed upon by the stars before they were born and they want to know all about it and, with singular inconsistency, to try to elude some of the sentences of Fate by ordained rituals for propitiating the heavenly bodies. Hence the universal prevalence of life-charts. In them the lives of the individuals who are the subjects, are traced out from beginning to end, with greater or less brevity, according to the length of the life-charts. That of my friend spoken of above notices the occurrences of every month, and I have heard of the life-charts of princes detailing those of every minute. Hurry Baboo's father, it may well be supposed did not pay for princely life-charts his sons, but that he paid for any at all is explained by the fact that in this as in one or two other instances he forgot his god under the influence of the petticoat. His wife, as the reader will afterwards see, was perhaps of a more close-handed spirit than him and was not likely to be easily moved to bleed freely, but the stoutest mother is overcome by her maternal feelings. She remembered as accurately as she could the birth-time of her first-born and as soon as she could, implored her husband to instruct an astrologer to draw up a life-chart, but H. B.'s father's mind was so constituted that he could challenge both

Cicero and Ramdhone Shiromoni to cheat him out of a pice, and he entertained no heed for what he deemed the sentimental twaddle of a female. Despairing of the success of small arms in the shape of a request accompanied by a supplicating eye or a hand around the neck, upon a skin too dull to feel their force his wife bethought herself of her infallible hundred pounder. One day when the beast was uppermost in him and he had broken out into rude caresses, into, perhaps, some-what of feeling towards her, expressive of the state of his passion, she suddenly drew back and told him in all a woman's irony, she knew how very disinterested these were when he had had the heart to refuse one of the few requests with which she had ever approached him, and, towards the conclusion of the logomachy, forthwith threatened to kill herself if he did not comply with that. He allowed the full force of this appeal, not from pity but calculation, seeing that as a *Bungaja* Brahmin his next marriage would cost him infinitely more than his son's life-chart and that if she died he would have small chance of getting a bride who joined to so much beauty a disposition surpassing in filthiness his. He therefore hastened to the astrologer's. His son's life-chart was drawn up in a style the very opposite of the princely. Instead of noticing the events of the minutes or the hours or the days or the months or the years, it without ceremony leaped from the first to the last great incident of life, and the better to escape from even the necessary details, the astro-

loger shortened the distance between these two great incidents almost to touching each other . With Spartan sententiousness the life-chart proclaimed, " Born in —, to die within the year." Had he paid for it, Hurry Baboo's father could have bought any term of life for his child . As it was, the prediction was fulfilled. Within a short time after its birth the child fell sick and died, simply because its father would not spend medicines, nor its mother proper care upon it, fated as it was to die within the year. Early marriage may have stamp't on its fruit the stamp of premature death, yet if any influence is attributable to superstition, she is guilty of killing this child. If the astrologer had not too summarily disposed of the business of drawing up its life-chart,—as the Judges of the Small Cause Court do of cases, and as certain great eaters at dinner do of stories,—or its father paid a better fee, it might have grown up to an old man.

I must here guard against a misconception. Life-charts do not always, or even often, thus verify themselves. As a rule they can verify themselves only for evil, for men can easier imagine themselves into misery than into happiness ; but one case of verification strengthens the hands of superstition more than a hundred cases of falsification weakens. The unorthodox, effect which is now produced in Hindus by the study of English was formerly produced by the study of Persian and Arabic, but such incidents as the verification of a life-chart or of a Brahmin's curse served to confirm the

faith of those who sometimes doubted. H. B's father had a relative who had some reputation as a Persian scholar and who allowed himself freedom of thought enough to declare that the Nawab's dishes might be delicious—a latitude of expression for which he would have been outcasted but for his being the Zemindar of the village—but when Hurry Baboo's father's first child died “within the year” he returned to the ancient and universal belief of his village, *viz*, that no *mlech'a* (barbarian) dish could be good and that, to sing its praises was, like smelling it, tantamount to half-eating it.

Hurry Boboo's father was destined unconsciously yet to further the cause of orthodoxy. He had had other sons but they all repeated the simple history of his first-born. As in Poor Richard's Almanac, “for want of a shoe the horse was lost and for want of a horse the kingdom was lost” so a paltry fee received in return a brief life-chart and the brief life-chart soon put an end to the life itself.

The fifth birth was a daughter. People of stingy habits do not get done the life-charts of their daughters—in their calculation the relative value of these falling short of the sons.' The reader therefore may be sure that Hurry Baboo's father was not desirous to have a life-chart of his daughter and his wife not relishing a daughter after the loss of so many sons and believing that all the good things of this world were transitory and bad eternal, was not much anxious about its fate. The sons were neglected because their parents believed that

all care would be lost upon them ; their sister was neglected became as a female child its life was not worth looking after. His daughter at a marriageable age would indeed fetch more than the price of rearing her up but as nobody could guarantee its life till it matured to a salcable commodity, he thought the investment of a cownie in it full of risks by flood and field, and his wife exasperated against the poor thing in consequence of the death of the male infants and feeling quite certain that, on the principle that the bad predominates in the world and builds itself on the ruins of the good, it will grow up to live a Hindu widow, left it to grow of itself. Fortunately for itself it falsified the prognostication of its mother by speedily following its predecessors of the other sex to the other world. These successive losses destroyed the mother's health and broke her spirit. The father would no doubt have remained unaffected by them, but for their effects upon her. I shudder as I recall the demoniac glee with which, as one child died after another, he deemed these sad visitations a sort of Providencial deliverance from expense and some security against the speedy loss of the mother's attractiveness by the less opportunity it afforded of her being thoroughly milked out. But when he saw his wife pine under the blow and the decline of her beauty, already commenced by her bearing children, accelerated by the tyranny of her despondent thoughts he began to be alarmed and to feel that the freedom from the burden of children might not be an unmingled good.

He had hailed with delight the loss of his children as relieving him of a great deal of expense and trouble that went for nothing and as a partial preservative of his wife's charms, but as that loss seemed now to lose him altogether the receptacle of these charms, he sincerely wished that his children were living to that day and in his then frame of mind would have again proved false to his proper deity, Mammon, and willingly borne the necessary expenses of their maintenance. Gradually, however, in time and with the ministering care of her husband, his wife's heart-wound healed up and she lived to introduce to the world her next and last issue, Hurry Baboo, who but for an accident would probably have shared the fate of his sister and brothers who came and went before. The old astrologer dying at that time was succeeded in his profession by his son, a young man then but imperfectly acquainted with the mystic science, and being instructed to draw up a horoscope of Hurry Baboo, he draw up an elaborate life-chart, (such as could scarcely be expected at ten times the price offered by Hurry Baboo's father,) less in reference to the pecuniary inducement held out than as an exercise to his powers. This young astrologer, while retaining the date of Hurry Baboo's birth, seems to have set before him the task of mapping out a long and brilliant life—as if to see how he would succeed at a flaming horoscope if charged with the “making” of the future of a great man's son. My belief is that my *quasi* hero should thank this accident for escaping the jaws of death

within the birth-year which proved so fatal to his sister and brothers.

His father would have been perfectly indifferent to the changed tone of the present horoscope, but having by the last death experienced a foretaste of the possible consequences of another such event felt delighted at the effect it had upon his wife. She was literally transported with joy at the contents of the life-chart of Hurry Baboo, and from that circumstance seemed to return towards the bloom she had passed. Yet was she not without certain natural misgivings on the subject. Native instincts, in defiance of Will, sometimes break out in rebellion against superstition. After long and bitter experience she may be excused if even an astrologer's vaticination did not suffice to allay her anxiety to pilot her child safe over the dreaded year of birth which killed the others. Accordingly great care was taken of it—she strained all her energies and faculties to the last day of the first year, and when that day was passed, her happiness being complete, in its very overflow and unable to contain her emotions she burst a blood-vessel and expired as the Queen of Roses in a flower-garden at Bus-sorah felled by no other enemy than a too strong gale of Zephyr.

The Reconciliation.

A common danger and misfortune are better

peace-makers than elaborate negotiations and officious friends. Whilst the passions are on stilts it is impossible to get them within parleying distance. They stalk away majestically like the Ghost of Hamlet at the touch of the halbert ! So soon however as they descend upon *terra firma* they become accessible to sense and reason. They perceive the utter inutility of isolated glory, which however grand and aristocratic-like is nevertheless tiresome ! Exclusiveness is not the normal condition of our nature, and why should our passions affect it. We are glad that our European friends are beginning to ask the question, however late. They have perceived the length and the breadth of the liberties which they had, unwittingly it is to be hoped and under a mistaken view of the thing, allowed to those sneaking mercenaries of the fiend who are ever aiming at annexation at the expense of the kingdom of heaven. We do not write in the spirit of a sermon for we know we have no earthly title to the pulpit. But we feel convinced that "race" and "antagonism" and "higher destiny" had no place in the garden of Eden whilst Satan was groping through "upper and through nether darkness," and that it was the fiend who first rang the discord bell in the delightful abode of our unfortunate progenitor. Alas how lustily that proud arm that would fain have seized the thunder bolts, plied the sonorous metal whose faintest echo reverberates through the farthest corners of two hemispheres to the present day ! It is needless for us to admit that there had

existed causes whose emergency afforded some palliation for the daggers-drawn attitude with which our European fellow subjects had not two months ago rendered all communication between themselves and the native community a matter of the highest constraint and unpleasantness. Every word that was uttered trembled upon the lips in dubious uncertainty—all was hollow and superficial except where the venom fell. There the fatal dark spot was unmistakeable. An awful sincerity and reality prevailed. We could wish there was less truth and more hypocrisy in that contracted brow and fiery eye. The blood feud begotten in the North West was unmeaningly extended to Bengal. The Pandys was confounded with the Mookerjee. Vengeance was denounced against both. We scouted the dishonorable coparcenery: We claimed to be treated otherwise. We were loyal from the tips of our toes to the utmost mathematical points of our hair. Accordingly we indignantly repudiated the brand of the traitor. In the heat of innocent passion perhaps we were led into an extravagant latitude of tongue. Perhaps we said things which in a cooler moment we would have been the last to utter. The vocabulary of abuse is a dangerous book in the hands of the weak and the injured. Unfortunately the European press was publishing edition after edition of the wicked tome in all the varied forms of editorial paragraphs, special correspondence, local punch, and even Punjab Reports. Are we to blame if we blindly took up the syllables and hurled them

at their utterers ? We will not however insist upon a reply. We are indeed sorry for having even asked the question. We have buried our animosities in the tomb of the Capulets. The two nations are friends again. It is no longer war, it is peace. The educated Englishman and the educated Hindoo have a more glorious work before them than the interchange of "niggers" and "parallelograms," like Daniel O'Connell and the costermongress ! The weal or woe of the finest empire under the sun depends upon their united energies. Singly they are but men who may be crushed like creeping worms. But united what power can break their strength ? They speak trumpet tongued and the firmest ministry shall quail before the moral fire of their remonstrances. Already a bolt has been hurled by their united efforts which will rake up no small amount of dust in Cannon Row. What must be the condition of the devoted building when the political battery earnestly opens under such glorious auspices with its full service ammunition of petitions and protests !

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Raja Radhakanta and his ancestors.

A Rapid Sketch of the Life of Raja Radhakanta Dera Bahadur, with some Notices of his Ancestors, and Testimonials of his Character and Learning, by the Editors of the Raja's Sabdakalpadruma, Calcutta : 1859.

[Continued from the last number]

It is not unusual to hear grey-headed Bengalees draw a contrast of the emoluments of offices of the days when they entered service to those of the present day. Youths fresh from the College and heavy with diplomas and medals, are twitted with their pecuniary impotence and reminded of their fathers when the Company had not, or had only recently, become metamorphosed into princes. The change indicates a triumph of

virtue and such a consummation ought to be dearer to every patriot than the increase by unfair means, of wealth in the Bengalee community. Yet, for the few human remnants of antiquity who lag behind their early contemporaries, and who are innocent in as much as they are impervious to new ideas, we may remark, in a purely pecuniary point of view, well may they reproach the present generation, with salaries too contemptible to support them and virtues too strong for temptation, earning a dubious subsistence in a proud and mysanthropic misery—well may they waft a sigh for the times that were! The facilities of that age for money-making, the helplessness of the *Shahibs* in the hands of the Baboos and the acuteness of the Natives in their dealings with the Europeans find their best exemplification in the contrast between the comparative poverty of the English chiefs of the Revolution and the fortunes acquired without their knowledge by their Bengalee servants. Ramchand, the founder of the Andool family, was one of the early writers under the English at Calcutta. Keraneedom should look up to him as one of the patriarchs of their order,—one of the early fathers of their Church. In 1758 he copied at sixty Rupees per mensem. He afterwards became Dewan to Mr. Vansittart, the Governor of Calcutta. Vansittart

came into Bengal worth a lac of Rupees and after four years' administration embarked for England with only nine. Vansittart though he shared with Hastings the defamation of having sold Bengal to Meer Cossim for twenty two lacs, carried home a sum little more than his salary and commission could have made him. All that his Dewan may be imagined to have made under him must therefore fall below nine lacs. But Ramchand, a few years later, left at his death one crore and a quarter. Where could he have got all this immense money if not at the division of the inner treasury of Seraj-u-dowlah? Navakrishna's pay as Moonshi, equally with Ramchand's as writer, was Rupees sixty a month. Besides occasional presents, which were inconsiderable, he had no emoluments belonging to his office. How could he be enabled to spend nine lacs at his mother's *shradh*, if he had not made his fortune out of his portion of Clive's share of the spoils of the inner treasury?

Meer Jaffier, dissatisfied with the semblance of power which was all the Revolution raised him to, the reality of it being encroached upon by the English, wanted to rid himself of the slavery of the very strangers whom he had invoked to place him on the throne. He failed. The incompetency of the incumbent, his utter dependence approaching to vassalage on the English for the first time render-

ed the throne of Bengal a market commodity in Bengal. We say in Bengal, for when the Great Mogul exercised sovereignty over his distant dependencies, it was an article of sale and purchase at the Court of Delhi. This privilege passed into the hands of the English and might have been deemed an anticipation of the speedy future of the Mogul Empire. It became well-known in the country that the English were the fortunate merchants who had to dispose this article of. Many enterprising purchasers appeared in the market. Brokers crowded Calcutta. The *khansamahs* of the English authorities made fortunes on the strength of their supposed influence with their masters. At length Meer Cossim the fortunate purchaser, at a price of twenty two lacs, displaced his father-in-law on the throne.

Meer Cossim, however, was too able a ruler not to desire sooner than Meer Jaffier had done, to kick the ladder by which the height was attained. The English conducted themselves in so disgraceful a manner that self-respect called upon him to declare war against them. He did declare and wage it, and it is our belief that, had it not been for a little prematurity in his plans, he would have turned the course of history which has since run. As it was, the sun of his fortune set before the superior destiny of his enemy. Navakrishna at-

tended Major Adams, the English commander, the whole of his campaign against Meer Cossim. That campaign is a brilliant chapter in the military history of British India. In less than five months Major Adams recovered the country from a native army whose discipline and efficiency were inferior to only the Khalsa's, drove out Meer Cossim from Behar, defeated his troops in two pitched battles, and captured by seige or assault four strongholds, more than 400 peices of ordnance and an immense quantity of stores. On the conclusion of the campaign, he felt that he could now consistently with his honor gratify a longing for home which had kindled his bosom for a long time past. The gratification of what was once a sentiment, became now, however, a necessity. His health, long shattered, demanded after the fatigue of the campaign, his speedy retirement. On the 9th of December, 1763, this distinguished soldier resigned the command of the army and returned to Calcutta.* Navakrishna, who for a Bengallee whom we do not allow the credit of having been begotten by the gallant but mythical Ramcharana, had imperilled his life considerably by his pres-

* Capt. (now Lt. Col.) Arthur Broome's *History of the Bengal Army*, Vol. I. chap. IV. For a minute, faithful and condensed narrative of Major Adams' campaign, as indeed of the series of military operations by which Britain acquired her early influence in these provinces, we refer the reader to Lt. Col. Broome's admirable work.

ence in the campaign, must have felt himself only too glad to return with the Major, and return he did. Our biographers assert that he returned "entrusted with the charge of conducting the Major to Calcutta when he fell dangerously ill in the battle-field." This is in keeping with the dutifulness with which they attributed Clive's knowledge of Seraj-u-dowlah's encampment before Calcutta when he penetrated into it unperceived in the morning fog, to the espionage of Navakrishna. There is the fact, however, that Major Adams did not exactly "fall dangerously ill in the battle-field", and the credit of conducting him to Calcutta, whatever it was, belonged we believe to men of humbler position than Navakrishna's, who, unfortunately for them, have not left behind descendents to show their own gratitude for the wealth they have inherited by eternally advancing claims for great deeds for their ancestors.

History is dumb as to the "essential service" rendered, according to our biographers, by Navakrishna to Major Adams in the campaign, and the particulars of that "service" we fancy to be buried in the "family records" from which they have compiled, as they state in the preface, the memoir. Yet the human mind can not rest satisfied with the brevity of the book under notice. The questions naturally press themselves.—What did

Navakrishna do? Is it improbable that the military genius of which the father exhibited some sparks in that last sad encounter in the bush, developed itself to an enormous extent in the son and that he fought some of the battles and captured some of the guns? Or did he pursue the character given him by those who ought to be most scrupulous in preserving his reputation and give Major Adams the assistance Havelock received from Unjore Tewary?

Our authors would not be themselves if they omitted to make use of the splendid opportunity offered by the war with Meer Cossim by creating a capital of uncommon bravery and spirit for Navakrishna. Accordingly we find him "narrowly escap"ing "from a body of the Nawab's plundering party." We must confess the silence of history was never used to more audacious advantage. The best plea for this little literary manufacture consists with our authors, we believe, in the absence of positive proof to the contrary, and after our many exposures, we gladly congratulate them on the circumstance that we cannot disprove it by the counter-assertion of writers contemporary with Navakrishna. Their's is a skilful supplementing of Verelst's simple statement that he accompanied Major Adams in the war against Meer Cossim and we have not met with another writer who

has mentioned even that much. Perhaps their appendix to Verelst's statement is one of the necessities of their plot. Ramcharana's son must exhibit some of his fire; the great Deva family should throughout show uncommon characteristics and come triumphantly out of uncommon trials.

Jesting apart, we must concede that for a Bengalee Navakrishna risked not a little of personal danger. Our remark might excite a smile in the European reader, but the fact is even so. The motive of Navakrishna, therefore, in following Major Adams does not appear to have been of an elevated nature. His avarice must have been enormous. We use the word "avarice" advisedly. What better motive can be attributed to him? He was not a soldier that can be supposed to have been actuated by military ambition or the dictates of honor to attend the war. He was not poor that he sought his fortune, for at that time he must have been worth, as we have shown, above a crore. The sovereign of Great Britain had not yet become his sovereign that he was actuated by loyalty in braving the dangers. Major Adams was new to him, so that the Asiatic plea for many rascalities, attachment to an old master, did not carry him to the battle-field. A few years of service with the English do not lay an obligation on their Moonshi to endanger his life. And patriot-

ism, which encircles even crimes with a halo of glory and certainly excuses indiscretion, was entirely absent from the question. The fact is, that the man who once gathered a good harvest in times of troubles can hardly withstand the hope and belief that all times of troubles are a godsend to him. Those who are well read in the human heart believe that only absolute necessity could have kept at home Navakrishna, who rose by a war, while the war with Meer Cossim was going on. No higher motive could have actuated his attendance in the camp.

One of the acute observations of Goldsmith's, Chinaman in London is that it is scarcely possible to reduce an European prince to the last extremity. So long as he has a piece of ribbon to spare he can command the lives and property of thousands who pant for ribbon from royal hands with a devotion equal only to the Crusaders' for the holy relics. The venerated folly is not confined to Europe alone. Lienchi Altangi might have found it nearer home. A country like India where of all parts of the world shadows command the greatest influence, could not fail to accord to royalty something of the regard and veneration exacted by her gods. The hundred and ninety second one-fifth cousin of a legitimate monarch deposed, finds here something of the respect belong-

ing elsewhere to a great banker or a minister of state. Royalty, shorn of kingdoms, may cease to be itself, yet if she is not represented by the most incapable of incapables and the worst of tyrants, she will never want respect and the people will not at least towards her act the ass to the dead lion. Indeed, royalty to the Hindu is divinity and loyalty a virtue. The Mahomedans in India, probably from long residence and localization, show in practice not a little appreciation of these principles. Loyalty, because ennobled to the rank of a religious merit, is absolute, and the obligation due to royalty as such—not because of her concomitant power,—is little affected by the vicissitudes to which she, like lower humanity, is subject. An usurper, because a “fact” and “stubborn thing,” will not in the generality of cases be harassed, but to the deposed sovereign in his fall will cling the best wishes and a sort consideration of the people which is undefinable. European royalty can support herself with a few yards of ribbon. Asiatic royalty can dispense with even that trifle. The price of devotion to those who play the game of thrones is cheaper this side the Ural mountains. A veritable shadow stands in Asia in place of the ribbon of Europe. An Oriental prince may cease to be the fountain of tangible power or wealth but not so easily that of honor and dig-

nities. This is pre-eminently true of the representative of the House of Timour. The titular occupant of the throne of Delhi was with perhaps his nominal subjects synonymous with the Almighty, and whatever consideration was due to the Emperor was independent of the degradation of the man. With the death of Aurungzebe dates the unmistakeable decline of the Mogul Empire. His successors on the throne were indeed Mahomed Shah, Ahmed Shah and Alumgeer II. but his successors in power were certainly their Premiers. The Court presented an eternal conflict between rival and-ambitious nobles for the mastery. The Emperor was no party to the conflict. He was as it were a lump of inert matter, a veritable puppet. The great object with every one was to secure this puppet for—show. The Emperor was literally a prisoner in the hands of his Minister. Indeed, he thanked his star if he escaped with that. Ahmed Shah had had his eyes put out, and Alumgeer II. was enslaved by Gazceudeen, the Vizier. Yet did all Government emanate in the name though not from the individual volition of the Emperor. The Emperor was a reality as far as his name. The last was a huge reality. The very solicitude for the possession of his person by the ambitious in the Court proved that. The contending noblemen were infinitely more powerful than their gold.

en apple. It would have been very easy for any one of them to supercede the legitimate owner of the throne, but none of them dared to do so, for not so easy was to overcome the superstitious regard of India for the Great Mogul. The most aspiring of his subjects could safely aspire to govern only in the name of the Emperor.*

Why? The Emperor of Delhi was become an institution of India—one of her great pagodas or prophets or gods, and the immobility of these is proverbial. To pull down the Emperor was as impossible as to deprive the people of the shrine of Juggernaut. There have indeed from

* "Though the Emperor of Delhi possessed, personally, no authority; though his mandates were evaded or disregarded throughout the greater part of his dominions, on the just ground of their being issued by one notoriously not a free agent; still there existed the greatest reverence for his name. He was, as yet, deemed the sole fountain of honour; and every outward mark of respect, every profession of allegiance, continued to be paid to the person who filled the throne of the house of Timour. Until his sunnud (or commission) was received, no possession, whether obtained by inheritance or usurpation, was deemed valid, and no title of nobility was recognised as legitimate unless conferred by him. In countries like India, where the community is almost in a primitive state, usage has a power, of which it is difficult to convey an idea to those accustomed only to a more artificial and advanced state of society. At the period here treated of, when the Emperor was known to be quite powerless, and to act under personal restraint, such was the impression throughout India of the nominal allegiance to which he was entitled, that no usurper, however daring, could outrage the general feeling so far as to treat his name with disrespect, or neglect forms to which consequence continued to be attached long after all the substance of authority was fled from that family for whose support they were instituted."—Malcolm's *Clive*, Vol. I. p. 403. See also his *Political History of India*, Vol. I. p. 540.

time to time arisen men who believe in no impossibilities and India stood aghast while Nadir Shah swept away her Emperor, just as Somanauth crumbled before the axe of Mahmood. But a Nadir Shah, a Timour, a Mahmood, a Genghis Khan, an Atilla or a Napoleon can nowhere be an institution or the permanent fate of any land. Like the comet in the heavens, famines, earthquakes, deluges and devastating conquerors—thanks to a gracious Providence—visit mankind at long intervals. Calculating, therefore, ordinary chances, the Emperor of Delhi would be eternal. Who could reduce the possessor of that title to extremity? Deprived of all, if he had so much only as pen, ink and paper to issue *firmons*, he need not despair. The Imperial Seal, like the enchanter's wand, raised armies out of nothing. Long after the family of Timour were poor pensioners on the bounty of the British Government, the talisman of the Imperial name manifested itself in the Rebellion of '57-'58. All the mutiniers and rebels looked up to the focus of Delhi. England has displaced the Great Mogul on the throne, not yet in the imagination, of India. She can hope to do the last only by the means so successfully used by her predecessor in the same field. Whether by banishing the Great Mogul to the labels of playing cards and to Rangoon, she has been able to keep

*him out of her way, the next Rebellion—may such an illustration never again appear—can alone show.**

Such is the Emperor of Delhi and such superstition. Superstition no doubt is a calamity, but it is impossible not to allow her great influence in this world. Theories ought not to prevail over facts—facts should govern theories. Respect a fact however mischievous it may be, as far as to be guided in your policy by a knowledge of its existence. The founder of England's glories in Asia, with a thorough knowledge of mankind, adhered to this maxim and this circumstance is the secret of a great deal of his success. In deference to the superstitious veneration of the people for the Emperor, Clive tried every means to establish English influence at the Court of Delhi. The man who failed in nothing succeeded in this. In 1758 his influence procured him from the Emperor the rank of one of the nobles of the Empire and of a Commander of six thousand foot and five thousand horse. The "Steady in war" who "made" Nawabs and was more powerful than the Emperor and his Vizier put together took pride in becoming the servant of the former, of in fact a spectre. The senseless brood

* These considerations forcibly point to the advisability of superseding the Mogul titles at present in vogue by those of English origin. Unless that is done Queen Victoria has not fully become the Empress of India.

who congratulate themselves on their detestation of all shams might take lesson from examples set them by Clive. Shams and humbugs have their uses as much as realities. A radical to the backbone, Raja Brooke complained that he could effect little in Borneo unless he was created a Baronet. Feeling that high-sounding titles possessed an influence to which naked strength could scarcely rise, Clive was naturally desirous of getting the meritorious natives in English employ these. Yet he knew that no honors conferred by his nation would be allowed by the people. When, therefore, he went to Allahabad in 1765 he procured from Shah Allum the title of Raja Bahadur and the rank of Commander of three thousand horse for his Persian Secretary Navakrishna. The last was a nominal rank. Shah Allum could then ill afford to sign away three thousand horse, and when he could he would not confer them on the servant of a knot of foreigners who while professing fealty to him, rivalled him in arms. Something does often come out of nothing, and empty titles consummate realities, else why should they be so eagerly sought for? Múnshí Navakrishna, who if he wished to command anybody would perhaps be obeyed only in dreams, was by his title raised as it were to the Peerage, and the disgrace of the English service, a shop-keeping body served by no

higher angels than Setts, Mittres, Mullicks and Dhurs, was softened. Along with the title Nava-krishna was "allowed" a fringed palanquin, kettle-drum, &ca. One might think it singular that the words of a title whose words signified nothing were not better chosen. The ear of the title-maker in a Mogul Court must be extremely defective if he found no more harmonious words for one than "Commander of three [or more] thousand *sowars* and master of *palki-jhalardar*, *toug* and *nakkara*." They order this matter better in India beyond the Ganges and in China, neither of which produced a Tánasena. "Cousin of the Moon", "Owner of White Elephants", &ca., are perhaps more eloquent specimens of this species of composition. The fact is that our Indian titles are not quite so unmeaning. Navakrishna could, if he liked, retain three thousand horse, and be carried about in a fringed palanquin while the music of the kettle-drum proceeded as a sort of advanced guard. Many persons complain that the Mogul titles are so empty, but they forget that no Government spends a farthing in the titles it confers. We have also heard it complained as one of the tyrannies of the Mogul rule that none who was not fortunate enough to have been raised to the Peerage could use such a simple thing as a fringed palanquin. This has so

often found a place in school exercises and in even more pretentious compositions as curtailing the noblest gift of God to man, freedom of will, that at length a real opinion has been created prejudicial to the character of our past rulers who certainly exhibited a high order of statesmanship. But the Moguls were not singular in this limitation to human liberty. A fringed palanquin no doubt is simple enough, but a piece of ribbon is simpler still, and if it is justifiable in Europe to regulate the use of the latter, we see no reason why it should be otherwise in Asia to regulate that of the former. If the Mahomedans are admitted to have been wrong in making fringed palanquins, kettle-drums &c., the standard and gauge of nobility, our Government must be extremely absurd to interfere with us for such a trifling matter as our whim to write certain letters of the Alphabet, of which we are unaccountably fond, after our name. A sentimental novelist might indeed draw tears of the unreasoning and effeminate by the picture of a rheumatic octogenarian who once had occasion to go out but carriages being unknown and himself not being of the second estate and consequently unentitled to a palanquin, was killed by a sun-stroke. But in extenuation of this horror is the fact that though a fringed palanquin was forbidden fruit to the Commoner or the

plebian, an unfringed one was not, nor doolies. Again, even a Mogul prince, with whatever colors sentimental fancy may paint him, allows exceptions to rules and no Mogul prince was ever insane enough not to make allowances for the peculiar necessities of any of his subjects who properly represented them. A proverb, says Voltaire, is no reason, nor is sentimental whining, and as horrors may be imagined resulting from limitation of use of palanquins, so may farces from that of the insignia of rank in Europe. Yet we must confess the Asatic limitation is not a little barbarous. The limitation of use of such important luxuries as palanquins and carriages stints the growth of arts and of commerce. The country where all besides Peers were naked would, by an infallible law of political economy, be able to show very bad stuffs indeed. Honors are not the more valuable from the intrinsic value of their marks,—the importance attached to those marks, however trifling in themselves, are the true measure. It follows therefore that to meet the end for which honors are instituted without perpetuating national rudeness by retarding improvement in arts and progress of commerce, trifles are especially suited to be the language of honors. The enemy of the material half of civilization would be sure of success who proscribed some of the developements in that line

and confined the use of the rest to the nobles.

The year of Navakrishna's investiture with the title of Raja Bahadoor and commander of three thousand horse was an important year in British Indian History. It was the same on the 16th August of which the famous offensive and defensive alliance was entered into between the Nawab Vizier Suja-u-dowlah of Oude, Nawab Nudjumul-dowlah of Bengal and the Company. It was the same in which three days later Shah Allum rented the Dewance of the Provinces of Bengal, Behar and Orissa to the Company on their agreeing to pay to his Majesty twenty six lacs annually.* Navakrishna accompanied Clive to Allahabad and the honors he received there is evidence that he discharged his duties to the satisfaction of his master. But when his descendents claim for him the glory of having been employed on the part of the English in concluding the treaties with Shah Allum and with the Vizier, we are tempted to snub them with a parody of Jeffrey's celebrated exordium and say, *that will never do!* Navakrishna as Clive's Persian Secretary no doubt managed his Correspondence with the Native Princes. But we are morally certain that, in the

* The Firmaani of Sha Allum is indeed dated the 12th, but the agreement between the Powers which ought to be understood as a ratification of it, is dated the 19th.

presence of much profounder Persian scholars in Shah Allum and Suja-u-dowlah's camp, he did not draw up the treaties. Even supposing that he did draw them up, what is his credit? We may picture to ourselves posterity, in future Middle Ages, degenerating into unmeaning severity and precision quote Mirabeau as Dumont—we can imagine that to be possible—but surely mankind will never be insane enough to award to a mechanical drudge who wrote out a treaty the honor of the diplomatic result. If this standard of honor were once admitted the meanest clerk might dispute with the Premier the credit of the highest statesmanship. Why, we may stretch the consequences of the argument lower down than even the clerk, for the brains of the Viceroy is supported by, for instance, the paltry services of the cook, therefore to the cook in the first place belongs the credit of governing India! For the same reason, we place equal reliance upon the assertion of our authors that Navakrishna effected “the settlement of Benares with the Maharaja Bulwant Singh and that of the Province of Behar with Shitab Roy.”

“Hushed be every ruder breath!” for we are preparing to introduce a precious extract. In Hindoo weddings, widows (personifications of misfortune!) are abused away and out. With a pro-

per idea of the solemnity of the present occasion, we exclaim *honi soit qui maly pense !* Nay more. Critics and logicians, avaunt ! Impertinent readers who have the nasty habit of reading as if they studied geometry, pass over these two pages. Simple reader, whom the stories of childhood still delight, the following is for you !

On a certain day when Lord Clive was sitting in Council, consulting on the subject of rewarding the services of Raja Navakrishna, he received a Persian letter from the subahdar of Arcot, in answer to one of His Lordship's former communications ; Lord Clive desired the Raja to read and explain it to him, but he, finding the contents thereof adverse to his interest, remained silent for a few moments but soon after interpreted it freely. The letter ran to the following effect :—

“ It is my wish also that, the war with the English Company having come to an end, and a treaty being concluded with them, both powers should continue on good terms ; but Raja Navakrishna, who manages the Company's affairs, being the son of the late Dewan Ramacharana, the associate of my enemy Maniruddin Khan, will obstruct the intended negotiation, wherefore it would be useless to speak of peace so long as Navakrishna continued in his office.”

Lord Clive, having learnt the purport of the letter, desired the Raja to retire for a few moments in an adjoining room, where he remained for some time in great anxiety, expecting his dismissal but His Lordship, after a short consultation, again called him in and thus addressed him. “ Why have you not informed me so long that you are descended from such a noble family ? The Company have derived great benefit from your service and arduous undertakings ; not knowing the rank of your family, they could not shew you the respect due to it. From this day we appoint you Political Dewan to the Company, and titles and robes of honor will shortly be bestowed upon you.”

Biographers of great men often write as if they

believed that a scrupulous regard to truth was a needless precision. "All in high life" said Christopher North, "is not low—all in low life is not high." All in the great is not great. Fired with greatness in the lump, the Boswells must have the whole life and every part of it impregnated with greatness. Severe trials, daring enterprizes, hair-breadth escapes through the sheer force of genius, exhibitions of vast mental strength and moral and physical courage and tragic scenes should follow one after the other with the rapidity of Napoleon's victories till the mind is perfectly bewildered by the dazzling panorama. The clown imagines the great man to own more hands than two or eat some other way than by the vulgar mouth. Biographers with a diseased craving for romance in real life have a clownish idea of great men. The writers of the biography under notice clearly belong to the fraternity we have described. Not ordinary personages themselves, their subject Navakrishna was unquestionably great and the lives of great men, according to their canons, ought to possess the interest of the novel and the drama. But for the repulsive dryness of style and the total want of skill in marshalling facts which pervade it, that interest would have been this life's. Alexander Dumas does not often have such materials to work with. What a stroke of policy it was

to kill Ramcharana allowing him just opportunity enough to show the might which slumbered in him ! The reader cannot help feeling an interest in the orphan of the brave man thus cut off. The early poverty of Navakrishna is also in keeping. Adversity tries friends and—genius. Success in great struggles proves greatness and “Navakrishna showed marks of a great mind” (p. 7.) Precociousness is generally an accompaniment of genius, and amidst the slowness of comprehension all but universal in men, anecdotes of precociousness are very acceptable. Of course “Navakrishna had scarcely passed his state of adolescence, when he turned out a sound Persian scholar” (p. 7.) Then what a romantic entering into the world is his ! The strange coincidence of the stars of his destiny leading him on towards Burrabazar the day Mr. Drake, on the advice of an impossible knot of Mahomedans and Hindoos breathing suspicion towards the co-religionists of the former, dismissed his Mahomedan Moonshi and sent for a Hindoo one and the English at Calcutta not fearing to entrust the secret of a conspiracy against the Government to a youth of sixteen whom they never knew, is capital. Equally characteristic of our authors is Navakrishna’s well nigh falling a prisoner in the hands of the enemy in the war with Meer Cossim. But these contrivances, exquisite as they are and suc-

cessful as they ought to prove in establishing the claims to genius of any man, are nothing to the profound devise we have reproduced above. The plot is a master-piece and the admiration of the critic has triumphed over the reviewer's temptation to abridge.

As we read the "elegant extract" we seem translated to a fairy region rather than still to live, move and have our being in this dim planet of our's which we call earth, or if no such locomotion has taken place, at least time has leaped back to its happy infancy when men were less than now the footballs of a million circumstances and more the wards of paternal seraphs. "On a certain day"—the very exordium is borrowed from juvenile literature, the staple of which is the marvellous.

When the English Chief and his Council were deliberating on the best mode of rewarding Navakrishna's services, service whose vastness has been spared from the vulgarity of mention in history, curiosity naturally inquisitive of the mode preferred, is suspended in the simple reader while it is heightened in the intelligent by the arrival of the Arcot letter. How the interest of the reader progresses as he meets the ally damaging Navakrishna! How cunning the hesitation of Navakrishna! Even he is not a god, but hesitates where self-interest and truth

comes into collision. Then he does not give a false interpretation as any other person might be supposed to do, but boldly speaks the truth. He is ordered to retire for a few minutes. And here the anxiety of the reader culminates. The story-books teach that the brave are just and generous. Would Clive falsify the impression which has continued since infancy? Would he not forgive Navakrishna his father's friendship to Muniruddeen Khan? Or will the wishes of an ally prove superior to the claims of justice? Navakrishna's own experience of the wickedness of the world led him to entertain apprehensions of his instant dismissal. The novelist planned it otherwise. Clive learnt from the Arcot letter, for the first time the reader must accept, the fact that Navakrishna was the son of great Ramcharana and gently chides his modesty for not having informed him of it before and saying that the ignorance of his employers was hitherto the only bar to the reward of his eminent services, appoints him that moment Political Dewan to the Company and tells him that titles and robes will soon follow. What a happy conclusion! How dramatic! How beautifully good comes out of what was thought capable of producing only evil!

Our authors owe the public certain obligations before the latter can swallow the marvellous

pill. They must establish that Ramacharana was a being of flesh and blood, not simply of the imagination,. They must be prepared to answer these simple questions.—What among the “family records” has supplied the story? Did Clive speak in English or in Hindoostanee? Who recorded the conversation? Is it at all likely that all those years Navakrishna did not take advantage of his birth to inform Clive of it?

As it is, we think the Arcot letter &c, the usual machinery preceeding the appointment of Navakrishna to any post. The Moorshedabad letter and all its attendant circumstances made him Moonshi and the Arcot one and ditto Political Dewan. Both, in our estimation, are equally true.

To a Young Hindu Widow.

[Though these verses once appeared in a periodical, they will be found new by the majority of our readers, Ed. M. M.]

Ah, fair one ! lone as desert flower,
 Whose bloom and beauty are in vain ;
 How dark was that too fatal hour,
 Which brought thee lasting grief and pain !
 What is the world to thee forlorn !—
 Thine every path is desolate,

From all enjoyments rudely torn,
How drear and comfortless thy fate !

What pity, friendless, helpless, poor !
That such should be thine early lot—
Doomed to remain for ever more
As if thou in this world wert not.

And is there none—O ! can it be ?—
None warm or friendly in thy cause ?
Has pitiless humanity
Forgot its sacred ties and laws ?

The rigours of a life austere,
Followed by every fear and shame,
Await thee as thy portion here :
What is thy being but a name ?

Thou may'st not, dar'st not, must not hope
A joy upon the world beneath ;
But thou must e'er with sorrows cope,
Sorrows which only end in death.

And thou art doomed to be at strife
For ever with thyself, to quell
The very elements of life,
And every brighter thought repel.

Is this the all, or should it be
The all that here to thee is left ?
And must the world remain to thee
A scene of every charm bereft ?

KASHIPRASAUD GHOSH.

The Currency.

ONE of the most striking advantages that have resulted from the transfer of the Indian empire from the hands of a corporation to those of a responsible ministry, is the reality and earnestness with which Indian anomalies are being wheeled out under the sun, turned and sifted, examined and entered into, so that not a single flaw may escape observation to throw back the reformer upon his original position of doubt and perplexity. The corporation that hitherto mismanaged the empire stood committed to all the errors and absurdities of the century in which they received their patent. Their policy may be reduced to a collection of precedents, their statesmanship to an aggregation of luck! They worked without an object and succeeded by sheer good fortune. They crossed the Indian ocean in search of dividends and picked up a sceptre. Yet they never thoroughly lost sight of the dividends though handling a revenue. They stood out lustily against an extension of territory. Yet they were ridden down by their very servants to the farthest limits of the Himalayas without being able to put in so much as a gentle nay. They consumed foolscap whilst their dele-

gates consumed the exchequer. A fair statement of income and expenditure was simply impracticable. The accounts were kept more for show than for use. Loans were raised on every emergency and on the slightest pretexts. Extravagance never wanted feeders. If the revenues of the state could not meet its liabilities there was nothing to prevent it from borrowing. Not a thought was spent upon the future. The present monopolised every care. As long as 1850 was provided for, 1851 may go suck its fingers until its turn came. A ruinous system prevailed—if system it may be called which broke abruptly from the orbits of calculation and nestled under a temporary expediency. One fine evening the Treasury had found the philosopher's stone and it proclaimed to affrighted stock-holders the doom of their interest drafts. The Government will pay off its debts like an heir just come into the possession of his estate. The stock-holders stood aghast. What will they do with so much cash ! “Ladies and gentlemen” says the Financial Secretary, pulling up his collar and adjusting his shirt frill, “you are in a dilemma. But the Governor General will not annihilate you. Do you mind putting up with the loss of only one paltry per cent of interest in order to secure the remaining four ? I am sure you have too much good sense to forego such an excellent accommodation. Do please make up your minds at once, for the Sub-Treasurer is regularly suffering from a night mare, the effect of extraordinary repletion.” We could wish some mischievous

Asmodeus had laid open the vaults of the Treasury just at that moment to confound the swindle. But the devil had a special retainer from the Government and lay snug and happy inside his bottle. The swindle was perpetrated. A few months after, the public was astounded by a Gazette extraordinary declaring a fresh five per cent. loan ! It was cunningly styled the " Public works Loan." But the trick was clearly seen through. The stock-holders had been sold ! The credit of Government fell to zero. Every body cried fie ! and kept back from the open loan. Suspicion tainted every act of the state. The greased cartridges were readily believed in. The Sepoy army revolted, and the Empire tottered and trembled to its very foundations. The mutiny was quelled, but at the expense of the Finances. The latter are in open rebellion defying England's greatest economists. One of them has been already laid in his grave. He perished in the unnatural struggle. The deficit is truly alarming. But earnest and determined men are closely at work to choke up the hiatus. It is consolatory to reflect that we have finally done with shams. With make-shift expedients truly symptomatic of the hopeless spendthrift. With borrowing from Peter to pay Paul and again borrowing from Paul to pay Peter. The East India Company's system, or rather no system, is ultimately at an end. We have hope for the future, if not relief for the present. That is a great gain. A much greater gain than may at first sight be imagined. We were hitherto accustomed

to clap trap—juggler's tricks with immediate results astonishing the mob, filling empty treasuries with no end of balances and converting deficits into surfeits. Perhaps there will be some difficulty in our getting rid of the former glare. Already a cry prevails that the Financial Councillor is a poltroon! We expected it. The public looked sanguinely for some grand stroke, some stunning scheme embracing heaven and earth, that would have wiped off all debts and deficits and left an enormous surplus into the bargain. Mr. Wilson contemplated such a stroke and he was regarded as a demi-god! His worshipers were fully prepared for any amount of extravagance; and he gave them a doze against which even the South Sea speculators would have shut up their eyes and their mouths. He was a despot. In a country where mind and body enjoy a perpetual siesta, the slightest demonstration of a will confers oracularism. Mr. Wilson did possess a will, and he exercised it in a manner that left little room for contradiction. He instituted an Income Tax at the point of the quill and regardless of every difficulty. How he waived his pen and all objections vanished before his mandate! He had set his entire energies to the work and he succeeded in launching an Act which had to be amended in twenty six days. Its constructions now occupy half the official Gazette. He contemplated a scheme of currency which fortunately he did not live to mature. We say fortunately, because we fully believe its effect would have been ruinous to the

country and disastrous to Government. A more mad and presumptuous measure never suggested itself to an English Financier. In England the scheme would have excited ridicule. In India it was received as a manifestation of transcendental statesmanship. It was proposed to establish a paper currency based upon a mixed reserve of cash and of Government securities. The former was limited to one third of the whole amount of issue, the latter to the remaining two thirds. That is to say, the former proportion was never to be transgressed, though the latter might fluctuate during an abundance of silver. But the reserve in securities was not formally restricted to any known amount, leaving the financial juggler to issue notes *ad libitum* on a basis the most objectionable in principle and ruinous in result. The Government undertook to play the same game which smashed the Union Bank—pitting a fixed liability against uncertain assets. We know from cruel experience how Government securities are raised or depreciated by the most trivial causes. A single paragraph in the newspapers suffices to put the stock market into unusual heavings and throbings—making the fortunes of fund-holders or reducing them to beggary ! The gambling in opium is not more slippery and extreme in its consequences than the dabbling in securities. Mr. Brown, so well known in the mercantile world for his sagacity and foresight, and who dines with the Financial Secretary three times a month, descends into the stock market and makes large transactions.

The news flies from mouth to mouth. Burrabazar swarms with brokers. The fund-holders are up and stock ascends in value by many per cent without any good assignable cause. The masses are steeped in ignorance. They do not and they cannot look closely into cause and effect. They merely follow their guide like a flock of sheep. If the day after, Mr. Brown sell his papers, the funds are amazingly depreciated and ruin overtakes many a blind speculator. Now, if the dining companion of the Financial Secretary, the Mr. Brown of mercantile repute, exeroises such a marvellous influence over the market, what must be its condition when the Government descends to it in proper person ? All the existing evils will not only be increased and intensified as regards the private speculator, but the state will always be at a disadvantage. Whenever it buys, Funds will rise. Whenever it sells, funds will fall. The state will have to buy at the highest market and sell at the lowest. During a period of panic Mr. Wilson's paper reserves would have shared the same fate with his notes, and insolvency would have followed. The tendency to expend already so characteristic of the Indian Government would have been augmented by the facilities offered by an unlimited power to issue paper money on a paper basis. We would have been deluged with grand schemes of canals and roads, barracks and civil buildings. Large sums would have been sanctioned on account of establishments. The Currency circles alone would have consumed

half the capital of the country. And to what would the note-holders have been reduced? Why to this, that if, on a sudden emergency they demanded cash an Act extraordinary prohibiting cash payments beyond a certain limit and funding the remainder of the Government notes would have been hurried through the Legislative Council and sent forth as a shield against the onslaught of importunate creditors. A sinking credit would have been bolstered up by an act of despotism. We know how orders from the King's Privy Council some times suspended cash payments in even the Bank of England where public opinion and the exigencies of trade might be supposed to exercise a stronger influence on the acts of Government than they ever will in this country. The Court of Directors of the Bank of England had made large advances to Mr. Pitt's Government. They had even violated the clause of their charter which restrained them from lending money to the King without the consent of Parliament,—another proof that even the most stringent legislation gives way before the necessities of the state. A commercial crisis was impending. The directors appealed to the minister for assistance. A run had already been made upon the country banks. The Privy Council was hastily assembled. The Bank was ordered to suspend cash payments. Fortunately the Directors were firm. In announcing the orders of the Privy Council they proclaimed that “the general concerns of the Bank were in the most affluent and flourish-

ing situation and such as to preclude every doubt as to the security of its notes. The Directors mean to continue their usual discounts for the accommodation of the commercial interests, paying the amount in Bank notes ; and dividend warrants will be paid in the same manner." Had such an announcement been made in India, the most disastrous consequences would undoubtedly have followed. But the credit of the first merchants and Bankers in London was staked in the credit of the Bank. They unanimously resolved to stand by the Bank notes through every emergency and public confidence was at once re-established. Suppose such a misfortune to have overtaken the British Government in India, would the bankers and the merchants of the country have upheld the Government notes with a similar spirit. The conditions of the Home and Indian Governments are so thoroughly alien to each other, that a conjecture in the positive would scarcely be true. In England the subject is directly bound up with the acts of the ministry. Wielding omnipotent power, it can make an arbitrary use of the supplies as well as of the prerogatives of the King. The nation at large might create a credit for itself irrespective of canons of political economy. It can subsist upon paper money without an immediate cash reserve. It can dictate terms to the money market. Far different is the case in India. It is needless to publish a catalogue of our wants and our disabilities. We are not represented in the Government. The greatest

distrust prevails between the governors and the governed. An extended scheme of paper money is therefore utterly impracticable.

It is on these grounds that we hail with joy and confidence the plan of currency set forth in Mr. Laing's lucid speech before the Legislative Council. It has not the Indian merit of a great flourish of trumpets and extravagant promises. But it is based on a sound and unassailable basis. It is not the dream of a poetical Financier. But it embodies the honest straight-forward views of a real practical man of business. Mr. Laing proposed to issue only such an amount of Government notes as will be protected by a main reserve of cash or bullion aided also by a partial reserve of Government securities. The latter will not exceed four crores of Rupees for the present. The limit has been ascertained from data furnished by the charters of the Banks of Bengal, Madras and Bombay which are authorised to issue paper money to the extent of five crores on a reserve of only one crore of specie. It will be perceived that the Financial councillor has proceeded firmly and cautiously to his work. He risks nothing yet he gains much. True he cannot repay the debt, (it will be long before such a consummation is attained) yet he will have established a great result—one, the constant action whereof will in the end save the state from bankruptcy. He will have introduced an organic change into the monetary constitution of the country without incurring those hazards which attend vital

changes. If he is moderate—he is sure. But the chief and in our opinion the most valuable merit of his currency scheme lies in that absence of vast machinery without which shallow minds cannot advance a step in their calculations, and which in the end swallow up all the gains of a Financial measure. Look at that ponderous and inexplicable turnings of wheels within wheels by which the Income Tax Act is being worked out. A large share of the proceeds of that Tax will go into the pockets of placemen. The printer of the returns has alone appropriated it is said 25 lacs of Rupees. The staff of assessors and sircars will dive their fingers still deeper into the collections and what little remains will scarcely be a fair set off against the annoyance and heart-burnings, which the tax must inevitably entail upon the people at large and the blow to industry which its inquisitorial character will undoubtedly have struck. Mr. Laing's Currency Bill is unattended with all that bombast of circles and semi-circles which formed the most gorgeous feature of the scheme of his predecessor. We shall have no fabulously paid officials to regulate the distribution and consumption of Government notes, no Commissioners, nor Deputy Commissioners nor Sub-Deputy Asst. Commissioners to clog and obstruct and bewilder and bamboozle honest men whilst eating up the cream and the marrow of the profits of Government. Instead of placemen the already existing Banks of the country will work and administer the Currency. The Mint

Masters of the three Presidencies will *ex officio* be Commissioners of Issue impressing the notes as they impress coins. A simpler and more efficient machinery could not be devised. But its chief merit does not lie in mere simplicity and efficiency. A higher and more important purpose underlies the scheme. As we have already said, a radical change will have been effected in the monetary condition and prospects of the country. A more thorough change than is anticipated by superficial observers who look only to the immediate gains of the measure. At present banking as an instrument of production is almost unknown in this country except in a form which is an eye-sore to every generous and kind hearted man. For it is usury out and out doing more harm than good, plunging the needy man lower and still lower in misery instead of helping him to rise. Ringing the last cowrie from the hard hand of afflicted industry and then leaving him to rot in starvation and want. Such is the true picture of the system of the *mahajuns*. But we may now fairly count upon its doom. The Currency will be the means of establishing country-banks which will displace the money-lender eventually. The Government will warmly support every such scheme which will facilitate the Currency and take the place of the ponderous establishments by which its mofussil payments are now made. It will lend all the weight of its influence to the establishment of district and even of village banks based on sound scientific principles. The advan-

tages of credit will be diffused throughout the land and trade and agriculture will receive a double impetus. We give only a faint sketch of the future which will open upon us in gorgeous prosperity so soon as a healthy and rational system of Currency is established. The speculative reader may fill in the colors. But the gaudiest coloring will fall far short of the reality. The history of English banking bears us out in this prediction.

Mr. Laing's scheme is objected to in certain quarters on account of its rejecting a small note circulation. There is certainly nothing in it that absolutely and at once places an embargo upon small notes. If the requirements of trade demand them, the Government have certainly no interest in withholding the accommodation. But the risks of a small note circulation are so great that even in commercial and enlightened England it had to be checked by Act of Parliament. An Indian Financier may therefore be excused for feeling his ground well before deluging the country with notes the value whereof may not be readily appreciated. The easy and immediate convertibility of the Government notes will alone render the Currency a success. Suspicion and doubt have already been cast upon the credit of the state by the foolish, we might also say, wicked financiering of Lord Dalhousie. The Government must retrieve its character thoroughly before its subjects can trust in very small notes. Analogy between English and Indian circulation at this early date is premature and ridi-

culous. We must not leap. But trust to time and system.

Centralization as it has affected Mookerjee's Magazine.

WHERE was the principle of division of labor discovered? By whom? and how? I unhesitatingly answer to the first and second queries, in India and by a Brahmin. Could it be discovered elsewhere, or by a less holy personage than he who sprang from great Brahma's mouth? The principle of division of labor points to the classification of society according to the professions. India has followed to the letter the dictates of this principle and attained its utmost developement, as her castes isolated from one another by seas of adamant yet exchanging each other's productions over the water (!) abundantly testify; and he who aspires to legislate for her people, if he is not some relative of the Celestials, must at least be a Brahmin. Besides does not all good things trace their birth to India? has not some *savant* announced his intention to prove that the game of chess was invented in India? *Ergo* it was in India and by a Brahmin that the principle of division of labor was discovered. Now how to dispose of the re-

maining question becomes itself as question. And how was it discovered? Was it as Sir Isaac Newton discovered the law of gravity under an apple tree or was it in the cool shade of the patriarchal Indian fig? I confess my inability to answer it and leave it to puzzle worthier heads. It must be admitted, however, to my credit, that having answered two out of three questions I am entitled to the requisite number of marks and of course to the degree of L. P.—Licenciate of Puzzles.

Why do I speak of division of labor? It is to deliver myself of a panegyric on it. Well it would be panegyric enough to declare my intention to panegyricize, even if I left my intention unfulfilled. Insincere wretch that I am, even to think of leaving it thus, after sighing for the benefits and convenience of division of labor! No.

My qualifications for the panegyrist of the principle of division of labor are very high. It is said that no man thoroughly appreciates a thing until he wants it. In this country, where parents are jealous of the growing influence of their new daughter-in-law over their Gópál, Gópál naturally considers them a bore and wishes them safely landed on the shore of a better world, but when he feels their absence for a while he feels to boot that parents are good things in spite of the frailties of human nature. Old Æsop relates the story of a man who rebelling against the severity of the primeval curse upon his race, to earn subsistence by the sweat of the brow, invoked Pluto to relieve him

of his miseries, but the grim guest that moment appearing, the man terrified at the "shadows" which the great "coming event cast before", with remarkable presence of mind excused himself by some other plea. Thus both in jest and in moments of ill humor all persons consign their dearest, aye, even mothers their children, to the unnameable Kingdom and to its King, but if the reality once overtook them they would feel that in jesting with or losing temper towards the departed they assessed their value, not as assessors do of incomes, but at a lower than the real figure. It is not the rich that know the utmost value of conveyances. No. It is they who have to swim over the greater part of Chitpore Road during the rains that can fully appreciate them. Yes, Want is the great touchstone and appreciator. I suggest that somebody write an apostrophe to Want, after the manner of Byron's to Time—

O Time ! the beautifier of the dead,
Adorner, of the ruin, comforter,
And only healer when the heart hath bled, &c., &c.

With our usual liberality we will insert the lines in our what-d-y-call-it "widely circulated journal," free of charge, and that is a prize we consider so valuable as to call forth all the poetical faculty of the world. Now on the principle that the want of a thing is the true measure of the value of it, I am eminently qualified for singing the glories of division of labor. Am I not doomed to wade through existence uncheered by the advantages of

fered by that principle. Not to circumnavigate all my affairs, is not the present undertaking evidence enough of that? Else why should I be so enamoured of it? Does not the blind pant for sight while their more fortunate brethern seem indifferent to it? Have not some of our readers found fault with our periodical saying it ought to be more sprightly even than it is? And what more is the reason but that I am a maid of all work? Descended from ancestors who strictly kept the Ten Commandments, I am not exempt, as I should otherwise have been, from the great decision, "from the sweat of thy" &ca. &ca. I must work, but as sure it is that I must work so sure is it that that work must be something different from that imposed by the half-love-half-reason speculation of the Magazine; for I defy the greatest economico-financial genius to prove that this journal after paying for its getting up, &ca., can support any decent man. Well, besides that other necessary labor, I edit, contribute to, propriet, always act the reader and the printer and sometimes the compositor to, the Magazine and after I have confessed so far, the reader will not be slow to imagine the rest—he will take for granted that vanity prevented my adding that I sweep the Magazine Castle floor, act the press-man and that sort of thing. Certain is it that I am the critic, the politician, the story teller, the "padding"-maker and the corrector of the press. The result is that neither critique nor political paper, nor story, nor padding nor correction of

the press, is as good as, let the reader think, it would otherwise have been. "One science will only one genius fit." So one work best one man. Of course the hard lot and over-work to which I pretend offers a convenient retreat to my barrenness, and why shall I forego the advantage? If the public would drive me from this retreat and see my powers to the utmost extent, there is a simple way of doing it. Let them bestow on the mediocrity or inferiority or whatever it is of the Magazine such support as will enable me to devote my whole exertions in their service. If they don't do so, they must call to their aid the universal consolation, the thought that *whatever is, is right!* They must expect the critique not wholly critical, the political paper without political gravity, the story somewhat of the Sermon, the "padding" patchwork and the typographical errors many; just as some persons combine the two offices of priest and shoe-maker whose discharge of the first duties smell of leather and whose shoes look in tolerably sacred.

Ah! who shall relieve us of this Centralization!

The best illustration of what—I have above by a licence common in modern prose termed centralization as imparting monotony to a publication like this will be found in a circumstance that befell myself. After I had finished this number's installment of the review, in order to vary its gravity I proceeded to write a light gossiping paper on

Hackney-Coaches.

Accordingly I delivered myself of the first sentence thus:—

It is one of the most astounding phenomena of modern civilization that amidst the idolatrous attention paid to the rail and the telegraph the unrivalled claims of the hackney-coach should be lost sight of and that this seemingly insignificant but in reality all important subject, in spite of its extreme difficulty to the public who drive hackney-coaches is not honored with a notice in the hundreds of popular compendiums which the press is daily sending forth under one or other of the various denominations of the "Hand-book of Useful Knowledge", the Information for the People, the Almanac, the Directory, the guide, &c.

And so on. Verily the shoemaker should not go beyond his last and the reviewer should stick to his review. It was not before I had finished a paragraph that I perceived my mistake. It was throughout in the orthodox review style, and quite the reverse of the light and gossiping. The mind must take time to throw off the yoke of one mood before it recognized another, as a songster cannot leap from a solemn to a light air. In a moment the paragraph became diet for my candle and imparted it sustenance. And I began anew to talk of hackney-coaches as I am doing.

Now it must be observed that although I consigned the paragraph it is only the dress I have doomed, I cannot willingly part with the thought. Hazlitt says words are the only things that live, but thoughts have more vitality even than words. To

be sure it is very painful and surprising that the present subject should not be treated of in Guides and Hand-books. What more difficult than to make a successful hackney-coach rider ? What does the young and uninitiated know of the thousand and one ills to which hackney-driving flesh is heir to and what skill or penance can expiate them ? This desultory paper will be a sort of hints to hackney-coach riders and supply^a the great desideratum in the Dictionary of Daily Wants.

The gradation of ranks both in men and things which we remark in this world seem to have two uses. The one appears to be to exhibit by contrast in an especial manner the superiority of the superior and the other by unmistakeable signs the indentily in principle of both the inferior and the superior. Happiness, according to Paley, is a relative term and in the relation which things bear to one another consists much of the superiority of the superior and the inferiority of the inferior. It is doubtless in this idea, that Soame Jenyns accounted for the existence of evil in this world by saying that the gods were amused by human tortures. This conceit in its extremity partakes of the burlesque, but there is much truth underneath. The brute proves the superiority of the man, the man that of the angel and the angel that of Divinity. But these gradations in the creation also show the real homogeneity which underlies all the apparent heterogenousness of the world. Every thing has its apporportioned function—the insigni-

flaccid ought not to be looked upon with contempt by the important and in order to lessen the chances of this pride, God has left indelible marks of sameness in all his works. The great is great only in degree and not in kind. The worm may therefore be viewed as a microscopic Divinity. Hackney-coaches need not be an exception to the universal rule. They prove by contrast the superiority of better coaches and the happiness of those who ride in them as compared to those of their own riders. A solitary hackney-coach is a respectable thing enough, but as soon as a gilded chariot passing it by intrudes upon its loneliness, its nothingness becomes but too apparent. So also, however the aristocratic conveyances might try to repudiate fellowship with them, hackney-coaches prove their ethnic indentivity with them, as the Hindoo proved his with the Anglo-Saxon, in spite of the unmeaning pride of certain Anglo-Indians.

The hackney-coach is an imitation of the superior coach. I believe it is not generally remarked that in all imitation there is an under-current of the mimic principle. The hackney-coach because an imitation may be understood as a mimicry of the superior coach. The observant reader will recollect that there used formerly to ply in this town hackneys supported on cord-springs. They have now been banished to the antique suburbs of Bursea, Bealah, &c. Whenever I see them I cannot help fancying them caricatures of Clarence chariots, and the reader who suspects me of singularity can easi-

ly satisfy himself. The Mullicks have a good story to account for their social degradation. It is said that when on one occasion King Bullal Sen went in person to invite their ancestors, the latter being then very poor and equally impudent, to match the king's elephant received his Majesty from the top of their hovels. The hackneys seem thus artificially to rise to the position of their superiors. This moment a pack of Babboos in a hackney bound for the Treasury are dragging their slow length along. They are met by the old-fashioned barouche with its just-arrived Raja from the Muffosil hastening to pay his respects to the Chota Lad Shaheb. The barouche and the Raja seem to rebuke the hackney and the keranees for their impertinence, while the latter seem mimicking the hauteur of the former and telling them that they are the same in principle all.

Having disposed of the principle of hackney-coaches, I turn to their history. Hackney-coaches almost co-existent with the better order of carriages. I use the qualification "almost" because hackney-coaches being imitations, not the originals, of aristocratic coaches are necessarily posterior to them.

As civilization progresses and life grows conventional, things lose their original meaning, and conveniences become simple luxuries. When, for instance, carriages were first invented they were really used as conveniences, but now they are only appendages to great men, which they must use whether they will or no, for when a man takes a

walk at his doctor's advice, to avoid a show of vulgarity he generally has a coach slowly following him. Indeed the real nobleman will sometimes be seen in the streets on foot, but the genuine parvenu never. This, however, is not so much the parvenu's individual fault as the aggregate fault of society. Society judge men principally by externals, and while the nobleman can if he will stand upon his own merits, the parvenu is driven to hide his intrinsic insignificance under cover of those externals which society having raised to the rank of its gods is bound to idolize. So when a man becomes unsuccessful he is loth to part with the signs of success, and these signs, without which perhaps he might have rallied, hurry him by their cost to irretrievable ruin. Hackneys, following the example of their superiors, have been metamorphosed from conveniences to mere luxuries. They have been degraded to as imple of sign of a degree of respectability. People who could walk from here to heaven if there was a highway to it without fatigue, to keep up appearances encumber their bodies as well as their incomes with hackneys. O the number is beyond calculation who have been willing sacrifices at the altar of appearances ! who have deprived their children of their tiffin and have had themselves an insufficient breakfast to wear a clean *chapkan* and have a place in a *ticca gharry* ! Indeed, to land at the office door and back at the door of one's own house from a hackney is become quite one of the vanities of Keranceedom. One of the peculiarities of this vanity, and

which strengthens its reality as such, is that it increases in the ratio that the keranee puts up nearer to his office. Distance or adjacency does not make any difference in the price of this hackney luxury. It is ever the five or six pice. It would be a real gain to the Baugbazar keranees if for the consideration of five or six pice each they are carried over so much space and dropped at their respective destinations, but it is at Baugbazar you rarely meet with any gatherings of them looking for hackneys. As you proceed down Chitpore Road you begin to catch faint glimpses of the vanity. It acquires some form at Shobabazar but assumes vast proportions at Burttolah, the Paternoster Row of Calcutta. Lo! the poor wretches standing in the verandahs of the numerous little book-stalls and printing offices, anxiety intensifying in their countenances as the sun rides to the meridian and their hope of riding hackneys to office before he does so vanishes. At Jorasanko the evil reigns supreme. Here you find a very bazaar of keranees. They have disposed themselves of according to their peculiar tastes—some in the boxes of the spice-shops smelling Arabian sweets, while others on the mat of the opium-shop inhaling the drug which has really brought health and happiness to the million with indeed misery and death to the few, and a third batch exchanging with the “social evils” in the overhanging verandahs pregnant glances which promise to bear fruit on their return from office. The elder race of keranees who stand on the road-side like men on the banks

of rivers in expectation ferries, unmoved and statue-like, alone seem to have a proper idea of office responsibility and unengaged as they are as soon as hackneys approach them they secure seats in them and leave their younger brethern in their several occupations behind. It is however in the young that the vanity is uppermost. The aged keranee will wait for a hackney just fifteen minutes and then walk down to office, but the young, who with the lore of libraries in his head may be supposed to have some idea of the dignity of life and more moral courage than his fathers', will stay till mid-day for hackneys and if even then he find none he returns home or if he find one but none others of his fraternity to hire it by co-partnership, hires it all himself. Beyond Jorasanko there are no resorts where keranees congregate for keranchees but what do the keranees of those parts do? They walk great distances to join their *mela* at Jorasanko. Keranees who live at Choonagully and have only to go to a Loll Bazar, Tank Square or Cossitolah office travel all the way up to Jorasanko in order to have the felicity of landing at the office door from a hackney. It is melancholy to contemplate the lengths to which one will inconvenience himself to feed this new vainty. All offices are not in the same house, every keranee must land at the door of his office premises, one keranee will not hire a whole *gharry*, and the *gharrivallas* will go only one way—there given the premises, conclude the difficulty of harmonising the different interests.

Early in the day when there are many keranees waiting for places, a company of four officing all one way is easy to form to hire a hackney, but as the day advances and hackneys out-number keranees, the difficulty ensues. Four keranees officing in one quarter gradually become rare, and if every one sticks to his vanity they never move a pace. But men are not soon inclined to abandon their vanity, and when one has stuck to it for a time, the greater vanities of his nature and very eye-shame command him not to forsake his position under penalty of considerable chagrin. Fortunately all are not equally tenacious. The less vain keranees consent to be dropped where the meanest amongst them who wins the game, and has it all his own way, dictates, or if the keranees cannot settle the matter to rest by the self denial of some of themselves, the *gharriwalla* sometimes rising above and taking pity upon them, undertakes to carry them all to their several destinations by inconveniencing himself. As in the great world, so in these *gharry* contests between several keranees each demanding to be dropped at his own office door, the scoundrel gains his point. The vanity however does not end in the wish to be dropped at the office-door—it extends—would the reader believe it?—to that of sitting in the hackneys with your face in the direction of the hacks' and the drivers'. These seats are considered the more respectable ones, but this is simply a delusion, for there are no reserved seats in hackneys, but the

charge of all the places are the same. It occurs with almost the regularity of a rule that those who thrust themselves into the supposed better places of hackneys insist at all hazards on being dropped at their office-doors.

In the evening the drama is repeated. The keranees now congregate for hackneys at the Treasury, Dhurumtollah and the Tank Square. The contest in Vanity Fair is renewed. One would imagine that broken down by the day's toil made more galling by the abuses of superiors and uncheered by no more substantial tiffin than a couple of *jillepis*, the combatants would show little inclination to continue the fight long, but rather hurry homewards. Ah, they mistake the influence of vanity who imagine thus ! The keranees are anxious indeed to hasten home but they are more anxious to keep up—rather should I say make up—appearances. At this moment,

“ When Venus, throned in clouds of rosy hue,
Flings from her golden urn the vesper dew,
And bids fond man her glimmering noon employ,
Sacred to love, and walks of tender joy,”

faithful Hindoo wives to whom social usages and the injunctions of religion have consecrated their husbands as their sole Providence, have taken their seats at the windows of their respective houses, very moment expecting their lords while they, vain wretches, are debating in the corner of Tank Square who shall take the *gharry* to his door. In the

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evening they are more tenacious of their point perhaps than in the morning, but there is the reason—a husband all covered with mud and dust and walking all the way from the Treasury to Jorasanko or Simlah is enough to alienate the affections of the most constant of wives ! And what anguish might not fill her heart when she beholds the husband of a neighbour—to add to her grief perhaps of a rival beauty—slowly descend from a hackney and to supplement wrong by insult asks aloud from the *gharriwalla* for rechange so that the entire neighbourhood might remark the circumstance of Ram Baboo's coming home by a *gharry*, and casts glances of chuckle towards the *jaffree* at which, he knows, the mourner is posted ! History records that the ancient Germans used to carry their families about with them in their camps, and that they never were defeated mainly because once defeated how could they return to their wives with the faces of men ? So it is these wives lying in wait for their husbands that prolong the evening contest near Tank Square for every one insisting to alight at his own door !

The subject having only been begun, and space threatening to rebel against further encroachment upon his patient self, I prorogue it to another, perhaps the next, number.

The Smash in the Indigo Districts.

It is said that when the worse comes to the worst, it mends. There is a point of evil, beyond which even evil, so elastic in its power of tension, cannot stretch. Providence steps in always at the last moment to save unfortunate mortals from the lowest condition of destiny. This has been strictly verified in the case of the Indigo ryots. Men who for upwards of a century were groaning under a most nefarious system of political economy. Who were working without a profit and toiling without a hire. In whose case the established canons of the labor market were reversed, the demand not governing the supply but the supply crouching before the demand. An unfortunate old man in his dotage had fingered an indigo advance. Probably he was in distress and his mind wandered from calculation. Probably the advance had been forced upon him by a factory Gomashta not troubled with a peculiarly sensitive conscience. That old man was thenceforward a doomed man. The brand of the vats was on his forehead and not death even could release him from the fatal mark. It descended to his generation from father to son. Every heir at law coming in for more chunam godowns than half pence. The advance no bigger than a rupee swelled out in bulk and dimensions as the carried forwards multiplied. Awful book-keeping! How de-

voutly the ryots prayed that the single and double entry had never been invented ! We do not mean to say that there was not law on the side of the planter. Unfortunately Littleton upon Coke is exceedingly partial and condescending towards all aberrations from reason and common sense. But justice was undoubtedly all the other way. Paley prescribes that promises are not binding when the performance is impracticable. Where was the practicability ask we of supplying Indigo at 6 Rupees a Biggha when the charges of cultivation exceeded 10 Rupees ?

But the Shylocks of the factory pointed to the letter of the bond and whetted their knives upon their soles, or their souls ! A Daniel came to judgement, yea a Daniel ! Long live king Halliday ! The great big man rendered every thing smooth between the victim and the executioner. He stuck to the pound of flesh and never bothered himself about the blood. At best it was but a nigger's blood—fit to only mark the Indigo chests with. Ask Mr. Latour if he did not behold the clouts red and ghastly ! But every dog has his day and the ryots though treated in a worse way than the poorest Englishman's dog, occupy nevertheless a higher platform in creation than the canine species. The Nemesis of the Indigo fields was thoroughly roused by repeated and persistent injuries. The grim goddess sprang into existence with all the accompaniments of an oriental avatar. Her fiery eyes and gleaming sword scorched up and devastated the districts in which her sacrifices had so long been

neglected. Even the mild Bengallee, the cringing minion of the lowest factory chuprassie, the wretch without a soul, bowing down before every calamity by the mere force of habit—threw off his fears and caught inspiration from the deity. He revised his character, altered and methodised his habits. The hooka no longer brought oblivion upon his lacerated mind. He had passed the stage of passive obedience. He resisted. In some instances actively. The face of affairs turned. The proud oppressor became panic-struck. It was his turn to fear. He who had so long excited that passion in others. The charm had broke which invested him with god-like power. He flew to Calcutta—to the Planter's Association—to Belvidere House—to the newspaper offices. The welkin rang with his cries. To his fear-oppressed mind it was rebellion and revolution. The aristocracy of France was not more thoroughly frightened during the terror days, than was the Indigo aristocracy during the first few weeks of the ryot's refusal to work. Conscious guilt magnifies every danger. The destroyer of the peace of families looks out for a foe in the inmost recesses of his citadel. The avenging sword is constantly before his eyes. He sees a dagger in every phantom of the brian. The planter had just arrived at this torturing state of mind. He called out lustily for troops. The districts where not a uniform was seen ever since the mock fight at Plassey, now swarmed with soldiery. The officers of the regular battalions who had only recently quelled the muti-

ny laughed in their sleeves at the ridiculous nature of the service. But it relieved them from the dull monotony of Dum Dum and Barrackpore, put hatta into their pockets, and entertained them with dinners such as they had never eaten before in all their lives. The planters feted the red coats sumptuously to compensate them for the lack of fighting. The best beef and the best mutton in the country was freely supplied to the military through whom it was hoped to intimidate the ryots into obedience. The dodge failed. The *dhurm ghot* triumphed! Not a spade was thrust into the soil in the cause of the dye. Not a bucket was dipped into the stream to water an Indigo plant. The strike was universal and complete. For once Bengallees had united, and not even cannon balls could break the cohesion. They stood upon the righteousness of their cause. That cause which had been for a hundred years trampled under foot, but which they had now determined should be the sport of lawless men no longer. They went into prison by thousands and by tens of thousands. They cheerfully went into prison. It was at all events a refuge from the godowns. From Shamchand! whose strokes sent all the blood in the body up to the heart. The coercion Act was a blessing. For it cancelled former wrong, halted the carried forwards, and annihilated the book keeping. A large amount of injustice was perpetrated under its cover it is true, yet it thoroughly cleared that atmosphere of fraud and forgery which hung in gloom and pestilence over some of

the richest districts of Bengal—paralysing industry and sitting like an incubus upon mind and body, converting plenty into haggard want and blowing an artificial sirocco over fields capable of supplying the cereal necessities of the world! The ryots have completely slipped out of the hands of their oppressors. They have turned a new leaf in existence. They were slaves. They are freemen.

The Indigo smash will mark a new era in the history of Bengal. For the first time since the accession of British power a long vexed and more important question has been settled by the agency of means thoroughly English and constitutional. The people have enforced their rights by fearless and lawful representation. By the sheer effort of their will the peasantry of Bengal have triumphed over prescriptive and powerfully supported wrong. In spite of serious obstacles—of partial magistrates and unequal laws—of a press sold to the planting interest and a public ever ready to knock down the nigger, they have succeeded in establishing their liberties on a firm and solid basis.

Every man who values his own liberty must rejoice at such a glorious result, and admire the spirit and energy by which it was gained. We are certainly now in a progressive state—on the trail of a better future. Though the face of Bengal has been radically altered since the battle of Plassey—yet the Indigo disabilities of the people confined and limited the march of improvement. The free and extended action of a healthy system of politi-

cal economy which is the key to the prosperity of a nation, was kept down and subverted by the system of Indigo. The dye may be very valuable, but there are much more valuable things to be got out of the soil. If free and impartial competition permit it the former would undoubtedly be welcome. But why hedge it in by pains and penalties which are not deemed to the development of essential other species of production. If the dye is worth its price, it is certainly worth well paying for. But why insist upon it being grown at a rate fixed in the past century whilst all other rates have undergone enormous fluctuations.

Foolish people have raised the cry, that the Indigo disturbances are due to the same causes which precipitated the mutiny. The same lust for anarchy, the same Feranghie hatred have been at work to annihilate the factories. But the loyalty of the people of Bengal is proof against such a senseless calumny. The ryots bore meekly and without the slightest effort at resistance, treatment, that would have driven into madness a less calculating race. They calmly stood by whilst their homes were being burnt, their ploughs and their oxen forcibly carried away, their daughters dishonored. They merely heaved the sigh of heavy grief; for they believed that their rulers countenanced all this wrong, that they could not resist the planter without being disloyal to the sovereign; and they shrunk instinctively from the very thought. They had suffered much. They were prepared to suffer

more. They would have even laid down their lives rather than raise one finger against constituted authority. Their slanderers know this intimately, and it is this knowledge that supplies the gall and the venom of their invectives against Mr. Grant. If the Lieutenant Governor and his officers had not explained to the ryots their true position in respect to both the planter and the Government, if the huge lie of which they were the dupes and the deception of which they were the victims, had not been unravelled by authority—they would have gone on cultivating Indigo from year to year and from generation to generation despite every disadvantage, till from hard treatment and scanty sustenance their race had become extinct. Their loyalty would have carried them through every phase of oppression with impunity to the oppressor and without danger to his minions. But the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal was too generous and high-minded to lend even his passive support to a fraud. The ryot discovered however late that disloyalty and constitutional assertion of right were distinct and antagonistic terms. That resistance to the planter did not necessarily involve resistance to government. That on the contrary the government was interested in the prosperity of the subject and the confusion of evil-doers. They may be of the dominant class, but still they were evil-doers, who systematically defied the law and tyrannized over the weak and the ignorant. A reaction was inevitable and the

bubble of half a century, burst with a terrific explosion !

We do not sympathise with the sufferers. They fully deserved their doom. They affected to look down upon signs and omens. They had long ago defied justice and good faith. They whose countrymen had snapped the bonds of the African slave endeavoured in an age emphatically devoted to progress, to rivet more firmly those of the Hindoo freeman. But the hour of retribution had come. The God of Providence interfered. Ruin overtook the inflectors of ruin. The factories were closed. Indigo ceased to exist. Right triumphed over oppressive might. The laws of heaven were vindicated. But the laws of man are being forged to subvert the laws of heaven. Accursed be the infamous legislation which seeks to reduce Arcadia to a plague spot !

L i n e s .

Cold Winter's blasts no longer blow,
But Spring resumes her sway ;

And brighter skies with warmer glow
Enhance the cheerful day ;
Fair Nature smiles and every heart
Beats with the new delight ;
While all alone I pine and smart
‘ Neath sorrow’s chilly blight.

Though stripped before the tree had been
Of all its leafy pride ;
Yet now the vernal bloom is seen
To shoot forth from its side.
But spring returning brings to me
No cheering beam of gladness ;
My tree of Hope is doomed to be
Chilled by the blast of sadness.

The darksome hours of life I’ve known
And Fate’s perverseness seen,
All that the heart was fond to own
By Death estranged have been ;
And I’m like a vessel on
The raging billows lost ;

With shattered deck and rudder gone,
And e'er at random tossed.

KASHIPRASAUD GHOSH.

GUDADHUR *is kept back for want of space.* Ed. M. M.

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MOOKERJEE'S MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1861.

Raja Radhakanta and his ancestors.

A Rapid Sketch of the Life of Raja Radhakanta Deva Bahadur, with some Notices of his Ancestors, and Testimonials of his Character and Learning, by the Editors of the Raja's Subdakalpadruma, Calcutta : 1859.

[Continued from the last number.]

THE romantic incident of an august ally of Great Britain opposing the advancement of Moonshree Navakrishna but in the end baffled through the spirit and generosity of Lord Clive, and turning the means of the greater elevation of the man whose dismissal he asserted was a necessary condition of the reality of the peace concluded between himself and the English, besides its other uses, is intended we believe to heighten the presumption—proof the biographers offer none—of the illustriousness of Navakrishna's descent, of his being in fact the son of Ramcharana who accompanied Munceru-

din Khan to drive the Mahrattas from Orissa and died in a scuffle with them as no Bengalee before or since died, at a spot near Midnapore which, identified by a Society of Young Bengal Antiquaries, ought to be rendered memorable by a monument raised over it by Bengalee hero-worshippers. We have shown, we presume, to the satisfaction of every unprejudiced reader, that our authors have failed in making a case for themselves. Ramcharana of their dates is an impossibility, and a power greater even than theirs cannot harmonize a real jar of dates. Ramcharana indeed has his being in the lists of the *Ghattackas*, but it is scarcely necessary to suggest to the shrewd reader that a love of other than truth may have created him there. The circumstance may be viewed in another light. We freely allow Navakrishna a father, and for the sake of argument are willing to admit even that that father was named Ramcharana, but we protest against the poor man's being hedged in with Dewanee and rank and the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, as we would against the clown being degraded by regal purple. We repeat, however, and are sorry, that the Ramcharana of the book which has given us such good employment these many months could not have been. As regards the alleged wealth and rank of Navakrishna's family

to those who are in the least acquainted with the heraldry of the *Kayasthas* the evidence of the lists of the *Ghattackas* themselves which we suspect are the principal portion of the "family records" on which our authors have founded a great portion of their work, will afford almost conclusive collateral evidence in the fact that the *moulika* Navakrishna's sister was married to a *moulika*. It speaks not a little of the insincerity of our biographers that in their account of the Deva family they never mention a female birth, and the waggish might add not a little of ingratitude too on their part when they owe so much to the females of that family. The omission is not explained by the cant of the oriental contempt for and unappreciation of females. It is due to their just prudence, for they know too well that the conditions of marriage of the daughters of the Deva family previous to the rise of Navakrishna, published to the world will act upon their labored structure of social superiority for it like a hurricane upon a house of cards.

There are numerous anecdotes to prove that Navakrishna created, did not consolidate, as our authors would make us believe, the social influence of his family. We can afford to relate only one. Raja Rajkrishna, Navakrishna's son, once taunted a *Kayastha* who disregarded one of his mandates

in caste-matters with being no more than a middle-class *koolin*, one of thousands dependent upon the Raja. The other replied to the following effect :—" true I am an inferior *koolin* and your Rajaship's most obedient humble servant, but a *koolin* nevertheless, and my forefathers were better ones. As you ascend the tree of my genealogy, you will find more and more illustrious fruit, but how different is the case with your Rajaship. The connections you have formed by your wealth have rendered your family barely passable, and time may contribute to its respectability, but you will blush to trace your ancestors to their degradation." Well said and pungent in as much as true, for it is even said that the Muragacha Deys (now Debs and long ago perchance not *Kayasthas*) plied for *Kayasthas* a most horrible trade. Well said that Raja Rajkrishna could look forward, not back, and the retort appears prophetic when we recollect that the same family which was the other day admitted to respectability now arrogates to itself and has actually usurped the social government.

Our authors in their solicitude to make the history of the Deva family as romantic as possible seem to entertain a contempt for the slow process by which causes mature into effects. Navakrishna must not be subject to any of the ills which

place-seeking life is heir to—so a conspiracy is introduced to give him employment. One is reminded of the book that was published merely to facilitate the sale of another. We however, know that people are not sent in all directions about the streets in search of a Moonshi as of a missing cow. If tradition too which is never noticed by our authors is to be believed, Navakrishna served with one Dhur who introduced him to the English. There is no reason to impugn the truth of Lord Thurlow's description of Navakrishna, and to reconcile that description with this tradition, Dhur may be supposed to have been one of the Banians to the English, and the means of Navakrishna's being appointed Mr. Hastings' Moonshi.

We have little doubt that the appointment of Navakrishna to the Political Dewanee or as it was officially termed the Banianship to the Committee took place in 1765, after Clive's second return from England on the 3rd May of that year. But if in our authors' disregard of and carelessness in dates, the reader undertake to guess the chronological position of any event from the order of the narrative, he would be woefully deceived; for in it events do not follow one after the other in the order of nature, as they happened, but most arbitrarily and by what principle we are

at a loss to determine—what ought to have been related in the beginning surprizes us at the end and *vice versa*—and walking in such indifferent company so long has told on the plan of our own story. The simple phraseology, Banian to the Committee, insufficiently conveys to the reader of the present day the importance of the post. Some would think that the Banian supplied funds, others that he acted as a sort of godown-sircar to the Committee. The Banian did not do the former and was something more than the latter. He was a sort of Foreign Secretary and the agent of the Company in political transactions with the country powers.* The appointment of Navakrishna is equally creditable to the chooser and the chosen. On Clive's landing in these shores for the last time, the Council "earnestly recommended" to him to

"exert his utmost endeavours to conciliate the affections of the country powers, to remove any jealousy they may entertain of our unbounded ambition, and to convince them we aim not at conquest and dominion, but security in carrying on a free trade, equally beneficial to them and to us."†

In the several negotiations which were next entrusted to him for completion, he knew that Navakrishna from his intimate knowledge of the relations of the Company with the native chiefs,

* Verelst's View of Bengal, p. 28, note.

† Auber's British Power in India, vol. 1, p. 143.

a knowledge acquired by having had charge of his own Persian correspondence for years, was fitted to be his most efficient assistant and accordingly nominated him Banian to the Committee while in reality he retained him as his Baboo in the tour he took to the North West. In the treaties with Shah Allum and the Vizier which were soon after concluded, Navakrishna must have rendered Clive fair service, although in the absence of positive proof we repudiate the credit claimed for him by our authors, for if he was entitled to it, he would certainly have been mentioned, as he has not been, in Clive's letters. As it is, both Clive's choice of him and his services in the negotiations have only negative merit. At best he was the best native Clive could think of and Clive was not so much provoked by his bungling as to have immortalized him in his correspondence: And as for the title which Clive procured him from the Emperor, negative merit as well as other than merit has often met the same consideration. The title is a guarantee that Clive was personally pleased with Navakrishna but that pleasure may have been, we do not believe it was, independent of the manner in which he discharged his duties.

Certainly the repeated favors heaped upon Navakrishna by so many masters of dispositions

so different show a great way that he did his duties remarkably well. In 1766 Lord Clive's influence with the Emperor was again exerted to give him a lift in the Peerage of India. Imperial liberality increased by a thousand his allowance of three thousand horse on paper, and Maha was prefixed to his title of Raja. At the same time he received from the Company, per favor of the same man to whom he owed nearly all his wealth and all his honors, a gold medal for his great services. Lord Clive himself presented him with a magnificent *Khellat* consisting of robes, jewels, sword and shield, horses, elephants, &ca. Nor was this all. The presentation was rendered as impressive as it could be, and on its conclusion his Lordship conducted him to a *howda* mounted on an elephant. Amidst a grand procession he came home attended by a numerous guard of sepoy who have since been the regular guard of the Shobhabazar Palaces.

But it is not the length, breadth and depth of his titles—it was not the outward signs of honor by which the importance of Navakrishna can be correctly estimated. Rather the multitudinous and onerous official duties which belonged to him defined his proper position. At one and the same time he held seven offices. The Banian to the Committee or Political Dewan, he was

the Persian Secretary, the Receiver of Petitions, the President of the Caste-tribunal, the Keeper of the Treasury, the head of the Revenue Court of the Twenty four-Pergunahs, the Collector of the Twenty four-Pergunahs, and what not. With other years he filled other posts, but whether they were added to the old ones or whether with them he had to relinquish some, is unknown. This we know that over and above his regular duties he was frequently called on to execute jobs. Besides his ordinary offices, he may be said to have been a minister without portfolio. What an index these duties and more to the capacity of a single individual and to the confidence reposed in him by his masters! This man was half the Government! How this Brobdingnagian official stalked amidst the puny administrators including his superiors, who divided among themselves the other half and seemed ready to break down under its weight!

Such a position as Navakrishna's could not fail to create enemies of both the servants of the Company and his own countrymen. Add to his misfortune that the time was peculiarly favorable to persecution, to even the exercise of mortal hatred. The Company's position had not been defined. An anomaly at home and abroad, the corporation engendered a host of mischief-

ous anomalies in Bengal. It was not the Government, but exercised many of the privileges of a government, and within a sphere the limits of which were uncertain was omnipotent. The anomaly could be killed and the Company's position defined by a more decisive turn of events, a consummation which soon after happened. Meanwhile the natives, whether of the country at large or of the English possessions, reposed in the profound belief that they were amenable to no laws but those they were born under. They denied the English sovereign right. This the English, with the proverbial self-sufficiency of the race, would not brook. They lost no opportunity of giving the natives the lie by subjecting them to the English law. There was indeed a special tribunal, the Zemindar's *cutchery*, for the trial of natives according to native laws and usages; but the authorities took pleasure to reduce it to a name. The natives were aghast, but the English were relentless. Generally, the mild children of Brahma were subjected to the discipline invented to tame the turbulent ones of Woden. The jurisdiction of the English criminal law was the most successful machinery of destruction to the natives. No man is quite free from peccadillos, and a native could be hanged by the Penal Code of England ere yet it was

humanized by the labors of Romilly, Mackintosh, Brougham, Sydney Smith and others, for offences to which the laws of his country would scarcely award imprisonment. What a royal road for keeping an obnoxious native out of the way ! In time the natives themselves used the very instrument for destroying one another, and they received every encouragement from the powers that were. More than once it was used by the malice of his countrymen against Navakrishna, but without effect.

Navakrishna, it will be recollected, presided over the caste-tribunal, a sort of court of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, in which all matters relative to that subtle and delicate thing, caste, were decided with the assistance of Pundits ; and vast must have been the social importance of this institution, for the concerns of a Hindoo are numerous which affect caste. The case we are going presently to relate will prove the importance of the jurisdiction of this court,—it was the case of the deprivation of a great personal right which Navakrishna had to decide. A goldsmith named Ram charged the mother and the brother of his wife with detaining her in their house against his will and refusing him admittance to her while they permitted another man to go to her, a circumstance which as soon as known will entail on him

loss of caste. About twenty days after, when the case was in a fair way of being settled to the satisfaction of all parties, on the 4th March, 1787, Gocool Sonar, (goldsmith) (whose sister, as we gather from the report of Mr. Floyer, to whom Gocool's complaint was subsequently referred, was Ram's wife,) presented a petition to the grand jury of the court of general quarter sessions against Navakrishna, the Judge in the other case. This petitioner complained of the irregularity of the proceedings of the Caste-tribunal and charged Navakrishna with having had the woman carried away and violating her. The crime charged was capital in English law, and when it is recollected that the charge was dismissed for want of proof, it affords great presumption of the malice of Navakrishna's enemies. The chief justice of the court of quarter sessions was Mr. Verelst. He and the other justices deciding that a case between native and native should be tried by native laws and usages referred the complaint to the court of the Zemindar. In that court Mr. Bolts, the author of "Considerations of India Affairs," who acted as counsel for the prosecution delivered a paper translated by himself as the deposition of Gocool and wanted the latter's brother Kristo, who was a witness, to swear in lump to the truth of that deposition. This

irregularity of course Mr. Floyer, the Zemindar, would not allow, and Kristo broke down in his examination. The witnesses on the part of Navakrishna were next called and they completed his triumph over his enemies. Mr. Floyer reported that "the accusation was maliciously invented to depreciate the character of Navakrishna, there not being a single circumstance in the depositions that can create a suspicion of his having had the informant's sister at his house."*

We must confess that this decision does not fully commend itself to our approval. Is there not room for suspicion that Navakrishna might have been guilty of the crime charged on him, without "his having had the informant's sister at his house?"

Nor was this the only instance in which his life was threatened by means of foreign law. Somebody worked upon a Brahmin's cupidity to induce him to charge him with violating his wife, who was bade to depose to the charge, and death was threatened as the punishment for her default. The woman heroically refusing to be the means of destruction to a guiltless man, revealed the foul conspiracy to Navakrishna, and her testimony, the subsequent confessions of her husband and of one of the seducers, Ramsonar

* Verelst, p. 25 to 29, and appendix, p. 201.

Gore, [Ramsunder Ghose?] and the depositions of a couple of other witnesses completely established his innocence.*

We have faithfully related all the facts of this second charge, we have not endeavored to suppress or color any item, and we doubt whether the account is sufficiently clear in all its parts. The Brahmin's wife revealing to Navakrishna her husband's plot against him startles the Hindu ear. Should we not presume that Navakrishna was not on the most unexceptionable terms with her and that therefore the charge was partially true? "One of the seducers" implies the existence of more than one, but what was the true position of these in the case, and how was the charge intended to be fathered upon Navakrishna?

The next charge against Navakrishna was the extortion of money. One Ramnauth, guilty of fraudulent practices, was by order of the Council put into prison till he made compensation to the sufferers. It was in this confinement that Navakrishna was afterwards alleged by Ramnauth to have extorted the money from him. What was the pretext alleged for this extortion? Mr. Bolts' book, which might have made up for the silence of Verelst's, is not we believe procurable in Calcutta. It is probable that Navakrishna was

* Verelst, p. 30.

said to have promised by his influence or otherwise to set, for a consideration, Ramnauth free. It is certain that Ramnauth complained of his incarceration. He was simply the agent of an English gentleman, Mr. Grey, and had been the blind obeyer of the orders of the latter who reaped all the benefit. How could he refund the plunder? He had already commenced a suit against his principal. The dodge succeeded. Ramnauth was freed that he might continue the suit. But once out of gaol he did not do it. He hoped to avoid a recurrence of his last calamity by fleeing to the country, and to this end he contemplated a grand juggle. Mr. Verelst was disposing of his mercantile property in the muffusil. Ramnauth purchased *benamí* a quantity of salt and some boats of that gentleman's. When the price was demanded he avowed himself the *bona fide* purchaser and of cource was unable to pay. But not a little nevertheless was his desire to discharge his obligations. He could raise the money only without the prison, and better by repairing to where the salt was bought, Mauldah. Mr. Verelst proved superior to the artifice, and it was then in April, 1767, that Nava-krishna was first accused of extorting money from Ramnauth in his confinement. "He received assurance," we quote Mr. Verelst, who

is at this place equally clear and no more brief than is necessary,

"He received assurance that the strictest justice should be done him; but as the affair of Gocul Sonar, and also the story of the Bramin's wife, justified every precaution, he was confined by a guard in his own house "to prevent his being tampered with, and instructed in his evidence, until he could be examined by the Committee." This passed on the 15th of April. When he was examined on the 18th, the falsehood of the whole charge became evident beyond a possibility of doubt. The demand of money was made by a man, whom he had never seen before or since; whose name he had heard, but did not remember. He gave Nobekissen a ring, valued at 14,200 rupees, yet could not produce a single witness who had seen this ring in his possession; and the man, of whom it was bought, equally unknown, was gone to Dehly. The money was given in private. His servant, who carried another sum in gold Mohurs to Nobekissen was gone to Maulda. He had related this tale to his own servants, and many others; yet not one person could he name. He had been pressed for the payment of his debts, pleaded poverty; yet never mentioned these extortions by which it was occasioned. Afraid to complain at the time, he had ventured to do this at the distance of a year and half, although his enemy continued in his former employment. He had not even mentioned the subject before the 5th of April to his friend Mr. Bolts, who then drew his paper of complaint.

Nobekissen was now called. The examination of Ramnaut being read in the presence of both, Nobekissen remarked the inconsistencies of his accuser, and pointed out the means by which such a transaction might be proved, if it had existed. He then concluded his defence in these words, "after he had (as he pretends) corrupted me with more than the sum he was ordered to refund, he was still subject to the demand; whereas, by a proper application of his money, he might have served every purpose without my assistance. What probability, gentlemen, is there in this story? You are the judges." Ramnaut having heard the defence, contented

himself with declaring, that he could not prove any circumstance as the whole transaction was carried on with the greatest privacy."

We have before observed that besides his heavy regular duties, much extra and extraordinary work was thrust upon Navakrishna. Happily this circumstance is unknown to the infatuated gentlemen who have undertaken by the genuine parvenue apprehension, of being taken for one's worth, which pervades the present work to prove that the Devas are what people always thought them—else there would have been no end of deduction and induction that Navakrishna was the ablest and most rich man in Bengal—a very Jupiter among gods. Here at least we can exclaim—Blessed be they who are ignorant! The fact is that in those days the English authorities conducted their business in a most disorderly manner. Favoritism was rampant and the jealousy with which good governments guard against too many interests being at the mercy of one official unknown. Ah! it is unknown even now, under the Queen's rule; what talk we of jobbery in the days when the Company were literally shopkeepers and would not have gentlemen in their employment? Add to this, the natives of ability who understood English were necessarily few; still fewer among them were trustworthy, and of these Navakrishna was the most distinguished. Let not our readers suppose that he was a

whit superior in integrity to the other natives of his time. He was only thiswise different from his brethern, that understanding a little of the English language he understood the art of money-making as practiced by his masters, and had some idea of the immensity of the reserve power at the back of the Company, an infinitesimal fraction of which that Company represented. Therein lay the whole secret of his success. He could be allowed to fleece anybody out to any length without the apprehension of that body being able to prove anything against him. This is more than could be said to the same extent of another native in the Company's service. And his knowledge of England's resources was the best guarantee of his fidelity. About the year 1777, apprehensions were entertained by the English in India of the designs of the French. It was plain that that nation was exerting to the utmost to regain her waning influence. A Monsieur Chevalier, representing to come from the king of France, landed on the western shores of India and created some sensation there by the negociations he commenced with the Mahratta states. In October the Governor General received information that one "Juggomohun Dutt, a near relation of the sircar of Mr. Chevalier, the French Commandant, used daily to frequent the house of Lalla Sevuc Ram, the Mahratta

Vackeel and to hold very long and secret conferences with him." Satisfying himself of the truth of the information, the Governor General ordered the arrest of Juggomohun but owing to the latter's illness, the order remained unexecuted, till the 30th January next, when "he was taken coming from the house, and before the door of Lalla Sevuc Ram," and brought before Hastings. Of course he denied having ever before been at the Lalla's, and, pressed hard, he had been there only once before. He was sent to be confined in the Fort and all the papers in his house were seized and, sealed in the presence of creditable witnesses, brought to the Governor General's house. The day following the Governor General recorded a minute proposing that persons be appointed to examine the papers, and accordingly Mr. Moore and Navakrishna were charged with the examination and made their report.

It is scarcely to be imagined that Navakrishna whose superiors the principal servants of the Company in Bengal notoriously peculated to a great extent, was not subject to the amiable weakness of making his influence with the English authorities subservient to occasional purposes of extortion. But it is attributable rather to the inordinate favoritism and jobbery of those authorities than to his virtue that no fact has been

proved against, nor any enquiry instituted respecting him. Tradition does not place him above his age for integrity nor does his education nor do the other influences to which he was subject appear to have been anywise different from those of his contemporary countrymen, and the many-fold he augmented the spoils he gathered at the division of the inner treasury of Seraj-u-dowlah, would be conclusive against him. But we shall not give suspicions, however strong, the weight of testimony ; we shall freely allow him the benefit of the doubt. On the 25th July, 1780, he was appointed by his first *shahab*, Hastings, now become Governor General, manager of the extensive territory of Maharaja Tej Chunder Bahadoor, then a minor. The affairs of the semi-raj of Burdwan were at this period in the greatest confusion—perfect anarchy prevailed in an estate much larger than many kingdoms of Europe—and it was hoped, Navakrishna's reign would be a real blessing to it. He disappointed all this expectation. Armed with the powers of a regent he proceeded to Burdwan and was rapacious on a regently scale. His exactions were very great and his general conduct very irregular. As Sezawal he settled with the Government for the revenue of the Burdwan District at about thirty eight lacs of Rupees a year. Considering the poverty of the

country then, this rate must have been considered exorbitant and unprecedented, and we suspect Navakrishna was made use of as a fit tool to carry out a most cruel fiscal policy of Hastings'.* In the following year the new Revenue Committee raised the revenue to forty three lacs. Navakrishna paid the first year's demand in full but left a balance of one lac eighty three thousand and five hundred Rupees of the next year's, and threw up the appointment. Why he took the last step is unknown and that he should have been allowed to leave unpaid so enormous a balance and resume his former offices in Calcutta would surprize us, if we did not know the character of Hastings' Government.†

Two years later in 1783, Hastings, the depressed exchequer of the Company not permitting his drawing his salary for many months upon it, sent to ask of Navakrishna a loan of three lacs of Rupees, and to tell him, if he agreed, to call with a properly filled up bond. Navakrishna did so, but when Hastings was "going to execute the bond, he entreated him to rather accept the money than execute" the writing. The Governor General "neither accepted the offer nor refused it, and" his "de-

* Not having the Fifth Report beside us we cannot speak authoritatively.

† Papers relating to Hastings, vol. 6, p. 339, evidence of Mr Peter Moore before the Commons' Committee.

termination remained suspended between the alternative of keeping the money as a loan to be repaid, and of taking it, as" he "had done other sums to the Company's use."* This is Hastings' version of the affair when it was made part of one of the charges for which he was tried in the House of Lords. The evidence at that trial contradicted Hastings in several points enough to prove that neither his memory nor his conscience was of the best description. It appears that there were at least two bonds, if not more, executed by him for the loan from Navakrishna, that howsoever much Hastings pretended ambiguity or rather indecision, he really called a spade a spade, for the money was entered in his private books as a loan, that Navakrishna did not attend Hastings with the bonds, but that after Hastings executed them they were given to one of Canto Baboo, Hastings' dewan's sircars who delivered them to Navakrishna, who returned them to Hastings, that on the eve of Hastings' departure for England Navakrishna applied to him for repayment, that not intending to pay, Hastings gave † evasive answers, and lastly, that despairing

* Hastings' own account.

† Hastings' own account, quoted by Lord Chancellor Loughborough, in the House of Lords. Debates of the Lords and Proceedings of the E. I. Company in consequence of the acquittal and Testimonials of the British and native inhabitants, 1797, p. 176.

of getting back his own by milder means Navakrishna, when Hastings left the country without repaying the loan or giving security for it, threatened to sue him in some Court in England.

In this transaction, which was not sufficiently well understood in Parliament nor is likely so to be by most readers of the evidence, it certainly seems extraordinary that Navakrishna should first refuse and subsequently insist upon security, but the truth was we believe that in obedience to the simplicity of monetary dealings in the East and to the amenities demanded too by oriental usage of friend to friend or of the obliged to the obligator, Navakrishna testified confidence in his master by refusing the bonds, but as time wore on and day after day confirmed the suspicion that repayment was farthest from the thoughts of Hastings, he began to be alarmed and when he learnt the speedy embarkation of the Governor General for his native land and found that he did not consult him on the loan, he could not be blamed for having actually demanded the money or subsequently meditated pursuing the robber by means of the law to the den of his retreat. The idea is ridiculous that, as alleged by Hastings and taken for granted by Lord Thurlow, that Navakrishna made a present of that immense sum to the former, and the presumptions started by the latter, or

others that could be added such as the munificent liberality of Navakrishna, his spending thrice the sum at his mother's *shradh*, his taste and feeling, &c., are not a complete set off against our knowledge of the absence of the least bravado or bullyism in our countrymen. It was morally impossible for Navakrishna to demand the sum of Hastings after having once given it in charity.

But because Hastings did not fulfill his engagement, the loss to a man of Navakrishna's fortune was not such as greatly to disturb his happiness. And was not he indebted to Hastings for his first rise and last elevation? It was Hastings who recommended him to Clive and it was Hastings' guilty indulgence towards him too, when Hastings was at the head of the Government, that gave him all the importance he possessed and whereof he screwed out so much gold. Though certainly enough to compensate for the loss of three lacs, what was the exact measure of that importance? According to Lord Thurlow, he "only stood inferior in point of emoluments or political consequence to Mahomed Reza Khan." This would place him above both Canto Baboo and Dewan Gunga Gobind Singh. We however have come to the conclusion that the former was a greater favorite of Hastings' and that though greater possibly than both in "political

consequence," his emoluments probably fell short of those of both.

Like the kings in oriental romances, Navakrishna with all his wealth and importance was for long rendered greatly miserable by the thought of having no heir to them. All those expensive and cumbrous rituals by which religion or its ministers supply the deficiency of human power were tried, in vain. Despairing of the birth of a son, Navakrishna adopted the third son of his eldest brother, afterwards known as Baboo Gopimohan Deva. The adoption virtually defied Fortune ;—she now revenged herself by giving Navakrishna a son, and thereby sowing the seeds of future discord in the family. After filling with ability such important offices in the English service as have never since been allowed to natives to fill, Navakrishna died in advanced age on the 22nd November, 1797.

Navakrishna's abilities, Persian scholarship, public spirit and liberality rendered him greatly respected in the English community. His vices were the vices of the age, of both natives and Europeans, of whatever rank ; but few of his contemporaries, except Clive, approached him in the better parts of his nature. The acts of kindness by which his friends in palliation of his numerous crimes account for Hastings' poverty were more

mischievous than positive wickedness. Nund-coomar, a better Persian scholar than Navakrishna, at the height of his power merely lived in royal state. The name of Gunga Gobind Singh is preserved in tradition by a single act of magnificent expenditure; and of Canto Baboo, a boor, by only his unexpected good fortune. Navakrishna on the contrary was an able official, an accomplished gentleman and a munificent nobleman. A warm patron of letters, his palace was the centre of association of all the learned of the surrounding districts, and the resort of those of distant parts of India who chanced to come to Calcutta. In accordance with a hoary-headed but most unexceptional custom of this country, great men are attended by a number of Pundits who give them the benefit of their opinion on all occasions and often discuss logical and metaphysical topics before them. Navakrishna's council of the learned was splendid, as the names of two of its distinguished ornaments, Jaganatha Tarkapanchanana and Vaneswara Vidyalankara, will indicate, and discussions in it were always encouraged by large presents to the wranglers. His wealth and influence procured him many rare Persian and Sanskrit MSS. Nor did music receive from him a less hearty welcome. Whoever, player on instrument or songster, who came from Delhi,

Gwalior, Lucknow, Benares or other seats of the art, as far down as Moorshedabad was sure to be attracted by the fame of Raja Navakrishna's fostering care of whatever was good or beautiful. The letters of retired civilians to him from home show the great confidence they reposed in him. Most young civilians desirous of attaining a knowledge of the Persian tongue were referred by their elders to him. Among his works of public utility are his present of the old burying ground of Calcutta and of another large tract, then valued at Rupees 45,000, for the erection of St. John's Church, the construction of the thirty two miles road from 'Behala to Culpi in the south of Calcutta and of Raja Navakrishna's Street, the whole ground of the latter of which he purchased, and the ghaut at Comertolee. The couple of dwelling houses he has left to his descendents are living monuments of the grandeur of his taste. They are, in oriental estimation, perhaps the only two specimens of palatial buildings in a city styled the City of Palaces; and the Nautch-room in one of them is the best in Calcutta. But the great deed which has preserved his name among the greater portion of his countrymen is the manner in which he celebrated his mother's *shradh*. Ere yet the good woman had departed this life, the news rang throughout the whole country that the mu-

nificent son intended to perpetuate his name by a monument over her ashes worthy of himself. That monument was to hold the *shradh* as no *shradh* in men's memory ever was. It is said that the news of death travels with lightning speed. In the present case, we suppose, the imagination being worked upon by high hopes, many believed in the death before it took place. Be that however, as it was, as soon as the death was known people from all parts flocked to the scene of celebration. This pilgrimage the caste of Navakrishna not a little encouraged. There were full thirty days between the death and the *shradh* day, and Navakrishna's countrymen made good this advantage. At first the professional beggars, Bhats and pariahs undertook the journey. Next those whose condition oscillated between decency and beggary, who hitherto wavered between going and not going, decided in the affirmative. Lastly men even in competent circumstances, tempted by large expectations and urged by greedy wives, coupled with the small chance of being distinguished in the crowd, followed. Those who had to come from great distances, necessarily carried their homes about with them like the Bedouins. As presents are given per head, very babies were brought, and when many of them died of suffocation their

parents preserved them for the occasion and exhibiting them as if they were alive added to their income,—the distributors of the presents bewildered in the crowd and attacked by the army of beggars each demanding and endeavouring to wring his share out before the others, had not the time nor the wits left to examine the recipients, and even dolls immersed in a heap of rags were passed upon them for infants. It was as it were an exodus of the mufosil to the metropolis. The very bazaars of the Zillahs, rendered unnecessary for the time by the depopulation in the villages, were transplanted into Calcutta and the suburban districts. All the Pundits of Bengal and many even of Benares were invited and came. Navakrishna with all his wealth could ill afford accomodation for this host. But in all cases where he failed the Hindoo inhabitants of the city and of the surrounding villages opened their hospitable doors. The beggars slept in the fields, under trees and on the road side. The dietetic resources and the confectioneering skill of the whole country were invoked to feed the motley mass of humanity. The entire pottery of the country was exhausted. All the plantain trees of the land were laid under contribution for plates for the catables. The confectioners had begun their labors the day following “the last of danger and distress” and the result in time

well indicated that a nation was to be fed for days. Piles of spices, the produce of all the beetle-topes of Bengal disposed of in heaps, pottery that rivalled Babel, Himmalayas of brass vessels and Alps of gold and silver things, all the shawls and broad-cloth and other cloth of Burra-Bazar, vast pyramids of sweetmeats and lakes of liquid sweets, *kheer*, *dohee*, and milk, wore an imposing aspect. Everything bespoke barbaric profusion. The arrangements were as perfect as human foresight and wisdom could make. But the contest was unequal. A nation besieging Nava-krishna was too much for him, even though the military were called to his assistance. Navakrishna with the soldiers trying to preserve order among that swarm of locusts was like Dame Partington with her mop repelling the Atlantic. The presents to the Great Uninvited were unequally distributed. Some who had travelled a fortnight or twenty days to reach the seat of the *shradh* received nothing at all; others who were plundered of all they possessed to boot heavily retraced their steps homewards, or, for want of the wherewithal to do so, settled near Calcutta; whilst the presents and plunders reaped by a third number amounted to the annual income of many a big Keranee. Rather better fared the invited Pundits and relations of Navakrishna. But the amlah literally made

fortunes. A fabulous sum was spent in this *shradh*. Popular estimation reckons that sum at nine lacs of Rupees. Gigantic waste! and what a sum for the starving millions of the North West! But as it was what did it go to? The well spent, and very well spent portion of it was the fraction spent in presents to the Pundits, for it is the frequency and bulk of these donations to the learned, chiefly to the Professors of Colleges, (*toles*) that have rendered Bengal in a manner one of the most learned of countries. For the rest, the fortune so squandered did much harm, giving an impulse to dishonesty and idle habits, exciting other men of wealth to similar exhibitions, murdering numerous men, women and children and rendering the city and the suburbs for months uninhabitable by the malaria produced by the hills of deposits the army of beggars and guests left.

Navakrishna was a representative man. In himself he holds up to us the mirror of his age. He lived in one of the most important and critical periods of our history—to some extent he acted that history. He was one of the leaders of our Revolution, a revolution little less glorious and momentous in its results than the English Revolution of 1688, and his never-failing fidelity to the English shows that he was immeasurably

above his age in political sagacity and perhaps too that he was warmed by a degree of patriotism. But he possesses a greater historical interest. With him passed away the generation of natives who held the highest posts under the English in India and exercised power and influence little inferior to the Governor General's.

The Rain Drop.

(From the French.)

A rain drop, metaphysical,
 A rebel 'gainst the laws on high,
 Creating misery in bless'dness,
 Had 'gun for liberty to sigh.

'Twas when a summer's storm was o'er,
 And clouds in groups went hurrying by,
 As if ashamed that they so long,
 Had veiled the blueness of the sky,

That she, now escaping from a cloud,
 Right glad to be a moment free,

Came dancing down, but soon alas !
Fell on the bosom of the sea.

“ O what a fate is mine ! ” she sighed ;
“ When borne upon the ambient air,
I pictured to myself with pride,
A place on earth with all that’s fair.

“ I hoped to make some golden flower,
Or wing of brightest butterfly,
Fit pillow for my weary hours,
On which to close my aching eye.

“ I hoped upon some velvet green,
Or on a fresh and mossy stem,
To court repose—fit couch for me,
Heaven’s purest, softest, exiled gem.

“ And O ! I hoped some gentle bard,
Would see me on his pensive way,
And on my beauty praise bestow,
In sonnet, song or roundelay.

“ But now O what a fate is mine !—
Alas ! that I had e’er been free ;
In deserts e’en a grain of sand,
Perchance is happier far than me ! ”

While thus she mourn'd, an oyster gray,
Heard her thus pour her plaintive din,
And sailing onwards, gently oped
Its shell, and shut the mourner in.

Within that many-colored shell,
Hardened, concentrated, crystallized,
Now lies a gem of beauty rare,
By king and kaiser sought and prized.

What thought the tiny rain drop, when,
Daring the dangers of the waves,
The diver brought her forth to light,
From ocean's deep and sparry caves.

What thought the tiny rain drop, when,
The world was filled with her renown,
And she, O now a priceless pearl,
Adorned a haughty Emp'ror's crown !

O maiden, without name, who dwell'st,
And bloom'st within thy native bower !
Unseen beneath its verdant shades,
Or washed by many a gentle shower,
Repine not, that thy lot below,
Is full of toil and anxious care,

Nor murmur that the weary load,
Thou bear'st on earth is hard to bear.

Hope, under God, a better fate,
For like the pearl thou yet may'st shine,
Remember the rain drop; and know,
The *beau ideal* may still be thine!

The Civil Finance Commission.

THE Civil Finance, *alias* the Punkha coolie commission, is said to have nearly concluded its labors, and the public is naturally anxious to know what the Commissioners with their very expensive Secretary have done in return for their salaries! We have had occasionally let out upon us glimpses of some very unique and highly entertaining propositions for the reduction of Civil expenditure. It is not our fault if in the absence of more extensive information we endeavour to make the most of these fragmentary curiosities. We premise this because it is possible the Commissioners have hit upon some real improvements the nature of which has been studiously kept away from the

public—though we fail to observe either rhyme or reason for such fastidious mystification, seeing that the public possess a cardinal right to sit in judgement over recommendations which must affect them more immediately than any Government minister or dictator. But the outside barbarians have always stood in the relation of an eye sore to the Indian bureaucracy. We must not therefore fall foul of one unfortunate Department for perhaps following out the strict letter of its instructions in accordance with the prevailing creed. We only regret that the system leaves us but the ungrateful task of hashing and slashing notwithstanding the existence in us of a devout and very charitable wish to pour balm and butter in an equal proportion of benevolence against malevolence. Indeed if we could conscientiously do it we would rather back up than thwart the Commissioners, whose mission and ours are identical, *viz*, the exposure of abuse, its pursuit and eradication. But the Commission has deceived us. It has failed, grossly failed, as far as can be judged from data up to this moment in our possession, in fulfilling the expectations formed of it. We do not write in the spirit of contention, but in all sincerity of disappointment and grief, when we say, that the Commission has attempted to move Athos by a crow bar, and that in its inability to perform the feat it has struck away heedlessly and at random at the huge excrescence, parading the splinters and the shavings thus obtained as trophies of its power and

heroism ! Men who set themselves up as reformers must indeed be differently constituted from ordinary men. Their heads must be high above their shoulders, their vision clear and far-seeing. They must on no account handle the microscope lest their minds should be so full of insects and creeping worms that when they come to gaze upon the stars they should be dazzled and blinded by the great transition. Indeed we question whether the successful entomologist can ever be a successful astronomer. The conditions of mind that influence a choice of the two occupations are so radically different that an affirmative hypothesis will scarcely be true. If any doubts still exist, the Civil Finance Commission will supply stunning evidence of the conflict between microscopic and broad and full proportioned statesmanship.

And firstly as regards the Punkha-coolies—that *chef d'œuvre* of the Commission, that one great culmination of intelligence and wisdom which is destined to diffuse the glories of the indefatigable trio and transmit their names to future generations of *keranies* like that of Howard amongst the jail birds or of Wilberforce amongst the slaves ! It is said that upwards of 5 lacs of Rupees have been saved by retrenching the customary allowance of wind ! Are the Commissioners sure that they have made that saving absolutely. That is to say, has the reduction in the number of Punkha coolies resulted in no reduction of the quantity of work done by the aid however distant and external of

those necessary adjuncts to a crowded office. We predicate the contrary. Punkha-pullers are but men; they are not machines so that you only turned the spring and the hand advanced and retreated with mathematical accuracy for a given number of hours. If by any stroke of financiering they could be transmuted into iron and steam, then indeed would the name of Mr. Hugh. D. Sandeman be held as that of a modern Prometheus. But until that miracle is accomplished and human beings continue to exist only in the components of flesh, blood, bones, and sinews, we must claim the forbearance of the Commission to our hesitating to acknowledge the genuineness of a saving which aggrandizes a spurious economy at the expence of a masked extravagance. The Commissioners have not been able to prove that Punkhas are superfluities in Bengal. If they had done that, by a reference to their individual capacities for abiding in a furnace, they would indeed have established some title to credence on the subject of their reform; and the Government might have collected a rich harvest by the exhibition of the fire-eaters at the Town Hall or in Professor Risley's saloon. But the charitable gentlemen who have made those learned disquisitions in the science of heat as it affects the Bengallee anatomy, are accustomed to prosecute their researches under the genial influence of no end of fringes and Punkha wheels. That huge body of Mr. H. D. Sandeman overflowing with perspiration and melting away by inches under the

action of a burning sun, would scarcely supply thinking material to even that diminutive brain which can digest only peons' wages, if the Punkha were not vehemently rocking over head under a spirited fire of paper weights and erasures to aid and sustain his gasping mind. But the new broom in the Civil Auditor's office is forsooth an English broom and entitled to all the comforts and privileges of Magna Charta which undoubtedly contains a clause regarding Punkhas immediately below that which sanctions impunity for the murder of a nigger. Indeed we know not whether to laugh at or resent the stupidity which proposed to deny Bengallee clerks the indulgence of a Punkha because the Bengallee does not require a Punkha to keep him cool at home. The premises are as wrong as the conclusion is mean and infamous. If every Bengallee does not sport a punkha the nation is at least in such a comfortable undress at home as not be at all incommoded by the want of a ventillator. Their dress defies the action of heat, for the bare body unfettered by those torments of European life—the shirt and the neck-tie, the pataloons and the dress coat, is never in want of a cooling breeze. But will the Bengallee be allowed to carry his singular privileges to a public office where straight lacing is a fundamental condition of gentility? We should think not. Even the head dress is not permitted a leave of absence by squeamish little men in authority who persist in matching shoeless feet to an exhuberent muslin folded apex! Ad-

mitting even that a nigger has no claim to a Punkha absolutely, what are the gains of the argument? Will the state benefit by the discovery? Any tyro who has had caned into his head the lesson involved in the phenomenon of the connection between mind and body will tell the Finance Commissioners that the mind working within a furnace must of necessity exhibit less energy and power than the mind working in a cool comfortable place. The Civil Auditor does doubtless understand the philosophy of figures; otherwise he could not have found his way to a Finance committee. Supposing five assistants drawing between themselves the sum of Rs. 500 as remuneration for 780 hours work in the month were placed in a hot room without any contrivance by which they could be kept cool. Every one of them would be tempted to snatch up the nearest half sheet and fan himself lustily for at least half an hour in every six, making an aggregate wastage of 65 hours in the month. An hour's value being represented by 10 annas, the loss to Government will be Rupees 40 per mensem, or Rupees 32 in excess of the pay of a Punkha coolie and a relieving coolie! We will not support the calculation by a commentary. Arithmetic is more potent than either logic or prosody. Figures are irresistible.

Another notable scheme of the Commissioners was to send away all its highly paid Judges from the Small Cause Court and fill the benches with Moon-siffs. They might as well have sent adrift the

Governor General and given over Council Chamber to a Committee of Registrars from the public offices ! The latter would be as grand an improvement as the former and its financial result infinitely more advantageous. As to feasibility, that is no part of the Commissioners' look out. They seem to be absolved from all responsibility that way, otherwise their recommendations would undoubtedly have courted common sense and reason.

The Education Department that *bete noir* of all Indian Financiers has supplied rich chopping materials to the Commission. The gentleman who characterised every Bengallee as a rebel at heart, was morally and politically bound to cut away all support from under the feet of the quasi malcontents. Education certainly is no part of the scheme of a politician who hopes to keep subject millions in order by reducing them to bestiality. Accordingly we have a humane recommendation for the abolition of the Kishnaghur and the Civil Engineering colleges, the elimination of this school and that and other equally Vandalic suggestions for the suppression of knowledge. It is true these suggestions like most of the other suggestions made by the Commission are never destined to be practically worked out, their place rigidly being in some obscure back shelf of a dusky record room, yet is it not painful to be insulted by a body who fatten upon your money and yet deny you rational existence, who make abundant use of their opportunities to throw us back upon the dark ages and smother the ray that

is faintly struggling its way into the native mind? We could tolerate every absurdity and condone every impertinence but this. Our consolation is that the nation has thoroughly roused itself to independent action and might well afford to laugh in the faces of all its enemies and obstructives.

The Omedwar.

THAT unfortunate section of the human family whose lot is cast in the lobbies and the landing places of the great and the highly placed, who wear out existence in the constant endeavour to create interest, the sole business of whose life seems to be to elaborate petitions and conciliate chuprassies, deserves a photograph in these pages. The reader of Roderick Random is familiar with the English phase of the disease which reduces a rational being to the condition of a place hunter. We call it a disease because it falls within the category of human ills and afflicts its victim as virulently as even insanity. It paralyses the strongest intellects, rendering them nervous and palpitating, the mere thralls of a passion. In the course of our enquiries we have stumbled upon facts which are perfect metaphysical puzzles. Not Rory himself so learned in his own sphere can sup-

ply the whys and the wherefores of the formula by which his darker brethren work out their tinies.

We do not set up as the annalists of place hunting. Indeed we have not the stanima for such a task however interesting its completion might be to the world about the offices. We merely undertake to give a straggling account of the idiosyncracies with which we have come into contact in the course of our investigations into social anómá-lies. And firstly there is the Cutcherry Omedwar. That tall attenuated haggard specimen of humanity with a turban as huge as a basket and an enormous reed stuck behind his ear. He haunts the am-lah like a ghost. Is almost ubiquitous. Now filling the crowd before the Magistrate, now besetting the bungalow of the Collectorate, and anon swelling the hubbub around the Principal Sudder Ameen. He daily perambulates every place where there is even the most distant prospect of an opening. His patience is amazing. We have seen our friend Ram Roy rise up early in the morning from perhaps a sleepless bed. He had been told in a confidential whisper from Tez Singh chup-rassie—who had doubtless received his *own* price for the information—that an anonymous complaint had been filed against the *nuckul navish* for corrupt and fraudulent practices. Of course the man was guilty. Ram Roy knew from first to last how matters would end. Why, sir, the *nuckul navis* had bought gardens and Company's papers

and celebrated the Doorgah poojah in style. Where could all this money have come from except from the pockets of litigating unfortunates. Now the murder was out, and Ram Roy having already made sure of the vacancy was puzzled how to get at it. The poor man had tossed and tumbled in bed the whole of the previous night weighing probability against probability and means against means. His fifth cousin's father-in-law's nephew was the school fellow of the Magistrate's fourth writer.

* He had casually heard the circumstance mentioned by a brother Omedwar and he hastened to make good use of the knowledge. What a mine of wealth is an efficient Intelligence Department ! There was one step in the ladder to preferment. A most important point was gained. Ram Roy was in ecstasies. The prize was already within his grasp. He told the dear partner of his miseries " Cheer up hussey, for I am at last in luck's way ! " Here he entered into an elaborate exposition of his hopes and his prospects, how the situation was one just suited to his tastes and his capacities, how a former incumbent had retired from office a millionaire, how the present incumbent had during his short tenure of the office bought gardens and Company's papers and was yearly celebrating the Doorgah poojah with great pomp and feasting. The simple woman was dazzled and bewildered with this catalogue of riches. But her imagination having been hitherto fed only upon brap, her visions wandered amongst unromantic rice bags and stenchy fish, an unlimited allowance

of the latter constituting the *summum bonum* of human happiness in the eyes of a being who had vegetated from the moment she learnt to masticate to the present time, upon green herbs with an occasional slice of a mouldy potato. As we have already said, Ram Roy was up with the dawn. He had risen three or four times before, but was driven to his restless bed by the gloom of the still unbroken night. How he cursed the sun for a laggard and as bearing a special enmity towards him and his! But the golden luminary did at last make his appearance and our anxious friend hastily huddled on his clothes scarcely stopping to adjust the seams and the rents which disfigured them, and sallied forth upon his hopeful mission. His wife had taken the precaution to tie a sacred flower to one end of his dress, binding luck fast and firm thereby. But the *omedhwar* is always a step-son of the fickle goddess whom the crone delights to harry and worry with worse than even a step-mother's hate. Ram Roy had just crossed his threshold after bowing and praying round and round towards every point of the compass invoking that success which alas! had mocked him hitherto with a grin and a horse laugh, when lo! whom should he encounter but a filthy *Dhobee* with his filthier bag! God of *Omedhwar*! what a disaster! The poor man shaded his eyes with his skinny palm. But the retina had already photographed the hapless vision. There he was, that *Dhobee*, shedding a pestilence around him, drying up all the springs of ambition and hope and co-

vering the most brilliant prospects of life as with an undertaker's pall. Ram Roy stood aghast. If a ghost had crossed his path he would not have looked more ghost-like. The dream of the last fifteen hours was rudely broken. He muttered a prayer, or it may be, a curse! and slowly retraced his steps towards his hovel. There was no use trying for the place. His stars were against him. In the agony of the moment he grasped an almanack and mechanically turned over its mystic pages. Half in hope and half in bitterness of heart he proceeded to examine his fortune. It was the month of May. Could he trust his eyes! He rubbed those organs carefully, and again pored over the astrological record. It could not deceive him. Joy filled anon that visage which only recently was cast down in gloom. His thin lips were wreathed in smiles. The erst drooping mustache shot up like a fox's tail. The astrology promised success, and Ram Roy could now fearlessly encounter a Regiment of Dhobees and an army of chirping lizards! Our hero sallied forth afresh like a knight from the feet of his lady-love. All his former fire had returned and hope bubbled up to his throat. He flew rather than walked. If it had not been too early for horse or vehicle he would assuredly have been run over. He had unconsciously achieved a peripetetic feat clearing five miles in less than half an hour. (The intelligent reader should take note that the wings of mythology are not the exclusive property of the ardent lover. The ardent place hunter has an equal title to the feathery accel-

ators.) At least Ram Roy had dashed through the monopoly if any such existed. He was a thorough Peelite in that respect. In the prosecution of his object he respected neither law nor usage. It was sufficient for him to know that interest in such a quarter was essentially necessary to the success of his petition, and interest he would endeavour to make in spite of all the laws of matter and of mind. The magistrate's fourth clerk's school fellows uncle's son-in-law was yet in bed when the Omedwar's loud double knock roused all the pariah dogs in the neighbourhood and brought the shrill maid of all work to the door in the full clatter of female volubility. "Who are you to sir, what are you sir, have people nothing else to do but to answer impertinent knocks? Why the man must be either mad or drunk! All the house is asleep sir and what can you want at such an early hour?" Ram Roy was too old an *Omedwar* to be daunted by a shrew. He had bullied a whole file of Fouzdary chuprassies in his day in order to get at a much more formidable personage than the magistrate's fourth clerk's school fellow's uncle's son in law, and he again his fifth cousin. He had a right to command in the house. The maid of all work was duly furnished with the geneological tree, supplemented by the right to command. The former may have softened matters, but the latter was a lighted brand. The beldame ignited with the force and instantaneity of a decayed old stick that she was. She had command in the house for the last forty years venting her temper on all the big men and little children

and ruling the dames and the young ladies with—not a rod, but a tongue, of iron. She may be excused therefore if she was as jealous as a Czar, and if she flew at her rival with the hate of an Elizabeth or a Maria Theresa. This time Ram Roy was staggered. He never had crossed such a she-bear in the whole round of his experiences, and that was almost as extensive as Cook's round round the world. The file of Fouzdarry chuprassies was but a flock of lambs compared to this tigress. The Omedwar's wits were at a stand still. His presence of mind utterly failed him. He had once been severely mauled by a drunken constable who mistook him for a thieving vagrant. But even on that trying occasion he had sufficient animation left to use his legs effectively, scampering away across trees and thorn bushes and over drains and acclivities till he had interposed a goodly distance between the range of the blows and his own precious anatomy. But now his senses failed him entirely. He could not even run. He would have undoubtedly sunk upon the ground where he stood if rescue had not timely arrived in the person of his dear fifth cousin, who disturbed from a sweet morning nap by the tumult of the wordy strife and recognizing the sharp treble of his formidable maid had run downstairs with the hot haste of a sporting gentleman whose fiercest hound had snapped his chain and was about making a feast on the throat of the first visitor without permission asked or obtained. The old man saw at a glance how matters stood. He

interposed the whole weight of his authority to save his relative and succeeded in carrying him off with the utmost difficulty. We reserve Ram Roy's fate for our next issue.

European and Indian History : a Contrast.

CYCLES of time are so marked by distinguishing characteristics, that it is not difficult to perceive their *prima facie* dissimilarity. The great book of chronology is divided into sections of various length, and the heading of each section is the key to it. Every epoch of human progress supplies a great principle, and man will attain perfection when he has lived so many such epochs, uninterrupted by grand Divine interpositions like the Middle Ages, that the whole collected principles will approach those of Divinity within a yard. Laugh not at this as mere transcendentalism, impracticable transcendentalism,—the tide of materialism which has been running on, every day in increasing volume and strength, since the days of Locke and Malebranche notwithstanding, transcendentalism is, after all, true philosophy and the highest, for none

other is capable of satisfying some of the undefinable aspirations to which even cultivated consciousness is subject, and the parts of other systems which aspire to do the same are eminently transcendental and the only reason why they eventually fail of their effect on cultivated minds is that those systems allow with the pure metal the alloy of a large number of absurdities—and transcendentalism is impracticable only in so far, and no farther than, that God is impracticable to be reached either by thought or in person. So, every age has its predominant idea, its predominant passion. That of our age is the spirit of democracy. But “our age” is very vague—whether he who uses the phrase includes within its compass a quarter of a century, a half, or a whole century is uncertain. The distribution of history into centuries we consider a mistake. Like alphabetical arrangements, it has no doubt its attractions to the beginner and the superficial; but for the higher purposes of education it is valueless. “Our age” therefore is not the “nineteenth century” of thoughtless declaimers, for Nature has not moulded the life of man into the mechanical and unvarying length, breadth and depth of centuries—rather is it the birth, infancy, childhood, youth, full manhood and sometimes, though not necessarily, the death of principles or* in other words of moral characteristics that fix the boundaries of an age—only this much may be allowed that where a principle has taken a long time for development every epoch of its life may for con-

venience's sake be accepted as an age, but where a principle speedily matures itself the unity of all its epochs should be regarded as one age. This age we distinguish and posterity will do after us from others by the development of the spirit of democracy. But the birth of that spirit is not of a recent date. Of course we except the spirit of ancient democracy which in all the countries in which it prevailed died a violent death. But the spirit of modern democracy is not much younger than modern history itself. Curiously enough it was produced by a religious struggle—the day in which Martin Luther burned the Pope's bull and defied the Vatican ought to be regarded as the birthday in the modern world of liberty, the forerunner of the spirit of democracy which has this day acquired such a ferocity. We do not much regard the sort of representation which at times glimmers in Saxon England nor the slow growth of the English Parliament nor even the signing of *Magna Charta*. Whatever influence these possessed was local, that of the Reformation was universal. It was virtually a propagandist movement in the cause of human free will, of liberty. Royal prerogatives received their first death warning in the blow which the popular notion of the Pope's infallibility and Pontifical supremacy received from the Reformation,—for, in unenlightened times like the early part of the sixteenth century the privileges of the Church are held in profounder veneration than those of Royalty and when they are jeopardized Kings may

well go 'suck their fingers. The Reformation as inaugurating the attempt to recover from the most powerful, harassing and nearly universal hierarchy the pundered free will of mankind, inaugurated the reign of the idea of the people's sovereignty, an idea which slowly but uninterruptedly extending her sway has become what we now see her and will yet lord it over all other ideas in the science of politics. The next great event which helped the progress of this idea was the murder of Charles I. of England. The third the Hegirah of James II. The fourth the American Independence. And the fifth, last, and greatest the French Revolution. The whole period from the Reformation down to the present day may be considered as our age—that is the age of the most distinguishing feature of it, *viz*, liberty in democracy—or we may reckon from the Reformation to the Revolution of 1649 one age, from the Revolution of 1649 to the Revolution of 1688 another, and from the Revolution 1688 to the American Independence the third and from the American Independence to the 15th April 1861, the fourth. For convenience's sake let us adopt the latter arrangement. Our age, the fourth age of democracy, then begins with the American Independence.

The successful issue on the part of the Americans of the war with the mother country and the defiance thrown by them to the crowned heads of Europe in the peaceful establishment of the Republic served by their example to set on fire the train of

grievances and rottenness which were essaying for sometime to produce the first French Revolution ; but the last event, with all its miseries and horrors and inspite of its overthrow, has imparted to representative institutions a fascination mankind will perhaps never forget. Since then the political pantheon has been continually defiled by vulgar intrusion—kings and privileges have daily succumbed before the growing importance of peoples. In France repeated revolutions subverting kingly despotism have taken place and as often failed, because of the extreme inequality of intelligence of her people. But the failure has not in the least disheartened the democrats, and attempts will be making until democracy establishes itself on a firm basis. To this sweeping view of European progress, the present condition of France might seem to oppose a block. But the Government of Louis Napoleon appears to be the best for her at the present time. The first Emperor's military despotism was a vast improvement upon the revolutionary excesses preceeding it. So is his nephew's strong but progressive rule preferable to alternating monarchical imbecility and democratic fury. No less rampant in other parts of the Continent is the sprit of the age. The murder of two nationalities, Poland and Hungary, seems to point the other way, but all History proclaims that as those deeds were foul, on the principle of action and reaction the Nemesis will be the completer. As a set off against the fate of Poland and

Hungary, nearly every other country has progressed in freedom. Some nations have found constitutions, and all have wrung large concessions from their sovereigns. But the greatest achievement of our age, of all human history, and one almost sufficient to compensate for all the grievances, all the wickednesses of man is the emancipation of the Negro slaves in the British colonies. Our race perhaps is capable of no nobler spectacle than that of a people exhibiting significant appreciation of the freedom they enjoy by paying no less a sum than twenty millions for the freedom of eight hundred thousand of their fellow-creatures beyond four thousand miles of ocean,—their own bondsmen whom they shall have to hire the next moment, and any excesses on whose part in the giddiness of the first moment of emancipation would be fatal to their own property and possessions. An equally great work has been consummated in the emancipation of the Russian serfs. Perhaps the Emperor Alexander's wisdom, statesmanship and generosity transcend all that have gone before him in these lines, for the emancipation does not appear in the light of a concession,—the serfs are hardly yet improved enough to make a demand,—but is a voluntary act of pure benevolence of the Czar who anticipates centuries.

The predominant fact in our age, in fact in the modern world since the Reformation is the progress of liberty, the growing influence of the people and the lessening influence of royalty and the aristo-

cracy. What a cheering study, one cannot help exclaiming, must therefore be history ! what more potent to dispel the political mysanthropy which is sometimes apt to overcome individuals on the frustration of their schemes ! To know that you have arrived so far as midway between fallen Adam and Paradise is indeed happiness supreme. But that happiness we can at best sigh for and see others enjoy. Sad study is history to us ! Indeed if habit had not so blunted our sensibility a few persuasals might lead us to commit political suicide in India by emigration to uninhabited shores. Ah ! it is killing that the age so much panegyriized in the literature we have adopted and of which from association we talk so loudly is as yet forbidden fruit to us ! Ages have their geographical not less than chronological boundaries. " Our age " is European, modern history is European. Educated in a European language we cannot help borrowing its conventionalities of thought and expression. When a Brahmin has been unusually impertinent or a Zemindar unusually cruel, do we not unconsciously exclaim " what ! in this age " and so forth, but we simply rave nonsense. What does the Brahmin or the Zemindar know of the terrible bugbear " the age." His age is nothing changed from the age of Menu. European history is progress—Asiatic stagnant monotony. It was hoped that the portions of Asia which have come under British rule would begin a new history, that under the auspices of a nation, preeminently the

pioneers of progress, they will forsake the stationary character of Asiatic civilization. That hope has been disappointed. Take India for an example. The era commenced with the connection of this country with England can hardly be called an era of progress. There have no doubt from time to time arisen indications of progress but that progress has been spasmodic, not systematic and regular. The fact which runs throughout European History is political as well as other improvement. That which marks British Indian History is the want of any uniform fact whatever. The early Courts of Directors of the East India Company strictly enjoined on their servants to conciliate to the utmost the affection of the natives, secure their friendship, keep inviolable the engagements with them, and respect their customs and prejudices as if they were their own. The timid traders who reckoned themselves fortunate if any native state allowed them just room enough to land their wares understood their interests too well to disregard such wholesome advice and their first successes were due simply to conformity to this advice. The early years of British intercourse with the natives were not more distinguished by anxiety to please on the part of the strangers than confidence in British honor on that of our countrymen. All, however, changed when those traders were transformed into princes. Britain gained kingdoms by losing character. The natives were not really conciliated and respected as of old but flattered when need was and abused when op-

portunity came. This decline of English morality in India marks a decline in the political condition of the people. But still that condition was enviable compared to what it is at the present time. The consideration with which all natives were treated and the deference paid to natives of rank contrast markedly with the contempt the lowest newly-arrived European exhibits for the highest native—indeed the rank of a native forms a strong reason for his being the worse treated. The stages of British Indian history do not indeed exhibit a progressive retrogression, but what they do exhibit goes very near it. Clive was a fearless, Godless man. His crimes were as bold and gigantic as his military schemes, and both were attended with equally signal success. But his crimes were crimes rather against individuals. He outraged social, scarcely ever political, morals. Warren Hastings improved upon Clive by leaving no exception. His political misdemeanors were as frequent as his private extortions and breaches of faith. The effects of breaches of private ethics are limited in space and soon die away—those of public have a far wider range and are more permanent. It was Hastings who first launched the British Indian Government into the bolder forms of political crime. His rule resembled rather the rule of a bandit chief than that of the delegate of a commercial corporation. The greatest of tyrants have admitted the influence of the theoretic control of public opinion and of future history. Hastings' career seemed to be regardless

of either. He declared war without showing a pretext, levied taxes without a right, robbed without offence, strangled without provocation. To him belongs the infamy of introducing into the Government the recklessness of means to an end, of the opinion of the people and of consequences, and the disregard of treaty-obligations and of the feelings and happiness of the governed. The greatest enormities of all future proconsuls sink into the rank of mere faint copies of the proceedings of the great original master. The difference between the government of Hastings and of his successor was as the difference between earth and heaven; Lord Cornwallis was a Providential contrivance to repair the wrongs inflicted on the country by his predecessors. He gave the country a constitution, and his confirmation of the Zeminars in the proprietary right of the soil rivals almost the Abolition of Slavery Act.

But though his administration was a monster in the very extraordinariness of its beneficence, that beneficence stopped at a certain point, and was exercised in ways other than by giving the natives any share of power or emoluments. The old Marquis was a singular exhibition of strength and weakness of mind, of breadth and narrowness of view, of liberality and bigotry. The magnitude of the political effects of his Regulation I. of 1793 contrast vividly with the great political danger of the entire exclusion of the intelligence of a great country from office, which he inaugurated. The author of the

Permanent Settlement limited the proper sphere for native virtue and talent to Chupprasieships.

Lord Cornwallis' administration was marred by this great political injury that it did to our countrymen. Sorely vexed with the corrupt circuitous channels through which justice was invariably administered, he substituted European for native agency. It was in Lord Cornwallis the result of excess of philanthropy; but that excess was culpable nevertheless. He ought to have seen that a nation has a right to have its highest virtue and best talent in positions of power and trust over it. It has a right to be governed by the biggest of its intellectual and moral productions, and no more. The Government wrongs its subjects which rules them according to an ideal standard of good not in the country. It is curious to note how the right of the people to serve the government in positions of trust, power and responsibility which were allowed by the Mahomedans was continued in English administrations otherwise hateful, and annihilated in one supremely beneficent. Verily good often comes out of bad. The military forger who avenged the Black Hole and the notorious violator of all laws, human and divine, the first Governor General, allowed natives into their councils, and placed them in the highest situations, while our political degradation began in the reign of a statesman, who but for one huge folly would rank as a ruler of men with Akbar and Alfred.

But the magnitude of the retrogression we have

made in an age emphatically of progress, may best understood by a comparison between the offices which natives were allowed to fill in the days of Clive and Hastings and those which are open to them at the present day. Raja Navakrishna, Dewan Gunga Gobind Singh and Canto Baboo divided the Government among themselves. Each of them possessed more power than any Member of Council now does. The military administration alone was left in the hands of the English. Even diplomacy was entrusted to natives. Raja Navakrishna was the agent of the Company in transactions with the native states. He was, besides, the Judge in a Court for the adjudication of suits affecting caste. He conducted all the duties which now belong to the Foreign Office. For the other offices he filled in addition,—and they were numerous as well as important,—we refer our readers to the article devoted to him. What native is now permitted to aspire to any of the dozen posts which were thrust upon Raja Navakrishna? The highest now open to natives is the Clerk Assistantship to the Legislative Council. The thing speaks for itself. The gentleman who fills it would more properly represent the people in that Council. But his rank, wealth and position are as great as his abilities. If there were a House of Lords in Bengal, he would be one of our Peers. Yet this man is no more than an assistant clerk! It shows no doubt self denial on his part to accept the post. But if he can summon up philosophic resignation

in whatever duties under the Government he may be called to, the Government ought not to leave powers so splendid to the obscurity of a clerk's desk. A man like him of course cannot serve without influencing his official superiors, and accordingly we trace the impress of his mind on many of the laws, but it is a disgrace to the rule which does not allow him the opportunity of directly influencing public affairs.

Our remarks are meant to be understood in a general sense. The grievances, claims and aspirations of the gentleman we have named represent those of a class already not to be despised in numbers which is every day multiplying and, despite the Civil Finance Commission, will continue so to multiply—the class of able men gnashing their teeth and foaming in rage in the fetters of disability. This class is struggling ever since its birth to gain its true place in its country and the Government obstinately withholding from it its right, using its whole moral and physical influence and its whole capacity for quibble to support its impious purposes.

Lord Cornwallis had descended so low that he left no lower deep. Else perhaps, his successors were not the men to be terrified from penetrating beneath. The fact was that any step from where the Marquis stuck to would be an improvement. And so it proved. The worst having been attained it necessarily mended. But not before thirty eight years of discontent and disaffection on the part of

the people. In 1831 Lord William Bentinck supplemented the measures instituted in the reign of Marquis Hastings for the enlightenment of the natives, by raising the powers and salaries of native judicial officers. Two years later, Parliament enfranchised us into the full rights and privileges of British subjects declaring that the accident of color was no crime and that no native of India shall be deemed disqualified for any post under Government by reason of his creed or race. The Charter of 1833, then, is the *Magna Charta* of our rights. The next Charter was an improvement on its predecessor. It threw open the Civil Service to competition, and confirmed the right of our countrymen to compete. So far has there been progress, slow and small but still progress, from 1833 to 1853. But there it ended. From Cornwallis we climbed by great effort and unshaken faith in Providence to Sir Charles Wood. Sir Charles Wood is again hurling us down to Cornwallis. Every Indian and every sensible and honest Englishman well knew that the progress in our political condition represented by the Charter of '33 and of '53 was entirely theoretic progress. True indeed the 87th Section of the first enacted "that no native of the said territories [of the East India Company] nor any natural born subject of His Majesty residing therein, shall by reason of place of birth, descent, color, or any of them, be disabled from holding any place, office, or employment under the said Company. " But it was well

understood by all parties that if the enactment was not intended merely to humbug the India reformers and the natives, it will take effect with only the minor appointments. The opening of the Civil Service, as far as regarded the natives, was a sham, a case of "there, you fellows have it—don't you disturb our peace again." By making London the seat of the examination for the Civil Service the act tantalized the natives. Still it was good as far as it went. The triumph of theory is not to be despised.

But the Ministerial dodge was broke through by our countrymen. While loudly demanding that the seat of the examination may be transfered for them to their own country, many of them prepared themselves for competition, crossed over to England and offered themselves candidates. The Ministers found that the discouragement of the law was not sufficient for these persevering "blacks!" They determined by their constructions and rulings to block up the last small openings and difficult passages offered by the law. Hence these last eight years have been years of progressive decline in our political condition and prospects. At length, grown more audacious than ever, "the Government has decided against the admission of natives of India to competition for the Medical Service."

It is oppressive to mark the contrast between the past and the present. O what an immense change for the worse has overtaken us! what a vast leap backwards have we leaped! Our countrymen have universally adopted in their conver-

sation, speeches and writings the panegyrics on the age prevelant in the English language. The benefits which Englishmen have derived from the age fully warrant the raptures they give vent to on its mention. But when we Bengallies talk of "the nineteenth century", "the age of liberty and progress" and what not, we are guilty of unmeaning apishness or, at best, of being the unconscious bearer of a great falsehood. Rather should we denounce it as the Black Age with attributes the very opposite of those allowed it by Englishmen. But since the early days of British rule there has been neither continued progress nor continued dégrádation. No uniform principle for good or bad, such as runs through European history is observed. The descending stream of our condition has been broken here and there by spasmodic improvement and reform. One Governor General has been for our elevation, another for our depression. One Indian Minister has been kind, another cruel. Thus good and evil have alternated, till at the distance of nearly half a century the general result is a vast retrogression.

Storm and Rain.

BY BABOO KASHIPRASAUD GHOSH.

The mighty demons of the storm have met

In battle fierce. Relentless anger fires
 Their bosoms, proud of desolating power.
 Their swords in rapid wavings flash ; and off
 In lightning gleams illumine the darkened earth.
 Hark ! how they vaunt in thunder deep and loud,
 And madly howling, rave athwart the arch
 Of heaven ; convolving Ganga's waters deep ;
 Which wildly running to and fro, dismayed,
 Or upwards bounding high, appear as if
 They wish to break loose from their beds to fly
 The tempest's rage. Beneath its headlong speed
 Reft of her beauties green, fair Nature quakes
 Affrighted ; and upon the plain are strewed
 Leaves, arms, and trunks of many a giant tree
 Felled by their wrath.

But soon unto the clouds,
 Which darkly frown upon the earth, as though
 In hate and envy, fly the tempest fiends ;
 And there, bound by some unknown, powerful
 charm,
 They roar as if once more they would descend
 And sweep the world before their furious course
 Blasting the fairest scenes of Nature fair
 With demon strength and hate.

The ruthless storm

Is past. Cloud upon cloud is piled along
 The darksome brow of yonder skies, enshrouding
 The face of the bright Sun, who o'er the earth
 High on his throne of ether, erst did reign
 In splendor cloudless, dazzling, yet serene.
 The gathering darkness deepens round ; as if
 The spell of awe hath bound the face of heaven—
 The spell which but the poet's gifted eye
 Can trace ; and but his flexile Heart can feel
 Attracted.

Now the floods of heaven unsealed
 At once burst forth in torrents, deluging
 The shrinking earth : and as the clouds become
 Disposed and thinner by the wandering breeze,
 The glories of the broad, meridian Sun
 Descend and sparkle. But the firmament
 Still pours its genial springs of crystal rain,
 Which, brightened by the solar beams, appear
 Like showers of liquid radiance falling down,
 A blessed gift to Man from favoring heaven.
 The little shrubs, which ere long drooped beneath
 The summer Sun's refulgence noontide, now
 Reviving, raise their heads and put forth all
 Their verdurous majesty. Each leaf is decked
 With drops of rain, like pearls and diamonds bright

Quivering by the gentle gale, which breathes
Delightful fragrance round.

Gudadhur : or a moiety of Young Bengal.

CHAPTER II.

GREAT was Hurry Baboo's sire's grief at the death of his excellent consort. His misery scarcely knew any bounds. His neighbours, sympathetic Bengalees as they were, readily commiserated his despair, especially as to them he appeared the picture of a man who in his wife lost his only stay amidst circumstances absolutely below zero. But if those neighbours and mankind at large had data to analyse the ingredients which entered into his grief, the "wide, wide world" would furnish him with few sympathisers. That grief was simply the result of an arithmetical calculation. Human life being in his eyes valuable for solely its money value, he grieved as he would have done if he had been the equivalent of his wife out of pocket. I have long since outgrown the romantic dreams of school days to retain much faith in dis-

interestedness, and perhaps there is no perfectly disinterested sorrow. But the world is not all black, and perhaps all ordinary sorrows contain some grains of disinterested regret. No such thing in Hurry Baboo's father's sorrow for the death of his wife. He put the case to himself thus. His father "bought" him his late wife at Rupees 200, but now the apprehension of superstitious parents, that he might prove as fatal to their daughters as he had to his first wife, required to be removed by a higher price and his marriage threatened to cost no less a sum than, including all charges, Rs. 308. Three hundred and eight rupees to Hurry Baboo's father ! It appeared as if men and gods had conspired to persecute him. Was his grief, great as it was, after this at all exaggerated ? Were there a newspaper in the Zillah and it were customary to vent one's grief in print on the loss of dear ones, his would probably have taken this form:—

"——, at ——, on the——18——, Luckhy, aged——the wife of—— = Rs. 308, extremely regretted by her stunned husband."

That he had lost a beautiful wife on whom he doated was the least evil. Beautiful wives could be had in plenty in the market. If Providence in kindness for his distress left in his way a purse sufficient to compensate for his loss, he would not deem himself completely reimbursed. To tumble upon gold was well and good, but should he have suffered any loss at all ? The gold should have

increased his hoard. His loss was absolute.

He was really to be pitied. Happiness, as the reader is already aware, consisted with him in the possession of wealth, the retention at any hazard of the same, and a beautiful wife, and did not the death of his wife attack of every one of these conditions? In the Golden the integrity Age of his life he enjoyed the benefit of all of them. Wealth and wife were the inheritance his father left him, and the retention or otherwise of the former depending upon his free will, he was satisfied in the way he had exercised that peculiar gift of man. Now, however, that era was past. Marry he must, in obedience to his second tyrant, and marriage entailed expense.

But there was another difficulty. If in the face of his apparent poverty, he spent the fabulous sum of above three hundred Rupees in his marriage, was it not calculated to create in his neighbours a suspicion as to his hidden resources? His neighbours sympathized with him the more that to an indigent man, as he seemed to them, that loss was irreparable. What would be the effect upon them if they were suddenly astounded by the announcement that he was going to marry? To free himself from this embarrassing predicament, he hit upon a plan indicative of the natural turn of his mind, which successfully grappled with the difficulty. He called upon his neighbours to give a real guarantee to the sincerity of their commiseration by giving a substantial turn to it. He

opened a subscription among them to allow him the third condition of his felicity without militating against the other two. As soon as the villagers were threatened with this unexpected proposition all that sorrow for the death of poor Hurry Baboo's mama which a little while ago vied even with her husband's threatened in turn to evaporate—the waters of sympathy began to recede. Presently there ran through the village the hum of discontent. Many who deeming tears a cheap means of obliging had appeared the best friends of Hurry Baboo's father retracted their professions. In that rustic locality suddenly sprang up philosophers to convince him it were foolish in him to court the responsibility of wife and children, and many of his *quandam* well-wishers retreated into the stronghold of their miserliness under cover of a refusal to sow the seeds of future embarrassment for him. H. B's father was not of course the man to submit to such special pleading especially as it was directed against a proposition which promised to help him out of a very uncomfortable position. He persevered and the proverb which attributes all sorts of wonders to perseverance was in his case verified. With great difficulty and by means of the influence, exercised a little beyond the law, of a neighbouring Zemindar, who, to compensate for not contributing at all when his position demanded that he should head the list, warmly interested himself in the poor man's behalf, the requisite sum of Rs. 308 was raised—excluding of course

the very small commission of the zemindar.

Meanwhile the *ghattacks*, brokers in human produce, had put themselves on the scent of marriageable girls. These like all other commodities of commerce varied in price as they varied in quality. The most costly were those which joined maturity to comeliness, but of a mature and of a comely bride the former would be the most acceptable to a *Bungsaja*. *Bunsages*, many of our readers need to be informed, occupy the lowest position in the castocracy of Bengal, as Koolins do the highest, and as the disadvantages they labor under contrast with the privileges the others enjoy, so does their mode of life consequently differ from their's.

But the worst was not over yet. Surely even for money it is no easy matter to marry Hurry Baboo's father. He was not quite young, and was remarkably ugly. Above all he seemed worse than a beggar. Even those who sell their daughters, hard hearted as they generally are, have some regard for the future of the articles. They would not be easily persuaded to sell one to the — 1. In India the system of disposing things of to the highest bidder has only recently been introduced. A man who sells a cow looks indeed to the price offered but enquires also whether the animal will be taken care of in the hands of the purchaser. No good Hindu for any price would sell a cow to a butcher. Mohinee, for so was the girl called whom the *ghattack* at last decided to fasten to H. B's father,

was the only issue of her parents ; and though they had according to their profession, determined to sell her, yet they were equally determined that she should not fall into unworthy hands. Moreover they had promised her so. Mohinee from her infancy discovered great intelligence. She had early found out that though all men were of the same flesh and blood and owned the same number of limbs (except uncle "Pitoo" who had only one arm) their rights varied she knew not according to what principle, for all men were not equally masters of themselves. She, for instance, was a *chattel*. When therefore her mother would caress her and admire her features, telling she was worthy of the greatest Emperor on Earth, her eyes would fill with tears and she would reply, "It's the witches' affection all ! In one of these *lognos* [days proper for marriage,] I shall change hands ! It would be enough if I did not fall into those of a beggar !" These appeals were made as often as there was the slightest opportunity for them, till she wrung from her parents a solemn promise that no amount of gold would tempt them to sacrifice her future happiness. She was too sensible to remain wholly content with the promise. She was afraid that the state of feelings under which they made it might any moment evaporate, and so she continually kept hammering the metal not to let it cool. When, therefore, the *ghattack* went to them, the father clearly let him understand the peculiarity of the case. Grown grey in the in-

cessant knowledge how the best wishes and resolves vanish before the winning graces of temptation, the *ghattack* slightly smiled and knowingly said "I am perfectly aware of it."

The father was a little piqued by the slight thrown upon his earnest.

"How could you be, sir? When you came the other month—I was not at home,—this is the first time we meet—my wife says she merely told you from within the room that Mohinee was playing in the Boses' house."

Of course the *ghattack* had simply joked.

"Dont you understand a joke child?"

সকল লক্ষ্য পূৰ্ণঃ সংজ্ঞাঃ সমুখায় মহীতলাঃ

that is business that leads to no results is fruitless. To be sure all cases are not equal."

The truth was the risible faculties of the *ghattack*, who was a very good humoured man of the world, was tickled as soon as the "peculiarity of case" entered his ears. And well they might for with these "sellers of daughters" as they are called every case is peculiar. The *ghattack* naturally thought it the usual plea for a large price. But seeing that it was not his interest to argue the point, like a sensible man he immediately gave it up, and allowed the father to state his case.

Mohinee's husband must be young and if not a very *Kartik* at least not ugly. Both his father and mother must be alive, and he must of respectable circumstances if not absolutely rich. They must personally see the bridegroom, and enquire

his condition. The *ghattaack*, wily diplomatist, saw how well the bridegroom he had in view answered to every one of these conditions, and took up the threat for so it amounted to him, with which the father had concluded his address.

"But perhaps even that would scarcely be sufficient for the purpose. Ah!" and here he imparted a religious solemnity to his voice, "who can be sure of anybody's prosperity for two moments together!" and his eyes meeting those of the daughter-merchant's fell on his own dirty habit, thereby desiring him to suppose, if he will, that by the vicissitudes of fortune a prince has been turned *ghattaack*.

"True, but that is no reason for shutting one's eyes against existing circumstances" bluntly replied the other.

Replused in this quarter the *ghattaack* did not lose heart but renewed the attack from another side.

"I don't mean you to understand that the bridegroom is poor. In fact I have in view many bridegrooms. I merely delivered a general remark forced by a personal reminiscence—but let that pass!"

Here he heaved a deep sigh but presently seemed to recover himself and to be ashamed of the momentary weakness he exhibited. He then continued.

"You see there is no time for you to go over all the distance and see for yourself. The family of

the bridegroom wants despatch. They are very substantial persons I assure you. If I cheat people could I prosper in my profession?"

And then he uttered a whole catalogue of names of great parties who patronized him, while in reality they did not know him by name even. "And" continued he, "perhaps it might weigh something with you as regards their wealth that I am permitted to offer you a bonus—state any sum—as compensation for not insisting on visiting them before marriage. They are extremely desirous of celebrating it at once. So if you please the bargain be settled at once. Monday next is a good day."

The offer of compensation, the "state any sum", softened the heart of the father and he asked leave of the *ghattack* to go and consult with his wife. The *ghattack* apprehensive that this step might be fatal to his views, recited as usual an unmeaning Sanskrit verse and explained it as if it was on the evils of over-deliberation, and told him besides that women were not the best counsellors.

His wife was against believing in the *ghattack*, not because women see clearer through any matter than men, but not being under the responsibility of maintaining the family, she could afford delay which perhaps was more than could be said of her husband. He was near overruling her when Mohinee came flying to them, and he gave way to the look with which she reminded him of his promise.

Apprized of the father's decision, the *ghattack* reluctantly consented to the bridegroom being visited by the father of the bride and his friends.

"Let me then accompany you *ghattack mohasoy* for I want despatch as well as they."

The *ghattack* not relishing that the father of the daughter would surprize Hurry Baboo's father before his arrangements were completed, excused himself by saying that he had to go somewhere else, but assured the eager father that within a few days he will send him word for starting. He then set out for Hurry Baboo's village.

Though the *ghattack* had represented in flowing language the man he wanted to unite to Mohinee, he nothing despaired of the issue of his negociation. What did he fear, he who had married so many clients not a whit more promising than the present. His first thought on the way indeed was a regret that he had not then a better client. What reward might he not have had by presenting such an angel to a rich man ! His next was an absolute regret that the beauty of that girl did not save her from the doom which awaited her. Aye, that villain that moment did regret his mission. But the religion of rogues instantly came to his assistance and he exclaimed "God's will be done !" and wiped off his sadness.

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CALCUTTA.

1861.

of his son. But in the social kingdom of his city he was the very monarch. As he owed his fortune to his own enterprize, sagacity and genius, so his social preeminence was purely of his own acquiring. The leadership of Calcutta Hindoo society which Raja Radhakanta enjoys is part of the legacy bequeathed by him. With our account of the origin and rise of the Deva family, it may appear difficult to many a reader to reconcile Navakrishna's sudden and unprecedented social elevation. Those who are acquainted with the constitution of native society know how vain would be the attempt of the mere wealthiest or mightiest man to usurp the government of that society. The greater credit to Navakrishna therefore. The truth was that Calcutta was a new city without time honored tradition. It was simply, as Lord Ellenborough since styled it, the "commercial capital of Bengal." No high families—no individuals believed to be descended from the sun or moon settled there. Napoleon ridiculed the English as a nation of shop-keepers. It would not be untrue to describe Calcutta as a city of shopkeepers. The most respectable of its inhabitants were merchants. It is not difficult to assume the social lead of such a community. Any man with a certain amount of dexterity can do so. Where everybody is an upstart, an upstart head is no scandal. Na-

vakrishna indeed had no traditions to back him, but none else was better situated. On the other hand Navakrishna possessed one important advantage above others. He possessed substantive power in Hindoo society in Calcutta. He was the Judge of the Caste-Tribunal. The post implied his being in the eyes of Government the most respectable. The official citizen-chief of the Hindoo Community, he easily became its leader.

Aye, the secret was his power. The king, says sage Chányaka, is worshipped in his own country, but knowledge is worshipped everywhere. Not exactly so. Power is surer to command respect everywhere than knowledge, and whatever respect is accorded to knowledge is due to the power it implies. Gold is said to be almighty but simply because gold is power—gold has no intrinsic attractions. The nobles of Bengal no doubt entertained the greatest contempt for Navakrishna's birth, but they feared and flattered and heartily hated him for the power that was in him. They respected the star of his destiny. We do not allude to his power simply as the Judge of the Caste Court which left the social privileges of the Calcutta nobility at his mercy, but to his general power. The jurisdiction of the tribunal over which he presided did not extend beyond the li-

mits of Calcutta, but the great and real peers without were little better situated in regard to him. Ramdoss, immortalized by Carlyle and perhaps also by Sydney Smith more than by the Missionaries who met him, vaunted that he had such fire in him as would burn up all the sins of man. Navakrishna could equally boast of such fire in him as would burn up the happiness and prospects of the haughtiest Brahman or Kayastha, Mogul or Pathan, lord, with this qualification that he had such water in him too as would fertilize the most barren of fortunes. He made beggars opulent men, and could make *vice versa*. He made presents of titles of nobility to his friends as others make presents of peaches. He got from the Emperor, in 1766, the title of Raja and of Commander of One Thousand (imaginary) Horse for his two elder brothers and of *Maharajendra Bahadur* with the insignia of banner, kettle-drum and fringed (state) palanquin for the celebrated Maharaja Khrishna Chandra of Nuddea, the latter of whom in turn characteristically presented him with the villages of Sreerampore and Moolajore without liability to pay rent. It must however be said to his credit that he used a power which no Bengalee has since possessed, power more than a Cabinet Minister's and little less than the Governor General's, with extreme moderation for his age.

Navakrishna was not very remarkable for restraining his passions. He was very licentious, as indeed the numerous complaints against him for violation lead one to suspect. Though these complaints were dismissed, we have shown that the decisions are not quite satisfactory, and that on the contrary they foster doubt and suggest that Navakrishna was saved by the quibbling resources of the English language which abounds in ways of escape to the delinquent. Anglo-Indians of those days did not entertain inconvenient scruples, and numerous cases of natives having been saved from such dangers as threatened Navakrishna by the very means by which he, we more than suspect, was saved are preserved in the memory of our countrymen. Little was due to the kindness of Englishmen, for they were generally participators in the crimes of their native agents, and could not give them up without inconveniencing, perhaps endangering, themselves. Whether Navakrishna remained at Calcutta or accompanied Lord Clive to the North West or proceeded to Burdwan to repair the evils of mismanagement he was ever looking out for objects of his guilty desire. During his stay at the last mentioned place,* the inhabi-

* Evidence of Mr. Peter Moore before the Commons' Committee, Papers relating to Hastings, vol. VI. p. 339.

tants trembled for the honor of their families. Extreme irregularity marked his career there, as indeed everywhere. The ryots of Kristobaugan, his estate to the east of Calcutta, remember with horror the stories of his excesses which they have heard from their fathers.

As if to match with his fortune, his death was extraordinary. One day he returned from office and went to bed as was usual with him at about 2 o'clock in the day, in perfect health. In the evening he was found a corpse in bed.

Navakrishna left his adopted son Gopeemohun and his own issue Rajkrishna. The former being by very many years the elder had the management of business in his hands, and is said to have attempted to deceive the latter into a smaller share of the property than his own. Rajkrishna was an irregular youth, thoughtless, extravagant, hating business, loving pleasure. The elder brother took advantage of the younger's habits to encourage and confirm him in them. What a picture of domestic harmony and felicity did the brothers present! Both hated each other—simply for a little haste on their father's part to perpetuate his family! Ere Gopeemohun had emerged from childhood it must have been made known to him by the malicious world that he had repudiated his real father for another person, and he

soon found that with the rich inheritance in prospect, his position was not the most comfortable. This was especially the case as a blood issue of Navakrishna remained in the field. Rajkrishna too did not fail to compensate for his inferiority in other respects by always reminding the other of the anomaly he was. Gopeemohun bided his time and when the father became ashes he drew up two lists of properties professing to be equally balanced in value and subjected them to Rajkrishna's choice of either. The lists were very artfully got up. One list embraced the nice little properties in and near Calcutta, such as the Bazar adjoining the palaces, Sookchar, &c, and the other the important estates in the muffsil. The first appealed to the character of Rajkrishna. It was supposed that he would jump at the opportunity of having all the garden houses, houses and properties over which their nearness to his residence might enable him to exercise any control, and would gladly leave the more distant possessions to his brother. But his friends had prepared him for expecting the very inequality. He chose the second list. This threw Gopeemohun into a very embarrassing predicament. He however was not to be abashed. He would not allow Rajkrishna's choice. Rajkrishna also entertained the idea that as blood issue he was entitled to a larger share than his adopted

brother. They went to court, and at last divided the heritage equally amongst themselves.

Gopeemohun successively served as Dewan to Mr. John Stables, Member of Council, to General Carnac, first Commander-in-Chief, and to Sir J. Macpherson, Governor General. Though he received the usual attendant of his post, the title of *Raja* and *Bahadoor*, he was during life and has been after death known as the Great Commoner, as simple Baboo Gopeemohun Deva. Yet was he not a little jealous of the social heritage his father left him, namely, the headship of the Hindoo community of Calcutta; and the total barrenness of historical interest of his long life was relieved by his exertions in old age as the leader of Bengalee orthodoxy in agitating for the repeal of the Act prohibiting Suttee. Soon after the passing in December 1821 of the Act a petition praying the Governor General to repeal it signed by most of the respectable and wealthy Hindoo inhabitants was got up by Gopeemohun. Lord William Bentinck while firmly sticking to his resolution assured the petitioners that the Act did not inaugurate a reversal of the non-interference policy of the Government. The petitioners were not content. They threatened to appeal to England. The strengthening of the hands of Government by an address presented to the Go-

vernor General by the Young India party, then first sprung into existence, under the leadership of the late Baboo Dwarkanauth Tagore irritated the Conservatives beyond measure, and they established the Dhurma Subhá with Gopeemohun as their president. In a country like India so destitute of the capacity for political organization, individuals make up for the deficiencies of bodies of the people. Gopeemohun was the soul of the Repeal movement. The members of the Dhurma Subhá raised a large subscription and sent an attorney as agent to England to advocate their cause. In vain. The Privy Council refused the petitioners' request.

Scarcely two lives were more different than those of Gopeemohun and Rajkrishna. The one succeeded his father to the leadership of the Hindoo community. He improved that position by imparting to it an austere and puritanic tinge of orthodoxy well befitting it, which was entirely absent from Navakrishna. The other, wayward from childhood, and totally deficient in the qualities which command the respect of society, distinguished himself by the character of a rake and vagabond. Aware of the defects of early training which rendered him unable to attain the position of his rival and convinced of the impotence of his will to supply the defects of early training, he re-

venged himself upon that rival and the society which justly respected him by plunging deeper and deeper into excesses. It was as it were a Byronic revolt against society. He tried to impress people by his life how little he cared for the opinion of people. At a time when Hindoo society was yet undistressed by nourishing beef-eaters within its bosom, he openly abandoned himself to all sorts of impure food. In fact he long confined himself to Mahomedan dishes. He openly retained Mahomedan cooks. He kept a Mahomedan mistress whom he always carried about with him in all public places and with whom he ate and drank freely and openly. He kept Mahomedan courtiers. He kept a Mahomedan song-writer to compose songs for the Mohurum. He spent a great deal of money in celebrating the Mohurum. He kept the *goarah* and joining the Islamite procession went beating his breast with his hands as devoutly as the firmest "believer." Not to waste words, he was for long a perfect Mahomedan in his habits and sympathies, and remained one till death in the latter if not openly in the former.

But though thus Mahomedan he belonged to the Hindoo community. Rather he belonged to both the Hindoo and the Mahomedan communities. The Moslems were overjoyed to own a convert of such rank and wealth. The Hindoos not

much inclined to alienate from their ranks a man whose deeds they might repudiate but whose rupee certainly never smelt of *pullaw*. Both Byron and Rajkrishna were somewhat insincere in their expression of perfect disregard of the opinion of society. Both cared that opinion to a certain extent. Byron though he voluntarily interposed a goodly distance of sea and land between himself and his native land, to the last moment wanted to know, and remained sensitive to, the opinion of England. His correspondence with Murray throughout reveals this secret. Rajkrishna's hatred of society was in reality much less strong and went probably as far as words went. Clearly he did not possess the will to commit suicide in Hindoo society. Mahomedan as he was, and loathed by his countrymen, he exercised not a little social activity in the avowed cause of Hindooism. Even he tried to excommunicate men, and in the case of inconsiderable men his efforts invariably succeeded. Woe to Calcutta orthodoxy that it submitted to the dictates of such a proper judge of other people's orthodoxy ! On one occasion his partial failure is still remembered, and affords an instance of how vanity and malice throw a kind veil over the mote that disfigures one's eye. Kaliprasaud Dutt of Kaliprasaud Dutt's Street kept a Mahomedan mistress. It was in the puritanic age of Rajkrishna. Kali-

prasaud did nothing more or less. But it was supposed, and naturally so, that he did not disdain the idea of partaking a few refreshments with his concubine. Nobody was ready to swear to any infringement of Hindoo usage on his part, but according to the law of evidence in vogue in Hindoo society guilt is implied from such conduct as was well known of him. The result was that he lived an outcast. When Ramdoolal (alias Doolal) Sircar, the father of the late Baboo Aushootosh Dey rose to wealth, in grateful remembrance of the favors he received while in poverty from the family of Kaliprasaud, he resolved to reconcile him to society by his influence. On the occasion of some ceremony he invited all his friends and Kaliprasaud among the rest. Rajkrishna came forward as the champion of orthodoxy and forbade every one under his influence to attend the invitation. Some went, others kept back. Rajkrishna threatened with his highest displeasure those who went that day within a certain number of yards of Ramdoolal's house. A sort of inquisition was established. Those whom business compelled to walk past that house were suspected and Rajkrishna's favors were withdrawn from them. They were even excommunicated from the party (*dol*) to which they had remained faithful through all trials. Witches

were not burnt on less sufficient grounds than were these men persecuted. But all availed little. Since that day to consider Kaliprasaud as without the pale of society was as great a bull as the famous one, namely, that a whole village was excommunicated. Those who raised Kaliprasaud from his degradation were by no means less numerous than those who tried to perpetuate it.

Gopeemohun's natural intelligence was great, insomuch that had it been joined to acquired knowledge it would have bequeathed to the world lasting results. He was a tolerably good Persian scholar. He knew a little of the Sanskrit but his strong natural sense enabled him to take delight, almost even part, in abstruse discussions in logic and metaphysics which the Pundits often held before him. He took great interest in geographical and astronomical speculations. What a pity that with the natural bent of his mind he did not live to our day and understand English ! Who can calculate the effects of such a coincidence ! The books in geography and in astronomy which he met with must of necessity have been few and imperfect. Instruments too he had none in the prosecution of his studies, but genius does not easily bow to circumstances, and with what help he possessed he constructed Terrestrial and Celestial globes and prepared a map of the world,

all according to the Hindoo system. Not knowing better he was a believer in Hindoo astronomy and geography. Millions have been and are like believers, but in this stagnant country it is not even one in a million who exerts himself as manfully in the interests of his faith as Gopeemohun did. Pontius Pilates' famous question will remain virtually unanswered till the end of the world, but active missionaryism from honest sincerity will ever be admired. Gopeemohun was probably the only man after Raja Joy Singh who took into his head to take such a practical interest in Hindoo astronomy and geography. Yet this man's knowledge of Sanskrit astronomy and geography must have been learnt at second hand. He had a very partial knowledge of the Sanskrit himself.

Nor were the globes and the map the only evidences of his interest in science. He had a passionate love of machinery. He retained Chinese machinists, famous throughout Asia for their ingenuity, and through them began many curious machines. With imperfect knowledge and a clear intellect he struggled on and groped for years, without effect. It is given to few intellects to create a science and successfully apply its principles to practice. His mechanics did not help him to finish the machines. But these remains exhibit

the activity of his mind, and make us regret that he did not fall in happier circumstances. The number of these unfinished monuments of reason unassisted by science essaying to attain hopeless ends attest his perseverance and show that far from being damped by failure, one failure stimulated him to another effort, failure in one of his projects stimulated him to effort in another. His energy is a shame to the youthful apathetic "college-out" present generation. He attempted to strengthen Hindoo science by allying with it the conveniences of machinery and instruments. The grandeur of the idea commands the respect of the most squeamish. Had he succeeded he would have given birth to an era in the history of Hindoo science. That science would have ceased to be a monopoly in the hands of a limited class of votaries. It would have stamped upon it the stamp of "progress." One of the chief causes of progress in European science is convenience of study by means of instruments. One of Gopeemohun's unfinished instruments was an attempt to construct a permanent Calendar to indicate years, months, days of the week, *tithis* (Phases of the Moon) and of *nakshatras*. An attempt worthy of Joy Sing! Another machine equally unfinished, was intended for a self-moving *punkah*. What originality in the concep-

tion ! *Punkahs* in his day were barely known, but it struck his brain, fertile in projects, what a nice invention it would be whereby one could be fanned in this climate with little cost and without the intervention of sleepy pullers and without the necessity of eternally swearing and bawling out "*gore say kheecho.*" Even at this day though daily expecting it we have not got the self-moving *punkah*. Many attempts have recently been made to introduce it, but they have all failed. It reveals a feature in Gopeemohun's mind that he anticipated the attempts of a future generation. More than quarter of a century passed over his failure before it occurred to any of the panting inhabitants or dying sojourners in this land of the sun to make an attempt.

Let it not be supposed that the *punkah*-machine, because a failure was an absurdity—that its entire merit consisted in the conception. It approached success within a few yards. Gopeemohun proceeded upon right principles, made clock-work of his time his model. The toothed wheels were complete, and the very things necessary. Only there was no proper contrivance for winding the machine up by which the adequate amount of force would be generated and by the swinging of the pendulum the *punkah* advance and retire. At what time of life Gopeemohun

began the contrivance we do not know, but it had so far gone towards completion that we fear death alone prevented him from attaining his wishes.

Gopeemohun was a great encourager of music and letters. He frequently spent large sums in donations to the learned, and all the great songsters and musicians sought and found his liberal patronage. It was through his exertion that the popular form of music and song, half-*akrai*, was introduced into Bengalee music.

He was very properly respected equally by both Europeans and natives. Lord William Bentinck in spite of their disagreement of opinion on the question of the abolition of Suttecism highly esteemed him. Gopeemohun died in very old age on the 17th March, 1836, leaving his only son Raja Radhakanta Deva.

Rajkrishna was born in 1782. He received the title of *Maharaja Bahadur* from Sir John Macpherson and from His Highness Mirza Shigufta Bukt Bahadoor, the son of Mirza Jehander Shah, heir to the emperor Shah Allum. He died in 1824.

Rajkrishna was famous for his extreme munificence and for his taste. His name still lives among his countrymen as that of one of the few Bengalee Omrahs. Perhaps he was the only Ben-

galee who lived really as a prince. The peculiarities of his habits and of his pursuits have already been adverted to. He was for a long time a perfect Mahomedan, though he disdained not to use Hindooism whenever there was any opportunity as a tool for mischief. He was too wealthy and too charitable for Hindooism to dare to excommunicate him. He therefore may be said to have been of the two communities, Hindoo and Mahomedan. But Hindooism bided its time, and at length its opportunity came. He had a son to be married. No Hindoo would supply a bride. Rajkrishna had not courage enough to be a complete Mahomedan by marrying his son to a Mahomedan girl. He begged hard of Hindoo society to raise him to it again from which he had virtually fallen. But his sins had been too great and required a grand expiation. To this term he submitted. But in consideration of his wealth and rank the pill was gilded. Had his outrage against Hindoo society been aggravated by poverty he would assuredly have been subjected to modes of expiation too filthy to mention. But as the highest displeasure of Government against European officials manifests itself in transfer of the delinquent from one district to another and it may be a healthier one, so Rajkrishna was obliged to inaugurate his re-entree into Hindoo society by celebrating a music-and-song-

procession, (*nogor krittan*), an affair which many might undertake of themselves. This procession was really a splendid thing, which is said to have cost its author an immense sum of money. But what is not known among us, and what if told will not command general belief is Rajkrishna's literary activity. There are two opinions regarding his acquirements and our conviction is that between these truth lies. Without being totally destitute of knowledge as some infer from his life, he was far from the accomplished scholar he is represented by his admirers. Indeed his acquirements in Persian, the only language he ever studied, was at most tolerable. But he had a greater command over the language, over its colloquial forms, its *jeu de' spirits*, its idiomatic expressions than his actual acquirements would lead one to expect. This it may easily be understood arose from his mixing so much with Mahomedans. He rarely spoke his native Bengalee.

He is the reputed author of a few Urdu and Hindustani works. He kept learned Mahomedan courtiers and secretaries, who composed works which according to a practice common since the decline of letters in India he published in his name. One of these works is a history of Shah Allum (*Quassa-i-Muazzam Shahi*.) He also published a Collection of pieces in verse and of songs.

chiefly the popular species of them called *guzels*.*

Rajkrishna's passion for music was unbounded. He was himself a remarkably good songster and player on instrument. Indeed it was only his mixing always with songsters and musicians, who are generally Mahomedans, which subsequently induced him to see scarcely any other than Mahomedans. Those who pretended to proficiency in the art travelled from the North Western Provinces and from the Dekhan to receive Rajkrishna's approbation and reward. His ear was exceedingly good and he was one of the best judges of the art. Fakirs and ascetics who excelled in it, to whom worldly goods offered no temptation, went to receive from Rajkrishna's appreciation the compensation for the world's dullness. His taste too was catholic. He delighted in beauties of all kinds, for he knew that beauty was possible under various forms. His sense of delicacy and propriety, bordering upon and often merging into extravagance, is vividly illustrated by one circumstance. A famous songster at the Court of Moorshedabad attracted by the appreciation and munificence of Rajkrishna obtained the leave of his master to visit Calcutta. Rajkrishna received such a distinguished visitor with more than his

* Histoire de Literature Hindui et Hindoostani, par M. Garcin de Tassy, vol. I.

usual magnificence. But the songster, however great a songster, was great only at *tuppa*, (the lighter and easier airs.) The *tuppa* befitted the gentle sharp voice of woman. Rajkrishna too nicely adhered to the fitness of things. He had predetermined from the first not to hear him. Day after day he evaded the request of his guest. At length the time for his return drew near. The excuses of Rajkrishna multiplied. The songster was miserable from hope deferred. Not to speak of his triumphs at Moorshedabad, which every body must have heard of, he had captivated all who heard him at Calcutta. What means the Raja's indifference? He despaired. Meanwhile Rajkrishna's friends tried their utmost to induce him to hear. How could he? True the songster sang *tuppa* exquisitely, but that was the very reason he would not hear him. Why, how could he withstand the impulse of clinging to and kissing and biting whoever properly sang the *tuppa* ! That was the secret. He had heard the *tuppa* only from female lips and in not the most decent of circumstances. But his refusal to hear his guest would not only be an insult and a cruelty to him, but also an insult to the Nawab of Moorshedabad. At the twelfth hour a compromise was effected. Rajkrishna pretended illness, but as the hastening departure of the songster allowed

no hope of ever hearing him, which would be too great a misfortune, he would hear him, in sick-bed while the songster sang in the next room. The songster readily consented. He began, and too well did he sing. But when he was in the highest flight of his art and all the auditory were in ecstasies, Rajkrishna suddenly sprung up from his couch to the other room, fell upon the bewildered songster, kissed him and gently bit him on the cheek!

At the house of his maternal uncle at Simlah in Calcutta, about the year 1784, Radhakanta Deva was born. Hindoos ourselves, we do not much miss the silence of the biographers regarding the early life of their subject as indeed regarding every circumstance of importance. He must have first been brought up under the tuition of one the ancient *gurumahasoyas*, and subjected next simultaneously to a Pundit to unlearn the bad orthography and worse habits he must have imbibed in the school of his first tutor, and if possible learn a few verses, and to a Moonshi to give him the necessary courtly polish and make him a gentleman. But Radhakanta was no ordinary student. His lore of knowledge carried him beyond the expectations of the most sanguine of his friends. While yet a boy he acquired a no mean command over the Sanskrit, the Persian and the Arabic. The Ben-

galee was out of the question. It was hardly yet become a language. It was a barbarous spoken dialect without a literature, hardly without any books, oral or written. Its richest treasure was its arithmetic, and this of course Radhakanta, with a fearful amount of bad spelling and bad grammar, had learnt from his *gurumahasaya*, and was the only one of his first tutor's gifts which he retained. Radhakanta's youthful acquirements took everybody by surprise. And well they might, for knowledge was sought for by only a few and he would have taken rank with the greatest scholars of his day. The knowledge of the higher classes consisted of the lore taught by the *gurumahasaya*, and a few sentences from the *Pundenama* or the *Gulistan*. No wonder that Radhakanta was deemed a prodigy. But Persian and Arabic and Sanskrit were not all. Navakrishna who zealously watched over the early education of his grandson knew by his own experience how necessary was a knowledge of the English tongue in the service and the dominion of the English. He remembered with gratitude how far he owed his importance and efficiency, aye, even his fidelity to his knowledge, however 'little, of the same. His last wish was that Radhakanta may get the benefit of a more systematic education in English than had fallen to his own lot. Accordingly

Radhakanta was sent to Mr. Cumming's Calcutta Academy, at Bowbazar. He soon acquired a respectable knowledge of English, which he has ever since been unceasingly promoting by study. As early as 1824 we find the excellent Bishop Heber in his Journal certifying that Radhakanta "speaks English well, and has read many of our popular authors, particularly Historical and Geographical." His thirst for knowledge has never been satiated. Books on all subjects, in Persian, Arabic, Sanskrit and English, he sought for and read. He was the first of the "Educated Natives," the father of Young Bengal. But he has not been a selfish scholar, self-sufficient in his own lore, shunning public life and seeking solitude. It is well that he has not been the Great Useless. Bengal, the generality of whose sons did not learn their Alphabet, could ill afford such a brilliant sham. The greatest of human works was before the first man of knowledge. A nation remained to be taught their rudiments. Thirty millions of the human race expected a glorious revelation at his hands. One hundred and seventy millions more awaited to be humanized by the example of their advanced brethren. Radhakanta did not in the least quail before the awful responsibility. In political cant he was the right man for the right place. His public activity

lent a practical turn to his studies, his studies lent solidity to his activity. It would not be untrue to say that without some such pioneer patriot among Bengalees all the efforts of philanthropic foreigners or of Government towards native enlightenment would have been fruitless. At this moment when the study of English is courted as the highway to advancement in life, when the perusal of a printed book is not synonymous with the abjuration of Hindooism, it is not perhaps possible to feel the debt truly immense of endless gratitude which India really owes to Radhakanta for having with a noble courage and earnestness paved the good way. It was one of those happy coincidences which lead nations on to fortune that his active benevolence, his untrammelled ideas, his devotedness to propagate the light among his countrymen were supported and beautified by the wealth and rank of what had become the first family in Calcutta. Had he been an indigent reformer, without status in society, his influence would have been nothing, his liberality would have been denounced as a mad craving for notoriety, he would have been persecuted. Even Radhakanta himself did not wholly escape persecution from his countrymen. The present generation of educated young men who look upon him as a bigotted conservative opposed to progress

may learn moderation by learning that *like themselves* he too has passed through the epithets of "Christian" and "Atheist." His new opinions must have carried discord even to his home. His father, an orthodox Hindoo, a firm and active believer in Sanskrit science, and as leader of Calcutta orthodoxy committed to oppose the innovations threatened by his only son, must have been completely aghast. Many a time Gopeemohun's orthodox brethren must have waited in deputation on him to beg him to use his moral influence as a father, and, if that did not succeed, his earthly power as giver of bread to overrule Radhakanta's conduct and coerce him if not into orthodoxy at least into silence and inactivity. Either Gopeemohun answered that the spirit of his son was not to be intimidated into breach-of-faith with his sense of duty or he proceeded to practice the counsel of his friends. The probability is that he did the former. No split between the father and the son is remembered. On the contrary nobody seems to be aware that the son who took his father's place as the President of the Dhurma Subhá and is the head of orthodoxy, differed in any way, in thought or deed, from his father. But whatever that might have been Radhakanta possessed resolution enough to remain true to himself if put to trial between choice of subsistence

and rich legacy in prospect on the one hand and continuation in the course he had begun on the other. If it was wanted of him, he would probably not have hesitated to have ranked with Ram-mohun Roy and Ernest Jones. We believe, however, that that extent of courage was not required of him. A Hindoo father's affection for an only son tolerated the youthful idiosyncracies, and Gopeemohun and Radhakanta lived, as Sir Robert Peel and his father did, an interesting spectacle of domestic harmony diversified by strong differences of opinion and pursuits.

The late Hindoo College, the *Alma Mater* of most of the English-educated natives, owed its existence in a great measure to Radhakanta. He shares with Sir Hyde East the chief glory of establishing it. As men of business, Sir Hyde and Radhakanta divided the labor of the undertaking among themselves. The undertaking met with serious opposition not only from the natives who feared it was meant for an instrument for conversion but from the Europeans too who prophesied the loss of India to England from the growing intelligence of the people. Sir Hyde took upon himself to disarm the apprehensions of the European community, Radhakanta of the native. The latter especially assured his countrymen that perfect non-interference in the religion of the

people would prevail in the College. By that assurance repeated over and again with the earnestness of sincerity the project succeeded. The College became a fact. It remained for Radhakanta to watch over it with a parent's eye and make good his promise. So sensible were all connected with the Institution of how much its existence was due to his persuasion and assurance that they tremblingly tried to avoid all shadows which might possibly give offence to the native community. A difficulty at the outset presented to the superintendent in the choice of text-books. There were no ready made English schoolbooks which were not Christian in tone. The native guardians might take their introduction as a *causus belli*, as a violation of the essential condition of the Charter of the College. The superintendent adopted a curious plan,—he pasted the passages relating to Christianity. Radhakanta as soon as he came to know of it, wrote to the Superintendent to dissuade him from acting likewise to other books. Those parents, he reasoned, who did not like their sons to read the passages might paste them themselves. Now although we are not satisfied with his reasoning, although we think that the extreme caution of the Superintendent was necessary at the time, we believe few of the present generation are prepared for the sentiments

from Radhakanta or from any native then. In his toleration, Radhakanta is a study for Young Bengal with his unreasoning dread of and antipathy against Christianity.*

The Hindoo College established on a firm footing, other schools grew up. But a great difficulty was felt in the selection of text-books. The efficiency of these institutions was in a great measure hindered by the want of elementary works fitted for the Indian youth. An ocean intervenes between the Hindoo and the English mind. The passages in the books for English children which related to the Christian religion could be pasted over, but the entire books required to be pasted over before they could be comprehended with any degree of pleasure or at all by the youthful Indian beginner. Radhakanta and his colleagues in the promotion of native education established the School Book Society to supply the desideratum. But as one difficulty was met, another immediately presented itself. Who would buy the books published by the Society? The native mind from its ignorance of the science of English life was suspicious of the sincerity of the Englishman and feared that these books might be taken advantage of as a means towards the evangelization of India. But the same assurance

* Calcutta Review, vol. XI. p. VII.

which aided the project for the establishment of the College immediately came to the Society's assistance and the latter's publications lost all their terror for the native community.

After the machinery for the instruction of the upper ten thousand in the English were set in motion, the machinists set themselves to work upon the million below by their mother-tongue. Accordingly the first impulse in vernacular education was given by the establishment of the late School Society, to which Radhakanta became the Honorary Secretary. But if great difficulty was found in finding elementary English books, what must be the extent of the difficulty in proceeding in a language which yet possessed no proper elementary and scarcely any other books? In 1820 Radhakanta published the first Bengalee *Nitikatha* (a sort of elementary Moral Class-book) and the first Bengalee Spelling Book or Reader, after European models. Strangely enough the Royal Asiatic Society of London, were struck with the talent displayed in the latter and both after the lapse of forty years still remain the models of such books which are issuing in numbers from the Bengalee press. As by no means a gentle transition, it may be remarked that two years later, in 1822, the first volume of the celebrated *Subdakalpadruma* appeared.

Radhakanta next directed his attention to female education. Having provided for the mental wants of the males of both the higher and the lower classes, the step was a natural one. Conjointly with the late Gauramohana Vidyalan-kara, the Head Pundit of the School Society, he published a pamphlet in Bengalee in which he urged the importance of female education and showed that the Shastras were no plea for keeping one half of the human race in perfect ignorance. We conjure our readers to pause for a moment and reflect on Radhakanta's boldness. Even in the most favored and the most enlightened countries the date of female education is by no means distant. It is every where a necessity that the males must be enlightened before the subject of female education comes on the tapis. Sydney Smith's article in the *Edinburgh Review* in which the same arguments in favor of female education are used which would be applicable to this country proves that the very evils which we regret in India prevailed not long ago in England. Every Hindoo has learnt from Chanakya that knowledge is power. Every project for the education of the females is viewed by the males steeped in ignorance as a project for transferring power from their hands to those of their wives. Besides a belief exists among our countrymen that the man dies

whose wife knows letters. For the rest, female education is considered as the pioneer of the ultimate Anglicization of Hindoo society. In the face of these prejudices, all but insuperable, Radhakanta's pamphlet appeared and was met by a blaze of indignation from his countrymen. He was nothing daunted. Beginning with educating the females of his family, he exerted his influence towards the encouragement of the School Society's Indegenous girls' schools.—The distribution of prizes to the girls were held at his house.

Gradually Radhakanta's opinion on female education seems to have undergone a modification. True is it that he no longer evinced the interest he formerly did in its promotion. At last any sympathy for it that still lingered in him completely escaped out of him, and when the late Mr. Bethune projected the Native Female School Radhakanta headed the Opposition. Mr. Bethune drew him into a correspondence on the subject which extended to quires, and appealed to the vanity from which no man is quite free complementing him without exaggeration as the first native apostle of female education in modern India, but to no effect. Radhakanta remained unchanged in his change. We believe he still avowed himself in favor of female education, but the education of respectable females at home or in the house of a

neighbour. We are inclined to think that his experience of the effects of education on the girls of the School Society's schools brought about the change in his opinion. That he has not set his face against female education *in toto* will be readily admitted by all visitors at his house, where the little girls may be seen under the tuition of the *gurumahasaya*.*

In 1835 the Government exhibited its high appreciation of Radhakanta's ability, public spirit and uprightness by requesting him of all his fellow citizens to be a Justice of the Peace and an Honorary Magistrate of Calcutta. The proper discharge of the duties of the post are attended with such difficulties in this country that a conscientious native will decline the honor, while one of the opposite class will soon make it impossible for him to continue in the post. Readily accepting the delicate duties, Radhakanta discharged them so as to leave no stain behind him. The next year his father died. The year following the Governor General in Council conferred on him the title of *Raja* and *Bahadur*, accompanied by the usual robe, jewels, and sword and shield. In 1842

* On one occasion Mr. Bethune writes to the Raja—"I am anxious to give you the credit which justly belongs to you of having been the first native of India, who in modern times has pointed out the folly and wickedness of allowing women to grow up in utter ignorance, and that this is neither enjoined nor countenanced by any thing in the Hindu Sastras."

he undertook a pilgrimage to Gya where he met with the Raja of Tekari, and between the two Rajas courtesies and presents passed. On his way he attended the Durbar of the Nawab Nazim of Moorshedabad and received from His Highness honorary presents.

[A conclusion in which nothing is concluded ! The above is evidence of how the firmest resolves are swayed by circumstances. We had determined to put an end to the Life of poor Raja Radhakanta, and the better to do it at once without unnecessary pain to the victim, we had armed ourselves with a new pen, as a humane butcher would take up a sharp knife. But we soon were prevailed upon by the relentless deity, Necessity, to desist. Had we not done so, Mookerjee's Magazine, No. IV. should have been entitled "The Last Part of Raja Radhakanta and his Ancestors." The Raja's friends may for the present congratulate on his escape !]

I n d i a.

BY BABOO KASHIPRASAUD GHOSH.

In imitation of the commencement of Lord Byron's

"The Bride of Abydos."

Know ye the land where the Sun ever pours
His warmest of beams and his brightest of light ?
Know ye the land where the twilight's soft hours
Insensibly melt into Moon lighted night ?

Where the high, towering hills, like proud monarchs
arise,
And kiss the bright face of the fair, laughing skies ;
Where the Peepuls and Baubuls and sweet sandal
trees,

In the pride of their beauty, are wooing the breeze,
That wantons about like a young little girl,
Whose heart is all gladness and pure as a pearl ;
Where the largest of rivers in majesty flow,
Like a mirror reflecting each bright, sunny glow ;
Where the rose and the jasmine abundantly bloom,
And gladden the sense with their rich, sweet per-
fume ;

Where Nature appears in her loveliest dress,
And all but the laws do contribute to bless.

'Tis the clime of the Sun ! 'Tis the country of old !
So famed in the world for her soil and her gold.

'Tis the land of the Gods ! and the birth place of
those

Brave heroes, who sleep in eternal repose.

'Tis the land that was favored by Learning of yore ;

'Twas the home of the Arts—but alas ! now no more.
'Tis the land that hath ever been sacred to Fame
Either ancient or modern—and India her name.

O India ! fair India ! the land of my birth !

What changes of fortune have marr'd thy fair
brow !

Thy pinions of glory are chained to the earth,

Thy spirit is sunk ; what remains of thee now ?

O ! who being nursed on thy breast can remain

Ever viewing thy sufferings and feeling no pain ?

But there are undoubtedly many who fear

To tell the bold truth of the wrongs thou dost hear.

For there may be tyrants who hate such revealing,

And ever would smother each patriotic feeling.

But India ! fair India ! though dark is thy fate,

Though sadly and totally altered art thou,

Yet Glory perchance at a period, too late,

Again like a halo may shine round thy brow.

For Hope that hath long lain in death-quiet sleep,

Like the Goddess of Beauty and Love from the deep

Arises and whispers, though faintly, that thou

Shalt be freed from the bondage that shackles thee

now,

And rank'd among nations in equal degree—

Bright Glory and Honor will wait upon thee.

But woe me ! I never shall live to behold
 That day of thy triumph, when firmly and bold
 Thou shalt mount on the wings of an eagle on high
 To the region of Knowledge and blest Liberty,
 All this the proud Sophist a vision may deem,
 Still, still let me woo to my bosom the dream ;
 For 'tis of my country, the land of my sires,
 What dream is not welcome, what hope not inspires,

Gardens and Gardening.

How many of our readers possess that luxury of the rich and that paradise of the poor, a garden. How many of them are accustomed to whirl into their suburban pleasure grounds of a bright summer evening as the sun recedes into the horizon and the dust of Calcutta rises *en masse* to bid good bye to the retiring luminary. How many go there to wander about in vacant listlessness or at best admire the beauty of the clouds. We will not from sheer charity mention the other uses which are made of a garden by the young and the thoughtless. Suffice it to say that our countrymen as a body idolise gardens, though they as collectively do not understand what a garden means, what are the

requisites to good gardening, wherein lies the enjoyment of a garden, why a garden is a luxury and how it can be converted into a paradise. And yet if we read history and our ancient literature aright there is nothing in our constitution or our antecedents that disqualifies us for tasteful or successful gardening. The garden of Indra has employed the enthusiastic poetry of the best Sankrit writers and there is not an epic or a drama in the language in which a garden or the wilderness does not occupy an important scene. Sacontala is discovered by Raja Dúswanta whilst watering her flower plants. Rutnavali encounters the King of Oojein for the first time in a garden. Charoo Dutta proceeds to marry Vusantsena in a garden. Sita is imprisoned by Ravana in a forest, and the loves of Krishna and Radhica are judiciously placed in the groves of Brindabun. Thus the most beautiful poetry of our country wanders amidst gorgeous natural scenery impressing every plant and every flower with the sanctity of the sublimest thought and the chastest imagination. The local peculiarities of our position, the fertility of the Indian soil and the variety of its vegetable products render gardening a pleasure and not a task. It is a task no where, yet it is attended with labor and difficulty in climes where the hand of nature is not so bountiful as in our own. Fancy the English gardener rearing the most ordinary fruits and vegetables in hot houses and under hand glasses. For every shovel of soil the market

gardener of London is compelled to buy an almost equal quantity of manure, cart it and and dig it in. In Bengal manures are accounted generally as heterodox, the virgin soil being looked to exclusively for every agricultural *sine qua non*. And as to digging and draining the Bengallee plough merely scratches the earth with the aid of a pair of half-fed bullocks impressed from the nearest pasture, and a few shallow indentures suffice to carry off as much water as materially incommodes the growth of crops. If an English treatise on gardening were put into the hands of a native mallee and minutely explained to him, the odds are he will laugh in your very face and entertain grave doubts as to your sanity. His forefathers never had even the most distant knowledge of the systems of Loudon, or Abercrombie, of Paxton or of Price, and yet they grew as good drumhead cabbages as ever graced a horticultural show. The argument is unanswerable, at least to the mind of the rustic Whately, and he struts away like jesting Pilate without waiting for your reply. Herein lies the great first cause why our style of gardening has remained stereotyped since the days of that standing chronological referee the oldest inhabitant. You cannot get over the bugbear prescription. Your own servants defy you. If you want to make any improvements sure enough a cocoanut tree stands in your way and you are authoritatively told by every man, woman and child who gets the faintest inkling into your intentions that the destruction of one

such tree brings down upon your head as much sin as the murder of half a dozen brahmins! Of course you get terribly frightened, more especially as the text is fearfully illustrated by the histories of men who had lost all their children within three days of having committed such a sacrilegious act and you abandon your plan with more haste than you adopted it. The cocoanut tree flourishes through the very roof of your sitting room and you dare not harm one fibre of its stalwart body. The same obstructiveness defeats you every where till you are content to let things take their own course. This means every barbarism in taste and science—groups of overgrown fruit-trees which bear no fruits, flower plants on which the centipede weaves its interminable net, greens and vegetables which even cattle will not touch, thorns and brambles, long grass and no end of rubbish. The garden becomes an eye sore and a deformity. Instead of affording a rich sensual and intellectual treat it pains and oppresses, disgusts and outrages the eye of taste. All our previous ideas of rural beauty are roughly upset. The landscape is one mass of incongruity. Your first impulse is to snatch up an axe and enact the grand leveller. But your tormentor the orthodox gardener is close at your heels to thwart and bully you out of your generous purpose. You must combat a huge mass of inertia in order to succeed. No dependance can be placed upon the Mallee. With him every thing has a to-morrow inconveniently tacked to it. Why has

not the soil been dug up? Waiting for the rains is the glib reply. Why have not the walks and the borders been kept clean and free from straggling vegetation? Waiting for the cold weather! Why is that rose bush run over with spider's webs? You cannot wage war against spiders certainly! Every neglect has its reason the value of which if you attempted to sift you will probably have to do your gardening yourself. Again every native mallee is not only a fool but a thief. The audacity of the class surpasses every known type of thieving. Your implements and your furnitures disappear within a week from the date of their being supplied—and as to seeds, they never germinate—at least in your garden. You may have paid eight repees for a packet warranted fresh. The Sahibs are the greatest cheats in the world! Of course your mallee is a saint! The incidents of Suburban gardening would indeed fill a volume. The annoyance and vexation are really insupportable. We have attempted to give only a shadowy sketch of the most important drawbacks to amateur horticulture. We have purposely omitted the word floriculture. For that is altogether a myth in and about Calcutta. All the floriculture which the native mallee understands is represented by the Marigold, which grows wild in Bengal, and a few of the country species. Beyond them nothing will germinate except on the grounds of the nursery gardeners who live by their labor and do not therefore fail. But in a Baboo's garden

where the wages come regularly and the Bungalow is cool and the cocoanuts are abundant, what can be more agreeable than the hubble bubble and sleep! We could in very desperation of wrath wish the whole race of mallies to be proscribed, put out of the pail of law; something like the way in which Mr. Beadon proposes to deal with the Indigo ryots, so that full latitude may remain to us of fining and flogging and killing too—if need were for the sake of an example—in order to radically alter our system of gardening and make a clean sweep of the present abuses. Until such a course is open to us we fear no amount of essay writing will better our condition and drive away ugliness from our parteres and our pleasure grounds. We ought certainly however to try the effect of combination and decision before we finally give up all for lost. Paradise may yet be regained by storm!

The white Act Miscalled black.

ANGLO Indian energy is needlessly exhausting itself in crack petitions and rancorous leading articles. We are sorry for this wastage because the steam would have been serviceable elsewhere. It would have been serviceable if directed to the

growth of cotton or the reform of the Indigo system. It would have been serviceable even if let into the Debating club of the Dalhousie Institute. As it is, coal poker and stoker are lamentably abused producing mischief or manufacturing ridicule. Truly has it been said that real nobility courts that which sends the parvenu to an "eadache." Real nobility shrinks only from what is substantively base and inconsistent with good taste. Parvenu falls down in a swoon at every shaddow of disrespectability. A guilty alarm overspreads the face of the vulgar man when his feathers are even remotely threatened. Real nobility thinks nothing of walking the streets for business or for exercise. Parvenu cannot step into the next house without the help of a flaunting equipage and gorgeous footmen. Real nobility is satisfied with a grey coat and a plain hat. Parvenu must be embedded in silks and brocade and jiggered out in all the latest imports of lace and ribbon. Real nobility is dumb on the subject of his ancestor though he may be a Suffolk or a Leicester. Parvenu omits no opportunity of parading all the stars of the Peerage on his genealogical tree and impressing every Dane and Norseman of note from the time of king Alfred downwards for the good of his pedigree. We have been led to these sage reflections by a perusal of the curious effusions of leading Journalists and their constant readers on the subject of the so-called black Act. One little man who has a press at his command and is therefore in a

position to publish every outrageous conceit that troubles him, in an oracular way mounts his high stool and indulges in a vehement rhapsody on the immaculacy of Magna Charta, the divine right of conquerors, Saxon blood and Norman blood, as contradistinguished from heathen blood, and a great deal other of what sensible men term nonisense but which takes precedence of the gospel amongst the magnates of Cossitollah and Tank Square. The cry is taken up by another great leader of Public Opinion who is if possible a more thorough professor of Magna Charta, a purer Saxon cum Norman, with whom the divine right of conquerors is an intuition and who over and above all these and numerous other excellences is an infallible authority on the subject of Hindoo morality—who has studied every native from the Mountains to the Cape, inspected every Cutcherry in Bengal, Behar and Orissa and made the important discovery that a Bengallee is a bundle of all the sins denounced in the ten commandments. He would probably have suggested (if blasphemy were not involved in the elimination) that the ten commandments should in this age of short words be abbreviated into "Thou shalt not be a Bengallee!" Certainly if the D——I had sat on the shoulders of one of our amiable critics the commandments would have taken some such form to the no small relief of Magna Charta and Indigo. But as matters actually stand both incur imminent risk at the hands of true Christianity and real

English liberty. We decidedly have passed that stage at which class legislation is tolerable. The interests involved in an equal and impartial distribution of justice are gigantic and the Imperial Government cannot consistently with its position and its policy neglect them. At the head of that Government are men who may be said to have identified themselves with principles which tend towards the millenium. They are statesmen and men of rank who cannot stoop to become the tools of a clique. The dictum has gone forth that what is good for England must be good also for India. On that strong basis the whole fabric of Indian Government is being re-built and consolidated. England is the great model at which India is now working. Our taxes have become English, our offices are becoming English, our laws are English, our courts will ere long be English. They are already so in their principle. How foolish then is the prayer that the thoroughly English doctrine of the equality of every subject before the law might be abandoned to humour a prejudice and uphold Vanity Fair ! For if closely weighed and tested it will be discovered that the cry of the Black Act is an essentially parvenue cry raised in defence of the feathers ! It is one of Mrs. Turnbull's "*eadache*" manifestations, to be put down only by an uncompromising exercise of decision and sound sense. No henpecked composition will meet the case. It will only aggravate the "*eadache*" and extend it to all the other parts of the system. And what is the

Black Act over which our non-official European friends are skirmishing? If it had been the old Act which proposed to give them over bodily into the hands of the boy magistracy there might have been some ground of discontent in the manifest danger to life and limb involved in the conveyance. However much we could have wished to stand upon an equal ground with the Anglo Saxon in the relationships of criminal life, we would have still respected the endeavour to avoid a jurisdiction which adopted strange contrivances for determining truth, which ignored the value of evidence and trusted to a raffle, decided suits after a snooze and adjudged decrees and dismissals on alternate cases on the file without the inconvenience of having to listen to them. We would have even justified the attempt to repel such a jurisdiction until matters altered and justice ceased to be a lottery. But what is the substance of the present complaint? What is the gravamen of the charge which our slippery fine gentlemen have urged against the Legislative Council in general and Sir Bartle Frere in particular? What is the *very* Black Act in regard to which our white cousins are getting so black in the face? A stranger would pronounce it a simple case of beggars upon horse back! It is assuredly no other. Our wild friends have been made so much of as the developers of the resources of India, the saviours of the empire and the pioneers of civilization that they have actually worked themselves up to the belief that they should be the bramins

of creation recognizing a higher law and endowed with privileges which no profane Judge or jurist might heedlessly approach. By the law as it stands they cannot be tried for a Criminal offence by the officer who tries a black native. By the law as it will stand they must not be even committed by a justice of the Peace! The fear is that by some freak of fortune a black native might be pitchforked into that honorable office. The last is decidedly a condition of Magna Charta run mad. There is no present prospect of many natives rising to the dignity of justices of the Peace. But it is apprehended the Government might in some generous fit let in a host of them and then magna charta will be tried and committed by a heather! Oh the torture of the thought! Death itself were a bliss compared to such a fearful degradation. Henry Jones the son of a ploughman in Surrey and the nephew of the boots of a conspicuous hotel in the old country, who has murdered deliberately Buxoo Syce must not be even committed for trial in the Supreme Court where he is sure to find an active sympathy and a ready acquittal, by a descendant of a Rajah whose poverty has driven to a thankless Deputy Magistracy. No the higher blood rebels against such a sacrilege and the Imperial Government whose principal support is the Land Revenue must insult the population at large by making a pariah distinction in its legislation. An honorable man must feel indignant at a cry in which a low prejudice and an excessive vanity are predominant,

which takes ground upon no real grievance but is meant only to convey an insult to the entire class of educated natives. No danger to life or limb is menaced by the harmless power of committal. The Supreme Court watches with a jealous eye the privileges and the comforts of even the European malefactor. Yet Anglo Saxon dignity is compromised by the law's refusal to qualify a justice of the Peace by a caste prefix! A justice of the Peace is undoubtedly a justice of the Peace whether he wears tight breeches or a flowing pyjamah. Whether he delights in a smooth fair skin or is coated in deep black. Whether he sports a long beard or is a devoted friend of the barber. The externals of a man hardly compensate for the want of a mind within and we are sorry that a community distinguished by great good sense in matters involving the daily concerns of life should so far forget their real interest as to stick out for color and pedigree in the Judicial hierarchy in supercession of worth and intellect. If a native should be so extraordinarily gifted as to make a first rate Judge why should not his talents be made use of just as well as if he was a European. He will assuredly bring a keener head and a more careful hand to his work. Witness the amount of civil suits disposed of by native Moonsiffs and Sudder Ameens. Their decisions are generally confirmed on appeal and the proportion reversed is so slight that it cannot logically be said to furnish any data for complaint or dissatisfaction. It is a false ob-

jection that a native justice of the Peace will from the instincts of his caste endamage wilfully the case of a European suitor. They that urge the objection are wilfully blind to one important fact. The native dreads a rebuke from superior authority much more than loss of appointment. He knows the insecurity of his position. He feels that he must work up his way to public confidence. He is not a heaven-born—nor is he the half brother or cousin of a heaven-born. His laches will meet with scant excuse, and he is therefore compelled to tread his ground cautiously and with baited breath. He knows further that a violent and sensitive Press will pounce upon him the moment he wronged a European by even a mistake of the judgement. All his eyes are open lest he should make such a mistake and the smallest items of evidence are carefully analysed before a judicial opinion is framed and put upon record. From such a state the European has more benefit to expect than evil to apprehend. He can calculate upon more than an impartial investigation, for excessive caution not to err often leads to much error on the safe side. Even if the error were all the other way, is not the Argis of the Supreme Court always at the service of our white friend to extricate him from every difficulty? And when the Judge dons the black cap and pronounces in solemn measure and with tearful eyes the extreme sentence of the law, is not Anglo Saxonia ready with a memorial numerously signed to cheat the gallows of its prize and return

a scoundrel to society ? What then is the meaning of the Black Act cry ? Justice is already at the wall. Why crucify her with worse than Jewish spite !

The God-daughter.

BY GEORGE SAND,

Translated from the French.

PART I.

MEMOIRS OF STEPHEN.

I was only sixteen years old when I was received as a Bachelor at Bourges. The students in our rural schools and academies are not of a very superior order. I was not reckoned at least as an eagle of the Lyceum.

Happily for myself, I was as modest, as a scholar could be, who was accustomed to the annual triumph of receiving the first prize, and a violent misfortune preserved me from the intoxication of vanity.

I had zealously endeavored to make myself agree-

able to my mother, when I returned to her. She told me, weeping on the day of our parting, "the better you learn, the sooner you would return to me." During every vacation, she repeated to me this promise. My exertions to acquire learning were every year double those of my fellow students. None of them had surely a mother like mine.

I was really very passionately fond of her. When on the eve of passing my last examination, I conceived of the joy it would give my mother to see me return to her arms, I felt myself so mightily clever, that if I had been examined on a new subject of study, I could have, as if inspired by Heaven, thoroughly acquitted myself on all the questions that might have been put to me.

After I had received my diploma, I went to take leave of the patron of my College, when I was thunderstruck with the news I received of my parents. A letter with a black seal was placed in my hands. It came from my father. "My poor boy", said he, "I did not wish to announce to you this fatal news before the close of your examination. Whatever may have been the result thereof, it is necessary that you should now be informed that your mother is seriously ill and that the only hope now left us, is that you may arrive in time to embrace her."

I understood that my mother was dead and I thought that with her, died suddenly a moiety of my ownself.

I returned home and the only signs I saw of my mother were some long black tufts of hair, which she had caused to be cropped from her head an hour before she died.

I had just reached the age to which she had attained in bringing me into the world, *viz*, sixteen years! She died of the Cholera at the very prime of her life in the full splendor of her beauty. I found my father more overwhelmed with grief than myself. His sorrow was of a melancholy and dull nature;—but it could not have been durable.

My father was a man of a very healthy constitution, great physical activity and real intelligence, but who moved in the narrow circle of domestic occupations. He was a real country gentleman, the richest man of his village. He possessed an income of six thousand livres sterling. The care and preservation of his landed property was the only occupation of his life, at the commencement of his widowerhood, it appeared both to him and myself, that he could take no interest in any thing in this world. Gradually, he was content to resume his occupations from an anxiety for myself. He continued in them afterwards from a necessity of acting and living.

I shall rapidly glance over these sad details. It will suffice to say what every body in our province knows to be a fact. A certain class of rich farmers had at this time formed a new caste. These newly rich men, had with great difficulty patched up together the shreds of some thin heritages which

altogether made a property which satisfied or flattered their ambition. Every thing is relative. A person who by marriage, obtained a farm worth forty thousand franks, considered himself as rich when he trebled or quadrupled this property. His fortune was then made and his estate was consolidated in his imagination, but the idea of again seeing it divided into several parts, was inadmissible and revolting. He swore to leave but one heir and he kept his word.

In those days, close to the lawful spouse for whom generally, people felt the same affection and regard as for one's ownself, used to be located on the other side of the street or thoroughfare, the poor country woman whose numerous children owed simply protection and support without being able to pretend to any right to a share in the property that might be left by the protector. This country woman was usually married, the posterity was considered legitimate and knew a sort of relative ease and competency. It obtained a public notoriety but did not disturb the established order of society. Country gentlemen carry the spirit of calculation even in their love affairs.

At the time when I came into the world, there was also, as a cause of this moral trouble in the marriages in the country, a sensible difference in the education of the sexes. The vanity of the peasant, recently become a gentleman and hardly able to read, was to marry into a poorer family it is true, but nobler and counting some sheriff or city Judge

amongst its progenitors. My father had brought in marriage, a fortune in the country worth two hundred thousand francs; my mother, a liberal education, more elegant habits and a name more anciently admitted into the ranks of the gentry. She was called Rivesanges; my father who was called Guerin, joined the two names as it was still the usage amongst us on those occasions.

But it is not so much the name as the soil which is the beau idéal of the country-gentleman. Of small import to him, is the sex of his heir. In that respect, he differs from the ancient nobleman, who was attached to his lands on account of the name and the title. The enriched cultivator loves naturally the soil for the soils' sake. Provided that the property, which he has succeeded in constituting, subsists and survives its founder, in an undivided and entire state, he would be content. The nobleman has submitted to the law which has abolished the right of primogeniture. The country gentleman protests in his own particular way.—He reduces his family even at the risk of seeing it extinguished.

There was no danger therefore of my father still so young remarrying. My fate was worse. The peasant woman, came to act as his house keeper, occupied his house and took charge of all his affairs.

I was too young and my mother had inspired me with too great a filial respect to enable me to preserve my father from this new-born tyranny

The only way in which I protested was by putting on a sad appearance. This displeased my father. At the end of a year, he sent for me and said. "You are getting tired of me. You have received the education of a city gentleman. Hence you have lost all liking for the country. You will return to it, when I shall be no more. But in the mean time, it is necessary that you should enter some profession which might make the knowledge which you have acquired, at the College useful to you. Would you like to be a Lawyer or a Doctor? You must not think of being either a notary or a divine. To be able to pay for your studies, it will be necessary to sell some of my lands and I have not united together four pretty manors in order to divide them into pieces. Now let me hear your wishes in this subject."

I timidly asked my father if he wished me to be a Lawyer or a Doctor. I myself had not thought of any particular profession, but my mother had taught me obedience. For her I would have labored for love,—for him, I would have labored from a consideration of duty. My father was embarrassed at my question. "I would like", said he, "very much to see you a Lawyer, or a Doctor or any other thing that may bring you money."

"Is it necessary", answered I, "that I should acquire money for you?"

"For me?" exclaimed he, smiling. "No, my boy, I thank you; earn for yourself. You can reckon upon a yearly allowance of twelve hundred

livres sterling, which I am going to settle upon you. It is a trifle at Paris, as they say; it is a great deal for myself. Acquire as much wealth, as would make you richer than myself; that is what I advise you to do."

"How much time would you give me to earn as much money as would enable me to spare you this sacrifice?" "As much time, as you would like", answered he. "I owe you a pension, my fortune permits me and my position commands me to settle it upon you; but do not think of asking any thing else of me until you are disposed to marry."

After having spoken to me as above, my father gave me one hundred francs for my first month's expences, thirty francs for my travelling charges, a gown and a portmanteau full of linen. I saw that he was impatient to see me depart. I left in the same evening, carrying with me my mother's hair, some books which she loved and some violets gathered from her tomb.

I give a rapid sketch of the first years of my life. I hope to do so without laying myself open to the charge of giving vent to any feelings of pride, bitterness of temper, sorrow or melancholy. I wish to arrive at the recital of a phase in my existence which I have need of recapitalating to myself, but it is also necessary that I should state distinctly the circumstances and the impressions which have led me to it.

I have been often reproached with having a faulty character. This is an estimate of my char-

acter which I can never acknowledge as correct since I do not perceive it myself, as I act in all things within the circle of my legitimate liberty and not only according to my rights, but also in obedience to the dictates of duty.

Not knowing any person at Paris, before meeting some of my College companions, I had no temptation to live there in a more brilliant style than my resources permitted. The very first day that I set foot on the metropolis, I found that the hotel, which was filled with students, was too noisy a place for the melancholy in which I was still plunged and which the farewell words of my father had not at all helped to despel. I hired an attic in the neighbourhood of Luxembourg and in a quiet house. I bought on credit an iron bedstead, a table and two chairs. For a long time my portmanteau served me both for a commode and a Library. Having gradually repaid my former debts, I was able to furnish myself a little better and was materially accommodated as much as possible according to my tastes. My mother had given me tastes of a nature rather above my condition and the habits of my equals. My father had predicted that this would lead me to contract debts that would ultimately ruin me. He was deceived. The fact is, if a man who takes great care for his personal comforts, is more difficult of being pleased with them than he who is satisfied with any thing that first comes in his way, he nevertheless derives a secret pleasure even from the very thought of his

privations which preserve him from the turbulent cares without. This was exactly my case. When I found myself within my walls which were decorated with fresh paper, and capable of commanding a view of the trees of Luxembourg through my glass windows, it seemed as if I could pass all the days of my life in this attic in which I actually confined myself so long as I sojourned at Paris.

I furnished my chamber according to my taste. A few flower trees beneath my windows, which were allowed to be slightly inclined towards the roof, some previous relics in a box of a peculiar workmanship from my mother's hands, an old shawl, which she had formerly presented to me to make a table cover and which for fear lest it should be spoiled, I had carefully kept aside with my other valuables, her poor small piano, which my father had consented to send to me, a quilt which she had herself prepared for me, all these were luxuries to me which I considered to possess inestimable charm and value.

My former College friends came to see me. They found me quiet and obliging, but rather of a melancholy and mysterious temperament, because I did not confide to them the adventures which I never encountered in life. Altogether they considered me rather odd than entertaining. I somewhat regretted having ever opened to them my door and one day felt a real horror, when having made an effort to appear to them less unsocial than before and to inspire them with a greater sense of

freedom, I saw them place their lighted cigars on my mother's shawl and open her piano in order to play a tune of some country dances. I was afraid, lest I should commit an outrage upon filial piety. I became restless and agitated. At one time I made a narrow escape from being considered as a miser, because I refused to lend a book, which belonged to her. One of them, named Edmund Roque, who became an intimate friend of mine afterwards guessed at my real character.

As soon as our turbulent companions had left us, "this Society will not agree with you", said he. You are not a child, my poor Stephen, I am not sure even, whether you may be still called young. Perhaps you will be wise as you grow old. For the present it is proper that you enjoy some solitude with a friend or two. Choose them with prudence and learn the secret how to preserve your own quiet from the idleness of others, a secret with which I am perfectly familiar."

He took a turn in my chamber and finding upon the partition which was erected towards the landing place, a thin piece of hard work, he said. "To-morrow you will send for a carpenter, should you not yourself be competent to manage the work. A hole not larger than that of a quill, could be easily bored. Through it you will see who strikes or knocks at the door and you will counterfeet a dead man to those who are not your friends. There is nothing of wickedness or malignity in such a proceeding. All the future prospect of a

man depend very much upon a circumstance or a precaution of that nature."

"And the whole character of a man", answered I, "is revealed in such a foresight. I feel myself incapable of following your advice."

Edmund Roque possessed a firm and resolute heart. He knew not what susceptibility or sentiment was and did not therefore seriously pique himself on that score.

"I understand you", said he, "you know, I am not an egotist and I know that you are sincere. But you reproach me with not having sufficiently an obliging spirit, whilst I shall reproach you in turn with having an excess of such a spirit. I would perhaps have been jealous of you, had I not known that you excel by intelligence and I by a firmness of character. You labored for the love of some body. Your mother! I know it. For myself, I labored. You are going to say for—myself? No! for the love of science. To learn for the sake of learning, is a sufficiently sweet enjoyment, which has no need of any strange or accessory excitement. We are both impelled by our respective motives; I know what I aim at, but that which you aim at, you know not."

"It is all true as to myself, my dear Edmund, but speak to me of yourself only. What is the end which you pursue? Glory or fortune?"

"Neither the one nor the other. Science, I tell you, I have learnt sufficiently up to this day to know that I know nothing. Well, I wish to know

before dying every thing that a man can learn. Our companions do not require so much as that. All of them wish to know at first where pleasure can be found. Afterwards some of them would perhaps wish to penetrate the learned depths of chicanery or familiarize themselves to the hollow and bombastic phrases of the bar or perhaps range in the extensive field of medical conjectures. I am not content with so small a knowledge nor are you I hope. Like you, I expect to inherit some fortune. Like you, I have parents, who do not impose upon me the choice of a profession; like you I possess simple tastes and habits of rustic frugality which permit me to live upon the little which is allowed to me. Both of us appreciate the pleasures of study; both of us can be content with those pleasures only. I am resolved to be so already. It remains for you to surmount those vulgar obstacles which would otherwise make you lose the only valuable thing in this world, time! the hours of this life, which unfortunately for the studious and inquisitive mind, have not been doubled. It is for you especially to find in such a mind all your force and consolation, for I see you inwardly distrust and incapable of finding in bustle and disorder the stupid resources of vulgar intoxication. Now take courage, shut your door, make a hole in your wall, harden your heart, not against that natural desire which all good men feel to assist a fellow creature but against that unworthy condescension which soon degenerates into weakness and

deceit." Edmund Roque reasoned very well according to his own view of the subject but he did not see clearly into my thoughts. I myself saw through a cloud only. He came from the South and had grown under a sun whose light reflects strongly and rather roughly every object that it lights upon. I, on the other hand, belonged to a country in which the fogs of autumn are deep, where the winds blow with violence, where the temperature which is inconstant and capricious, makes man very irresolute, less grave in reality than in appearance, willingly indolent and even tired of living before having actually lived.

Overcome by his exhortation, I drilled a hole into my partition. My project turned against myself. It so happened that I did not find a single man, who had not a right to the sacrifice of my time and labor. Without this accursed point of observation, I might have done better perhaps, but from the day that I had the misfortune of setting myself up for an observer, I thought it a reproach to my character to counterfeet the deaf, and the consequence was that the most unfortunacate, the most indolent and the least congenial to myself in spirit were precisely the men whose company I patiently bore, lest I should be considered as selfish and unsocial since I had learned the means of being so.

Fortunately for myself, I was not at this time sufficiently rich to warrant any person's asking any great services from me. The badge of mourning

which I still bore in my hat, allowed me to observe what portion thereof, I should carry in my heart. My College companions had given themselves up to intoxication during the first year of their sojourn in Paris. I had therefore more quiet than my fatal easiness of disposition would have otherwise allowed me to expect, and I could therefore follow the counsels of Roque by giving myself up to study, if not with ardor, at least with assiduity.

The Civil Finance Commission.

*
MOOKERJEE'S MAGAZINE has already become a power! It is acknowledged to be an *enfante terrible*! It is one of the constant regrets of journalism that the authorities whom the press denounces are so thick-skinned as to be unmoved by the animadversions. We at least are above that complaint! The child is father to the man, and even at this early stage of our existence the community have felt that an infant Hercules of the fourth estate has been born on the 20th February, 1861. At least the Civil Finance Commission have felt our blow! Not a little surely is our credit. Archemedes is less remembered for the scientific defence of Syracuse than for the vaunt that if he could get into another

world pretty near our planet be would move the earth. That other world did not come to his assistance and the miracle remains unaccomplished. But the very vaunt has immortalized its author.

We have performed a feat more arduous than that which Archemedes announced was only possible, and what is more, performed it without a vaunt! Nay, not without a vaunt only, but without a warning too! We have come suddenly upon the world! The thousands whom the Doctors ignorantly suppose to be carried off by the cholera and other diseases at this moment are really dying with surprize at our achievement! for not less is it than moving a body heavier in dulness and incompetency than what Archemedes spoke of operating upon! In fact we have moved the Civil Finance Commission, Mr. Hugh D. Sandeman alone of whom would weigh, anatomy and intellect, (the latter of which possesses all the attributes of matter,) above a ton!

We have moved the Commission by the lever of a single article, (evil-doers, beware!) Hitherto their sensibility seemed impervious to the shots from the small arms of the daily and weekly press. The bull did not feel the gnat. But the case became quite different when *we* were roused to demolish the sham upon whom the arrows of the press had fallen effectless. The volleys from the hundred pounder of the MAGAZINE are not quite the things to be "digested," as a Bengalee would say, even by an Indian Finance Commission. And so the event proved. Our article in the last number des-

troyed all the complasancy with which they had fortified themselves. They could not leave it unanswered. Their vindication has been published in the shape of a couple of articles in the *Times* of the vernacular press. Apparent is their meanness in publishing it at all if they could not get it published in the English. But necessity has no law. Repulsed by the draggers drawn attitude of the English papers, they were obliged to fall upon the generosity of the nigger. That hospitable gentleman chivalrously extended his protection to the suppliant foreigner. Under these circumstances, in pity for the Commission we suggest to them the consolation of reflecting that as the attack proceeded from a native quarter so may the defence, without greatly militating against rhyme or reason, be entrusted to, for want of a better, a native pleader. The Commission are not so highly placed in the good opinion of the public as to be at all injured by the indifferent logic implied in the difference of the tongue in which the defence is made from that in which the attack was worded.

We have not the slightest doubt whatever that the two articles to which we have alluded above are written under the direct inspiration of the Commission, if they are not a faithful translation of a paper written by some one of them. The Bengalee writer speaks with the fullest authority. Witness, for example, the tone of the following. "We have summarized almost whatever has been effected by the Civil Finance Commission since they

were entrusted with the reduction of expenditure." Be it remembered that as yet the local English papers have only diffidently published a few stray and occasional bits of information. The confidence of the vernacular paper would scarcely be expected of a semi-official organ, and we believe that that confidence is in the present case very well grounded.

If, however, the defence is all the Commission could put forth, their case is quite hopeless indeed, and justifies all we have urged against them. The Commission think that a saving is feasible in Punkahs of 5 lacs, in Stationary 3, in Contingents (Bengal Presidency) from 10 to 15, in the Education Department (Bengal) Rs. 50,000, in the Marine 20 lacs, in the Pegu and Martaban Police 3, and in the whole of the other items between 4 and 5. That is to say, if all the reductions of the Commission are sanctioned all in all by the Government, (not the most probable of probabilities!) the saving to the state will nearly reach the sum of 50 fifty lacs of rupees. But Commissioners are notoriously and necessarily sanguine animals. Therefore from their statement deduct at least 50 percent for "too-favorableness" and superfluity of coloring. The sum is reduced to nearly 36 thirty six lacs. Then at most half the propositions of the Commission have any prospect of being accepted by the Government. The real reduction promises to dwindle to something between 20 to 25 lacs. Magnificent saving in a proverbially extravagant Government and at a time when governing threat-

ens to become impossible for want of funds !

The truth is, the *personel* of the Commission has not be selected from among men who have any reputation for statesmanlike ideas. The recommendations of the Commission, whatever other merit they may possess, completely lack breadth of view. Civil expenditure can be reduced, without sacrisfing efficiency, to at least a point where a saving of upwards of one crore and fifty lacs, but the way to attain that end to was raise an undignified row with peons and punkah coolies, but by abolishing fat sinecures, of which there are plenty in India, reducing the many notoriously everpaid salaries' and, chiefly by filling some of the now reserved appointments with chief European and native talent. We repeat, statesmanship alone can bring the Exchequer to a state of solvency—not such an order of mind as Mr. Hugh Sandeman glories in. Men like Mr. Sandeman may be very good clerks or even heads of minor offices, but they should never sit on a Commission with such a task as has been allotted to the Civil Finance Commission.

The rhetoric of the defence in the Bengalee newspaper is hapily illustrated by what we suspect is meant for a moderate hyperbole which describes the Commission as being the means of saving India. Saving indeed by a reduction of less than 25 or even nearly 50 lacs ! We however leave the case to Sir John Lawrence, who will doubtless not allow the Commission of his hard acquired title. The reasoning of the defence is condensed in a favorite

anecdote of Mr. Sandeman's of a very extraordinary personage who practically respected the proverb "take care of your pence and the pounds will take care of themselves." The Commission are quite mistaken if they think that we find fault with them principally for their interference in small matter. Their reduction in the staff of office chupprassies is legitimate. Their discouragement of punkahs instead of resulting in a saving is really expensive. And in their anxiety to take care only of pence they have wholly left the poor pounds to take what care they can of themselves !

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ability and of their powers to contribute to the innocent fun of the public.

The subjects treated of in the numbers before us are all we could desire. Had not much delay already occurred in the publication of our present number, we would have noticed some of the articles and illustrated our remarks by copious extracts. We must say that our readers have lost a treat. In order to stimulate their desire to get a sight of the "Literary Friend" we cannot so much as afford to give the heads of the articles.

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MOOKERJEE'S MAGAZINE.

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Raja Radhakanta and his ancestors.

A Rapid Sketch of the Life of Raja Radhakanta Deba Bahadur, with some Notices of his Ancestors, and Testimonials of his Character and Learning, by the Editors of the Raja's Sabdakalpadruma, Calcutta : 1859.

[Concluded]

WE now come to the memorable trial of Raja Radhakanta in the year 1848. The late Vaikunth'-natha Munshi, of Taki and Cossipore, was one of the many men in Bengal for whom none of the laws, civil or criminal, had any force, except as a tool of mischief in their hands. For him Cornwallis left no Regulations, the Supreme Council passed no laws; for him, to use Mr. Lantor's expressive words, there was no Magistrate on earth nor God in Heaven. He was by no means one of the great Zemindars of Lower Bengal, but he was certainly the most powerful and the most feared. The

estates he inherited from his father were not considerable. But by a system of violent dispossession he increased them to an incredible extent. The courts far from giving the dispossessed any relief readily backed the robber. The Zemindars of Bengal have heaped upon them the accusation of systematically breaking the peace. But those who know the country sufficiently well know that it is the new race of Zemindars, the mohurors of yesterday and the Zemindars of today, who have disgraced the class to which they have risen. These men whose property is due in some degree to their masters' benevolence and in a great measure to their abuse of their masters' confidence, giddy with their new elevation and restless under their still subsisting inferiority to the ancient Houses have rendered the country too hot for habitation, have pursued a policy of sweeping "annexation" in which neither age nor sex nor condition received the least consideration, have tried to lord it over their natural and traditional though indolent superiors because they were jealous of the people's appreciation of their nobility which themselves could not imitate and in short established a reign of terror wherever their influence extended and a reign of anarchy wherever it was opposed, because they could not attain the "willing obedience of a contented

people" in which those whom they envied reposed. Vaikunth'anatha was perhaps the most formidable member of this parvenu class. None of this class could be despised for his reach of villany, his invention and his resources. But *he* was the Robespierre of the Reign of Terror which usurped the country and not many years ago obliged Queen Victoria's laws to abdicate their claims and retire to the strongholds of the Presidency towns.

Vaikunth'anatha held a Talook upon a putni tenure of the Raja. It was Vaikunth'anatha's wont frequently to become defaulter whenever he owed rent to private individuals and he hoped to avert the public sale by sheer intimidation. The Raja however was not to be so bullied. Finding simple remonstrances unavailing, he caused a public sale of the grant in satisfaction of his demand. Henceforward Vaikunth'anatha became his sworn enemy and applied a brain fertile in all wicked inventions to devising means for harassing him. He set himself to his task with a chuckle. He had ruined thousands of little men guilty of no other crime than that of having under the influence of evil stars fallen under his displeasure, but the dull eternal work ceased to possess any novelty or excitement for him. How he must have jumped at the opportunity of at last meeting with a victim worthy of his utmost powers! He

annoyed the Raja in all his possessions, but the greatest annoyance that he put him to was at his door and in the heart of the Metropolis. The plan and its execution were unexampled even in the annals of Indian audacity. The inhabitants of Calcutta have a significant mode of expressing their sense of appreciation of, and gratitude to, the administration of justice within the Ditch. Parodying Curran's splendid tribute to the British soil they boast that however Zemindar or planter may oppress in the Moffusil and exercise functions belonging to Royalty, the oppressor comes to the Metropolis of necessity a good citizen, he leaves his habits behind him, he becomes amenable to the law, his turbulency becomes tamed, he becomes powerless for mischief; and that no matter in what obscure or lawless Zillah one may have been born—no matter in what war between Zemindar and planter or war between rival Zemindars he may have fallen prisoner—no matter how poor he may be—no matter by the necessities of what ancestor he may have been born a serf to planter or mahajun—no matter for what necessities or faults or ignorance of his own his liberties may have been sold—no matter by what robber or worse than robber, by what planter or Zemindar his life may have been threatened—as soon as he sets foot on *their* ground that moment is he redeemed, regener-

ated and disenthralled—his fetters fall and his terrors disappear.

The jurisdiction of the three Supreme Courts is in fact the Canaan of India. The Genius of Universal Emancipation reigns in the three Presidency towns. Vaikunth'natha, with his daring, his ingenuity, his very courtship to danger in order that he might enjoy the pleasure of surmounting it, was overjoyed to be presented with an opportunity to falsify the boast and humble the pride of Calcutta and prove that the man who generally kept himself above the Regulations did not entertain much respect for the Bedlingtonian Code of Calcutta at the same time that he satisfied his smaller revenge against Raja Radhakanta. But not much smaller that, to be sure! The head of the native Community of Calcutta, its most honored and beloved member, and the representative of Raja Navakrishna, none of his fellow citizens approached Raja Radhakanta in social or political importance—scarcely any one in very wealth. Any attack on his Rajaship in his city in the midst of his devoted family, friends, relatives, fellow citizens and, meaning no disrespect to our Sovereign Lady, subjects,—with the “unbought grace of life” with which he has been so profusely blessed at his service,—would be an attack upon the entire Metropolis, an insult to it, a defiance to

its Government, in a word a rebellion. Yet—would it be believed that?—this was precisely the thing which Vaikunth'natha planned and executed, nay executed with success.

Not the least of the causes of Raja Navakrishna's sudden elevation to, not to say usurpation of, the social throne of Calcutta was certainly his acquisition of territorial influence over his fellow citizens. He was the owner of Chuttanutty, the feudal lord of the greater part of the Black Town. To this position Raja Radhakanta has succeeded. Though the proximity of his metropolian possessions to the seat of the Government, the other necessary concomitants of a Metropolis, and the very mildness of his character had one by one swept away nearly all the ancient privileges belonging to that position till at last his very proprietorship has come to be questioned, still he retains enough of influence and power, not to say regard and attachment, to render a direct and violent attack against him or his own within what at least is his nominal kingdom, an act of extreme foolhardiness—even ignoring the strong city police, and the stronger military in Fort William, Dum Dum and Barrackpore so near its back and so easily available at a moment's notice. In spite of such appalling difficulties we repeat the great mind of Vaikunth'natha planned and executed

such an attack and executed it with success. The whole thing was must dexterously managed. Vaikunth'natha got his prime end. Blood was spilt, and even lives are believed to have been lost. The military were not called. And the *primum mobile* of the outrage died the death a good Hindoo covets, on the banks of the Gunga (Hoogly.)

In the centre of the Raja's dominion in the city is what may be considered as the capital, Shobabazar, in which stands his mansion. Close to his mansion lies the bazaar of Shobabazar, one of the greatest bazaars of the Black Town. Extending along about half a mile on both sides of Chitpore Road are rows of unequal barracks which house retail shops of various articles. The western side of the street is mostly occupied by the spice shops and the shops of brass and other trinkets, and further down cloth shops and shoe shops. On the east are the great export *sondesh* shops, which while they retail to the daily wants of their part of the town divide with the Burrabazar shops nearly the whole export trade of Calcutta in that article, a large shop of sweetmeats of all kinds, shops of beetle, oil, flour, while towards the south is a considerable *chowk* (square) which is entirely taken up by a cloth mart and next to it is a row of shops of country umbrellas, (of both cloth and thatch) and brass

and pewter vessels varied by a *gunjá* shop. At the back of the north-eastern shops is the fish and the vegetable market. In the morning when people make their morning domestic purchases the greatest activity and bustle prevails there. No two Bengalees can pass by each other without creating a partial noise, and the deafening din of the bazaar with its thousand shops, its sellers calling out prices, its thousands of passing and repassing customers bargaining after a fashion that one might fancy they were hotly 'quarrelling, and enquiring prices of each other, and above all its host of fish women abusing their customers and each other in most edifying language, may better be conceived than described. It was this extensive fort teeming with an army busy in the arts of peaceful toil which Vaikunth'natha sought to storm, plunder, destroy and rear up if not on its ruins at least adjacent to it a bazaar of his own. The idea was tempting. Vaikunth'natha was always throwing himself into scrapes too great for any other man and as often coming out of them with no injury. But the game was fearfully expensive. When he had set Raja Radhakanta for the victim of his revenge, if at all he hesitated in the pursuit of his vindictiveness it was simply on account of its expense. But the idea of destroying the Raja's bazaar and building one of his own pro-

mised to make three almost incompatible ends meet. It would be an indirect attack against the Raja and therefore safer. It would be felt by his Rajaship more than any other practicable mode of attack, direct or indirect. And whatever sum will be spent upon it will as it were be laid out in reproductive works. Hurrah for the storm !

Vaikunth'natha was the owner of a piece of ground next to the Raja's bazaar. He raised there bamboo and straw barracks as if with the intention of founding a bazaar. In the mufossil the very barracks would not have been allowed to be constructed by the owner of the nearest bazaar. A justice of the peace himself, the Raja did not lead to a breach of the peace by opposing them. Thus unmolested the rival bazaar soon became a fact, though a poor fact. Vaikunth'natha was a thorough adept in the arts and artifices by which a rival bazaar would succeed. He tempted the shopkeepers in the Raja's bazaar by promises of low rents and other advantages to join his. But the man had no credit, and men accustomed to repose in the protective shade of Calcutta looked upon him with the greatest horror. Once within the circle of his influence, as within an Indigo planter's books, they feared, the promises will be repudiated and they will be left small means of escape. Foiled in this, despair he did not. He

never despaired. To him the question appeared as a question of which pill suited the patient most. Confident of ultimate success he tried other tactics. He was impressed with the necessity of doing some thing without delay. He knew that a great deal of his influence depended upon his place in the imagination of the people, upon his reputation as the great bad man. His life itself evidenced that success at the outset was generally success for ever. His erecting that bazaar in the face of the Raja's was perfectly consistent with his career. If he let that bazaar remain a lifeless bamboo barrack without making it a real bazaar his prestige would be ruined for ever. His plan was characteristic. Failing to hurt the Raja's bazaar by inducing the shopkeepers in it to emigrate to his, failing to induce any shopkeepers to settle in his, he tried to populate it as Romulus populated Rome, by proclaiming it an assylum for runaway shopkeepers. But Calcutta does not breed runaway shopkeepers enough to support a colony, and so the dodge failed. Somewhat irritated by these repeated failures of well known tactics, Vaikunth'natha at once launched forth into originality. At any rate he must make his a seeming bazaar. With this view he converted his army of *lattyals* into the shopkeepers of his bazaar. He fitted up the shops at his own cost, and the lattyal-shopmen were

directed to sell the things for the price of an old song. . The customers at the Raja's bazaar obeying the law of political economy, of buying at the cheapest market, were all diverted into the new bazaar. The customers of all the bazaars of Calcutta flocked to it in the hope of making a good supply almost for nothing. Especially the shopkeepers of the Raja's bazaar sat in the front of their shops or walked leisurly before it "from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve" in the vain hope of reaping the satisfaction of replying to a stray customer enquiring for prices. Gradually a number of the shopkeepers of the Raja's bazaar emigrated to the new one. Vaikunth'natha partially gained his end. But this was not all. His lattyal-shopkeepers from time to time invaded the Raja's bazaar and returned away with much booty. All the opposition the Raja's shopkeepers and other men offered was put down. They then applied to the Police for help. The Police, always slow when there is danger, arrived when the deed was done, and saw no armed men to arrest. Emboldened by the success of these skirmishes, Vaikunth'natha next gave out that on a certain day he would invade the Raja's bazaar. The Raja's people reported the apprehensions of his tenantry to the manager of his estates. The manager was alarmed. A council of war was hastily called.

The Police habitually withheld help in such cases in the ratio that they were emergent. To oppose force by force was therefore the general veto. In a country virtually without a government, that is the only condition of the possession of property. All the vagabond negroes, disbanded sepoy and runaway up-country *budmashes* available in Calcutta were immediately retained in the Raja's service. They were fed, clothed and kept ready armed in the Raja's Shobabazar mansion to respond instantly to any notice of alarm at the bazaar. What was the Grand Army that Vaikunth'natha brought into the field against his foe's motley battalions of all nations? Did he bribe the Commanding officer at Barrackpore to lend him a Regiment to fight his battle without uniforms? Nothing—he loaded a mine with his cunning. Since the morning of the appointed day, the inhabitants of that part of the town remained in a feverish state of excitement. Those who lived close by the expected place du combat removed their families and effects to a safer place. Carriages avoided the street, which was deserted, save by a straggling new-comer now and then who big with ideas of the real population and activity of the metropolis and the traffic on the streets was annoyingly disappointed. The verandahs and windows overhanging that part of Chitpore

Road, however, were filled with men tightly attired evidently awaiting a storm. The shopmen in the Raja's bazaar had left their usual sitting places in the shops and while they stared full in the face of the obnoxious "inter-loper" bazaar, they had kept their feet in readiness for movement towards the rendezvous of the Raja's Zouaves to give notice of the first shot. Vaikunth'natha's fighting shopmen sat at their places with straight ears as if for the signal. All was breathless silence, broken only at times by what sounded like a sarcasm,—Vaikunth'natha's shopmen crying out "potatoes 2 pice a seer!" "bringas 8 per pice!" Suddenly the storm burst. War cries and a scene of desolation. The Raja's bazaar was thoroughly pillaged and Vaikunth'natha's war hounds charged upon the fleeing shopmen and tenants and completely routed them, so that there was scarcely left one with good fortune or presence of mind enough to apprise the Raja's army encamped within his house of the attack. They learnt of it, however, at last; and then arose much speculation about what would have been the result of what may be called the *ex parte* battle had ex-havildar Ram Sing or Ojud-dha Goonda or John Kaffre been informed a moment earlier. After some time consumed in the useless metaphysics, when they had made

themselves sure that the enemy had finished their work and retired, the polyglot soldiery sallied forth and paraded their fine *physic* and all the bullyism they were masters of before the two bazaars in Chitpore Road. Meanwhile Vaikunth'natha's men had informed the Police that the Raja's armed men had attacked their bazaar and were killing and plundering there. By a personal influence which had previously been impressed for Vaikunth'natha's service, the Police were instantly roused to attention. A strong posse of constables and chowkeedars proceeded to the spot to arrest the daring murderers of the Queen's peace. The real murderers had the moment before resumed their seats in the shops and the usual cries bespeaking of peaceful industry "potatos—2 pice a sear!" "bringals—8 per pice!" The Raja's braggadocios who alone remained in the field were pointed to by Vaikunth'natha's men as returning from the attack, and the plunder which Vaikunth'natha's men had carried away from the Raja's bazaar and which they left in disorder in their own were ready witnesses to their allegation. The poor mercenaries who reckoned upon good pay and no work were taken prisoners. Henceforth the success of the new bazaar was ensured.

Though the Raja's cause came thus to grief, the war continued with little abated vigor. Such

incidents as a whole army arrested do not in Bengal give the quietus to such disputes. Fresh armies are got up the next moment. The neccessity which in Europe compels a Louis Napoleon to defer on invasion of England until a sufficient fighting strength has been secured, exists not in this her dependency. The wants of the agrarian relations here have created a class of native able-bodied but generally cowardly mercenaries ready at any moment to enlist and if possible to practice the safe advise in Hudibras. Raja Radhakanta's manager raised a new army to defended his own. We are quite sure had the Raja's bazaar been left at the mercy of the enemy, the enemy would not have shown that mercy. The arrest of the Raja's retainers, if it was not a blow at the Raja's bazaar, at least assured the stability of Vaikunth'natha's. The country was amazed at the ingenuity, the boldness and the originality of the tactics the latter had employed and—panic-struck. The shopkeepers whom Vaikunth'natha asked to advance the prosperity of his bazaar, if not backed by the strong personal interest of an equally great and notorious *budmash*, rarely dared to refuse. Even the poorer regular customers at the Raja's bazaar who were not also the Raja's tenants, were caught by the apprehension of being put down in the proscription lists of Vaikunth'natha's vengeance,

and tremblingly transferred their custom to his bazaar.

Whether owing to the assurance of the success of his bazaar, itself as no mean advantage, or wearied of the contest at one place, we know not, but it appears that Vaikunth'natha had withdrawn his lattyals from Calcutta. The Raja's manager, on the other hand, had determined never to forgive the disgrace of the Raja's cause. He had always reckoned upon such an opportunity. Like some of the lower animals, he lay in ambush for his prey. Like Louis Napoleon who makes a show of decreasing his armaments when probably he meditates invasion most, he made a show of disbanding his clubmen and of tacitly recognizing the new bazaar. Possibly Vaikunth'natha succumbed to this temptation. But at any rate he at length offered the manager of his foe the opportunity for which his soul so long yearned, to bring about which we have no doubt a regiment of fasting and praying Brahmins must have been retained at enormous fees. The consequence was a thorough plunder and demolition of the new bazaar by the Raja's men, and a very rough handling of its contents, animate and inanimate. Quietly pocketing the insult in this quarter, Vaikunth'natha, as befitted a man of his capacity, renewed the war in another with greater vigor than ever.

It is well known that the domestic attachment of the Hindoo is the strongest of his all other attachments. Death is very often preferred to banishment. To live away from home is considered one of the greatest calamities. Extreme poverty or ineffable meanness and avarice are attributed to him who goes abroad in quest of fortune. This feeling for home has not its parallel in any other nation. It is quite different in its nature from the European sentiment. Some people confine it to their country, others to the village of their birth. The higher classes of Englishmen would not care much whether they resided in Kent or Cornwall so long as they remained in Old England. But the Hindoo has no country in the European sense of the word. In his home—in the spot of his birth—centres all the patriotism of which he is capable. Ejectment from home is consequently one of the worst punishments that can befall a Hindoo. But ejectment generally is impossible in the case of a man of wealth. To drag him into court or to incarcerate him in jail is one of the very last indignities that can be offered to Hindoo respectability. The ambitious vindictiveness of Vaikunth'natha sought to give Raja Radhakanta both the compliments.

Wanting a real government, Bengal, with her increasing wealth, with her vast landed proprietors,

with a law of equal succession, with the innumerable and intricate claims incident to an advancing civilization, is left to settle her disputes by the strong arm and the flowing purse. Accordingly an extremely timid vegetarian population gives birth to more numerous little though by no means bloodless agrarian wars than perhaps any other country on the globe. But of these wars scarcely any approached the grandeur and proportions of the one whose Homer we aspire to be. The contending chiefs were first-rate powers. The area of their operations was spread over a territory wider than the operations of contending nations often cover. Some of the battles brought into the field more men and called forth more earnestness and real fight than the skirmishes of contending generals often do. Blood was shed in many spots in Zillahs Twentyfour Pergunahs and Hoogly. The armies of both counted by thousands. Calcutta had been made the Danubian Principalities of the war. When the armies withdrew from that place few entertained any doubt that the war was ended. It was a mistake. They merely went over to the Crimea to recommence hostilities in righter earnest than ever. Both put forth there their whole strength, and the result was one of the greatest of the feudal wars in the province. And no wonder. Both, two of the wealthiest barons

were ruined by the expenses of the war and its epilogue, and Ramrutton Roy, who acted as the Raja's War Minister, and Vaikunth'natha, who directed his own operations, were the two greatest riateers of their time and who owned allegiance not to Queen Victoria but to their own *lattee*. The war was for some time carried on with various success, till at length, on the 11th July 1848, it was wound up by a great battle at Monoharpore in Zillah Hooghly, in which the army of Vaikunth'natha was beaten with immense loss. Great carnage resulted from the fight. Twenty of Vaikunth'natha's men are said to have been killed and many more wounded. Besides his wounded, the Raja lost only three men. But decisive as their victory was, the fears of the Raja's men began with that victory. The question which once beseechingly asked advise how to break the heads now assumed the rather embarrassing proportions of where best to hide the broken ones. In all countries military morality is too sensitive to allow armies in the field to neglect the honors of their dead, and civilized warfare exacts a respite from nations solemnly engaged in tearing one another with grape and ball and shell in order that each may leisurely distinguish the friendly from the unfriendly ghosts and bury them. Far otherwise the usages of our Lilliputian wars. In them the

dead are willingly left in the field—let alone absolute honors. Mr. Lautour, with the heroworship of a chivalrous official declared that he would be proud to shake hands with those zemindars, native or European, against whom the charge was simply that whether from choice or necessity, they waged deadly war among themselves. Such zemindars, whether black, white, whitish, or *blue*, who if lawless are scarcely ever criminal and never vicious, are birds rare enough. The representative zemindar joins to his lawlessness the arts of the perjurer and the low vindictive persecution of the slave emerged into power. Ready at all times with a sword that never knew a scabbard, rather with a *lattee* which never found repose, far readier perhaps are the zemindars with weapons far less fitted for men with any fear for reputations to lose to handle. No notions of human dignity can reconcile us to the bare propriety—banish the grace—of the general planning an attack and the next moment giving information of an affray. Yet our zemindars are these monster generals-informer. The epilogue destroys the lofty impression created by the drama. Our zemindars cannot be reproached with being men of one idea, one way. They are rather like the jugglers who show a succession of varying tricks. They do not cause breaches of the peace ever with any view

of raising their own *morale* by these violent exercises, or of feeding their vanity, or of enjoying a sport, or of impressing the people with an idea of their audacity and recklessness. They are not the men for Mr. Lautour's hands—not they! They simply want to attain an end, nor do they stop to enquire for a moral or dignified *whereby*. Wretched cowards, they would hardly be ashamed to bake their children if that were a safer means to attain an end than an affray. Having tried his strength in the field and been defeated, the vanquished zemindar does not bow to the conqueror with the conscious dignity of one who did his best, nor if he did would he receive from the conqueror the consideration and mercy due to one who yielded only as a man. If the conquered and the conqueror knew their respective duties, the chivalry of Bengalee society would more than atone for its lawlessness. It would be one of the most elevated of societies “for a’ that”. As it is, a breach of the peace is followed by each party informing against the other of creating it. Dead men do tell tales and to support such information dead bodies are very valuable. Quarrel about the dead succeeds to quarrel among the living. Every party tries to keep exposed his own dead in the field and bury those of the enemy, for each now tries to fasten the responsibility of the attack upon the other.

But if one does not succeed in removing the enemy's dead, the dead men are impressed into his service to tell a tale quite different from what they would under ordinary circumstances. By the English law of evidence much weight is given to the words of the dying. Judging from analogy, if by any talisman the dead could be raised and sent to the witness-box they would be the most disinterested and consequently the most reliable witnesses of all. But almighty Perjury, or rather thou creator of perjury, almighty Gold, thou dost make the dead perjure themselves! By thy influence those who when living fought on one side when dead belong or rather are made to belong, to another! Thou workest miracles when thou makest mothers disown their own sons and extend the endearing address "child!" to the issues of strangers!

The dead bodies left by Vaikunth'natha's army were dexterously secreted by the Raja's men. They are believed to have been conveyed by water by Ramrutton Roy's men to the Sunderbunds near the Bay of Bengal, cut into innumerable little fractions and there left to float down to the sea. A fortnight after the occurrence the *Friend of India* newspaper which has always commanded the respect and attention of the Government, then in the hands of Mr. Marshman, published an article head-

ed "Extraordinary Affray, and the Police of the Hoogly District" in which the journalist spoke of the occurrence as a "pitched battle" and by no means an "uncommon one." Lord Dalhousie had recently arrived. Coming as he did with a determination to rule India with an iron sceptre he was exasperated at the audacity of the parties in committing an outrage so near his person. The affray revealed to his bewildered imagination a state of the administration of the law which could well make him horrified and stagger his faith in any improvements which India now counts over those she did in the pre-British period. The indignation of a Briton without Indian experience, without experience of the inequality of countries, may well be conceived, and enquiry only stimulated the original feeling. What, asked he, is our boasted progress if nearly a century after the retaking of Calcutta by Clive such unmistakable signs of anarchy prevailed within sight of the Vice-royal Villa at Barrackpore? At a time when the foreign politics of the Empire occupied every one's undivided attention, the head of that Empire determined to make an example of the daring disturbers of Her Majesty's peace. It soon became well known that the Governor General has taken an extraordinary interest in the affair. Vaikunth'natha lost no time in taking advantage of the Governor

General's state of mind. The Governor General had as it were prepared himself for the first impression of whatever kind, and in a soil so ready for their reception Vaikuntha'natha by means of certain influential friends sowed the seeds of misrepresentation. The Raja's position itself admitted of insinuation. His apparent peaceableness of disposition may be easily explained away. In fact he was represented as a very wolf in sheep's skin who under a taking exterior was one of the most wicked and turbulent members of society, whose influence with the government and position as guardian of the peace, while they imparted uncontrolled vehemence to his passions and selfishness rendered complaints against him by his timid fellow-countrymen out of the question as they in exceptional cases of complaint made justice hopeless to be attained. Confiding in these *ex parte* libels the Governor General directed a letter to be written to Mr. Dampier, the Superintendent of Police. In that letter, dated the 26th July confiding the care of the investigation to the utmost attention of Mr. Dampier and the local authorities, the Government gravely informed all of the "great interest his Lordship takes in the case." Copies of the letter were also directed to be sent to the local authorities. It was done and the Governor General's "interest" excited every body's. That

governor general was not a vulgar placeman. His fame had preceeded him. He would think light of deporting Members of Council if they incurred his displeasure. Trembling for their places, the local authorities vied with each other to call up a degree of interest enough to call forth the approbation of the most sanguine Dalhousie.

He was charged with having directed on a certain day at his house in Calcutta a band of armed men to proceed to Monoharpore and fight Vaikunth'natha's men. A number of gentlemen, European and native, attended with him to depose that on that day he was absent from town and was at Sookchur. The depositions of a few of them only being taken, the Joint Magistrate was "satisfied" the evidences entered into their recognizances, and the Raja and his party returned. The irregularities of the trial before the Joint Magistrate were great and flagrant. Whether those irregularities were due to the apprehension of the Joint Magistrate of incurring the displeasure of Lord Dalhousie or to sheer incapacity may be a question, but they justify all that has been urged against what has risen to the dignity of an institution in a country which pays its military defenders and its civil dispensers of justice better than any other country, namely, the systematic investiture of boy Magistrates with power. The witnesses for the

prosecution were never confronted with the defendants. No opportunity of cross-examining them was offered. Once only were the dispositions for the prosecution read aloud in the presence of the defendants. The defendants asked leave to cross-examine them. The leave was not granted on the ground that there was no necessity for cross-examination. There was no necessity not because the Joint Magistrate was satisfied that there was no case for the prosecution but because he held that the onus lay with the defendants to prove that they were not guilty. Strange law! The evidence for the defence being taken, the Joint Magistrate remarked that a strong case for the defence had been set up, and the defendants were told to go home until further orders. The Raja's friends naturally thought that though only a few witnesses were examined on his part those few from their respectability, and character and their unhesitating unequivocal statements had proved to the satisfaction of the Joint Magistrate an unquestionable *alibi*, an *alibi* so supported that to disbelieve it you may as well disbelieve your senses. Days passed on and more and more confirmed them in their hopes. More days and the Raja began to distribute presents to the gods, Brahmins, and his Amlah and legal advisers for the efforts they had made to free him from his diffi-

cult situation. It was even contemplated to wipe off the depression consequent to the late misfortune as also to symbolize the gratitude due to the gods to celebrate the Doorgah Poojah with even more than the usual magnificence. Little did the Raja or his friends dream that while they were thus congratulating on their comparatively easy escape extra-judicial influence exercised upon judicial impotence was essaying so as to render it necessary for the thing to be done again, and at no small cost of money, of comfort, of reputation and of feelings. A few days before the Doorgah Poojah vacation commenced, when the Raja's friends, and they are all Calcutta, the Black town no more than the White, were in ecstasies at his (by them) presumed deliverance when he was about a fortnight after his return from Serampore summoned to attend the Joint Magistrate's Court. The announcement sent a thrill into all hearts. The shock was electric. The festivities of the season which not the Raja's family alone but the whole town had meditated upon enjoying with the greater zest that the Raja's troubles were (supposed to be) over, were in a moment arrested. Confidence in the security of person afforded by the courts was at once wholly destroyed. But the general sorrow, nay dismay, deepened when it was learnt that the Raja was taken from the bosom of his

family to be lodged in prison. And if the Raja could be so punished before he was tried by a Magistrate who either appeared to be totally ignorant of law or of judicial procedure or to have surrendered his conscience to superior authority, well may all other persons despair of attaining justice for themselves.

Add to this that Mr. Dampier is said to have asked the Raja to call on him and privately tender an explanation. The Raja properly refused, and arraigned against him the conceit of a Heaven-born official. The rank and the consequence of not simply the parties directly concerned but also of the partizans indirectly connected with them, the Governor General's "great interest," the anxiety of the Police and the personal pique of the Superintendent of Police all combined attracted to the ensuing trial the interest of a state trial and imparted to the prosecution the violence of a state prosecution. Indeed every thing was so well ordered against the Raja that one had only to appear prosecutor for the authorities to do the rest. Vaikunth'natha of course was not wanting in his duty. Affidavits by a few of his men, and the Joint Magistrate of Serampore issued a writ summoning the Raja to appear before him on the 11th. August. The Raja was indisposed at home when the summons arrived. Unknown to the Raja himself it was

given out that he was residing at his villa of Sookchur. The Superintendent of Police next directed the Chief Magistrate of Calcutta to send a large Police force to surround the Raja's house and overtake him. The Raja's illness prevented his immediate attendance, but on the 18th he repaired to Serampore, and having furnished bail for his appearance returned.

But worse follows. Judicial vagaries boast of lower deeps. The interest deepens as the tragedy dévolopes. As if it was not degradation enough for an Oriental grandee and first man in Calcutta to be called before, and to dance attendance upon a beardless youth, to be permitted to go home and be suddenly recalled just previous to the national Christmas, the Raja—horror of horrors—the nobleman whom a wise and beneficent Administration in deference to the fastidious notions of personal dignity prevalent among Orientals, has exempted from attendance in courts, was thrown into prison. We despair of making our European readers understand in their intensity the feelings of our countrymen on this melancholy subject. Our ideas of attendance in courts are so opposed to their's, and Mr. J. W. B. Money's new work on Java is the only one which adequately notices them. A man of the Raja's position would much rather brave outlaw-

ry than the worse than death of presence in a court. But for his extensive loyalty to the Government and his deep reverence for the law, the Raja would have done the same. So extraordinary was his determination to attend considered by his countrymen that some of them attributed it to a desire to flatter the Government. All were agreed as to this that the malicious or silly portion of officialdom would triumph over his presence in court and the generous portion admire and be overjoyed at his condescension, and that of whatever persecution he was the victim all parties would be disarmed and his sufferings be over. Himself free from such speculations, the Raja in the confidence of innocence with which he went to Serampore was pretty firmly secured in his own mind against any other hardships than his attendance in court necessitated. The law, he was assured would be satisfied with the unconditional exaction of that attendance. He was prepared for none other. What a very revelation must have burst upon him when the order for his confinement broke upon his ear. A small dark filthy room standing in the compound of the Magistrate's dwelling house became the home for that and two succeeding days of the man for whose bed velvet and feathers were not too soft. The history of the vicissitudes of Rajaship contains no more impressive instance

than that furnished by Raja Radhakanta examining *nautch* women for the Poojah carried to a prison. The change reminds one of those Oriental stories on which princesses are led out from amidst the most profuse gaiety and revelry to be strangled for being suspected of a passionate gaze at some youthful relative. The order for confinement staggered even those who are most aware of the vagaries of boy Magistrates, for they even did not reckon upon so much recklessness. If bail could have set the Raja free, the united wealth of the Metropolis was ready to be offered, but bail was refused. It was before the mutinies and the newspapers commented with becoming severity upon the Magistrate's proceedings. It is even said that Magistrate himself in his official letters betrayed his fear of being dragged to account in the Supreme Court. The Civilians themselves who are apt at all hazards to support every member of their class so far disowned the *spirit de corp* as to leave the delinquent at the mercy of public opinion.

Judge the effect of the intelligence of the Raja's imprisonment upon the country. The messenger, who heavy in heart tardily travelled to Calcutta, was disbelieved. He was probably taken for a retainer of Vaikunth'natha's wanting the prudence of concealing his partizanship. Probably too the first intelligence was due to the

kind solicitude of that estimable gentleman to inform Calcutta of the serious disaster which had overtaken its Chief. The Raja's friends who accompanied him, if any such idea did strike them, dared not send message to town. Soon however more authentic intelligence followed. Calcutta persisted in its hopeless scepticism. The thing was incredible. It was so incredible as to be popularly believed impossible. The blazing noon day sun at last opened their eyes. And then universal stupefaction and on recovery as universal and intense exasperation. If Bengalees ever were capable of demonstration they would have demonstrated that day. In another country of Asia the citizens would have risen *en masse* to demand their Chief and an explanation why he should have been so treated. It was just such an occurrence as to make the very stones of the metropolis to rise and mutiny. But undemonstrative and ignorant of the machinery of Government, Bengalees vent their indignation against official tyranny by curses against their Sovereign, and the East India Company that day lost the allegiance of more subjects than the population of many German Duchies.

Happily Justice, though her Head Quarters was far off, had not altogether quitted the land. There was yet a Sudder to be appealed to. The appeal

was made, and the response was all that could be expected or desired. Commenting in terms of becoming severity the whole proceedings, and taking them as an illustration of the danger of too much discretion in the hands of boy Magistrates, the late Sir Robert Barlow ordered the Raja's release on security. Security instantly pressed forward, and three' ages of calamity in three days of confinement closed with his release.

He had been committed to take his trial at the Sessions after the Poojahs. The Poojahs passed off in mourning. The Raja's sudden call to Serampore arrested the more than usual preparations for the celebration and the end was an exaggerated type of the beginning. The Poojahs were the most miserable ever remembered. They did not deserve the name of Holidays. Nothing of gaity, of course nothing of revelry, nothing of enjoyment, nothing of excitement save that of feverish anxiety as to the Raja's fate prevailed. All were downcast with sorrow. The long days passed drearily.

The Poojahs over, no trial came. No day, nay no body even had been fixed for conducting the trial. No body would take the case. There was a great risk on the one hand, a grave responsibility on the other. The Governor General, such a strong-willed despot as Lord Dalhousie,

had prejudged the case. To try it so as to make all ends meet, as would do the Raja justice, raise no suspicion against the Judge's virtue, and satisfy all parties was an impossibility, and there are not many men with the fearlessness and public spirit to undertake so invidious a duty. Two of the regular Sessions Judges declined it. But Government being not less anxious to soon dispose of the case than the Raja's friends, Mr. Robert Torrens was appointed Special Sessions Judge to try it. The trial was fixed for the 19th October. The anxiety, the breathless interest of the whole country, and of all classes now intensified. The followers of the Raja who accompanied him to Hoogly was an army. Every native of Calcutta who could possibly do so did himself honour by the utmost demonstration Bengalees are capable of. Those who were obliged to remain behind must have his justice done to them that not one of them during all the days the trial continued took his usual meals at the usual time. In Hoogly itself so great was the gathering that plantain leaves were sold at 1 per rupee.

The trial lasted the unprecedented period of 37 days. The result was the detection of a huge and ambitious conspiracy which taking advantage of such courts and such dispensers of

justice as we possess and supporting itself by perjury had attacked the liberty and life of the greatest native subject of the Metropolis. The presiding Judge reported to the Sudder in terms of deserved indignation the wanton and illegal exercise of discretion on the part of the committing Magistrate. One of the perjurers was sentenced to imprisonment with irons. On the 26th November when the Raja was called to receive his sentence, the spacious court and the wider compound were filled with a crowd such as has honored few trials in this country. Government officials of the station and independent Europeans naturally took the best places, and the Black Town of Calcutta which followed the Raja's camp blocked up all the adjacent streets. Amidst such an impressive demonstration, the Judge pronounced the acquittal. The Raja rising up slowly burst forth into one of the most well known couplets of Sadi, and which was peculiarly appropriate on the occasion,—

“The blessed name or Nushirwan survives, for Justice : although ages have passed since Nushirwan was no more.”

He then bowed and quietly retired.

The joy of the people knew no bounds. A hum of gladness immediately rose up in the Court which soon passing to the crowd without swelled

Its darkness or calmness or storm :
It will be a memorial dear to the mind,
In absence to call up thy form.

The God-daughter.

BY GEORGE SAND.

Translated from the French.

(Continued)

PART II.

I NEVER questioned my power to persist in spite of my melancholy, in leading a studious and scholastic life. It was impossible for me not to love study. Be it from an innate love for literary acquirements, be it a desire to obey my mother, which had implanted in me this precocious habit, I knew not how to be idle and my long and frequent reveries were rather meditations than contemplations. Of all the avocations which I no longer pursued, reading and reflection I considered as the most natural and agreeable; I labored therefore mechanically and if I may say so by instinct, as a person eats without appetite,

as one walks without any determined end, or in short as one lives without thinking of living.

In the mean time, Edmond and Roque, whose visits were rare, though prolonged and serious, required that I should observe some order in my studies and that like him, I should follow some method to bring them to account. That would have been possible, had my mother lived, so that she might tell me or write to me about what she desired. But I was a poor child of sentiment, and my so much boasted intelligence found herself but the very humble servant of my affections. With broken affections, the heart became void and the understanding driven from its proper channel by a flat calm, floating like a ship which had not lost her rigging, but which had neither passenger to carry nor pilot to steer, and which went wherever the waves would make her run aground, either to dash her into pieces or carry her safely along the stream.

Roque was astonished at this moral situation of which he understood nothing and thus vehemently yet generously reproached me.

"What do you do?" said he, examining my books and my notes. "Fifteen days for philosophy, then all at once the poets, science, and criticism! The dead languages, good; but at the end of the week, music, natural sciences, a medley of Political economy and sculpture! what an incredible splash of divine faculties! what a ruinous loss of time and energy!"

"Did you not tell me," I answered in a low

voice, somewhat satirical in its tone, "that it was necessary before dying, to learn every thing that a man could learn?"

"But you have adopted," cried he, "the true method of learning nothing, that is to learn every thing at once. The sciences are related to each other, I admit, but they are as the rings of a chain and should not be mixed together as in a game at cards."

"And yet before dealing every separate piece, the cards are mixed together."

"And thus you make a game of life, in which the chance will be always, that you are either deceived by your wrong combinations or spared the trouble of combining at all? Hold, I have great fears lest after having spent more time and intelligence than are necessary for the purposes of real instruction, you should finish, by being neither a poet nor a critic, that is to say some one who sings of every thing and who talks of every thing, because he knows nothing."

I badly defended myself, so badly, that this man of a rude and ardent spirit, became impatient and angrily left me. He returned however and after every home thrust with which he plied me, it appeared as if he loved me more. One day, I told him smiling,

"You reproach me, because I believe that there is some thing in the affections which is more valuable in man's life than his reason and science, whilst your conduct towards me, proves that you

too are governed by what you are pleased to call the weakness of the heart. At College you esteemed without loving me; that was the time when you believed me to be your equal, because I had the wish to be such. Now that you somewhat dislike me for my carelessness, you must confess that you love me, since you take so much pains to put me in the right path."

"Yes, I confess," cried he, in a sort of jesting passion, "I have some friendship for you, since I find you weak, and I am angry with myself for loving weakness, I who detest it."

Roque went away delighted and confirmed in his resolution of surpassing me, when he had found a pleasyntry with which to oppose me; but in this contest with my heart, he had forgotten one thing, and that was to understand it, so much had he in his eager quest after absolute truth forgottten to study the human heart. He had never taken the pains to understand it; thus had he passed his whole life in being astonished at and indignant with the inconsistencies and weaknesses of other men, without showing either the toleration to partake of or the amiability to sympathize with them.

At the end of two years, I learnt and understood infinitely more than my friend, but I was not well grounded in any thing, whilst he was thoroughly acquainted with, that is, deeply versed in many subjects. Neither of us observed any determined purpose in our studies. He agreed with me in thinking, that nothing was emergent with us, and that

Providence having placed, as they say in our country, *bread upon our plate*, (his family was settled at Berry) we could very well give our respective consciences, the satisfaction of not embracing a profession in society, before feeling ourselves competent to feel, one. It was permitted us therefore, him to censure, me to pity our school fellows, who were urged either by necessity or a strong ambition to become physicians, without understanding medicine, or lawyers without understanding the law. He considered them as butchers both of the body and the mind; I, as victims, condemned to make other victims. Both of us before acting, aspired after a religious, philosophical, moral and social certainty. It is apparent, that our's was not a limited ambition. That of Roque was audacious and obstinate in its nature. That of mine was already mixed with a profound doubt. I feared to discover, that man was not capable of asserting any thing as certain and true, and I considered this ignorance as the destiny both of others and of myself. Roque did not wish to admit any such doctrine, he was resolved to become mad or to burn his brains the very day, on which after having with great trouble very nearly arrived at light, he should find them enveloped by an impenetrable darkness. That day he would be bound either to curse humanity or to curse himself. Fortunately for himself, that day could never come in a definite manner; moreover an intelligent man is never persuaded to believe that he has risen sufficiently high to see every thing, or

if pride gives him the vertigo, he believes that he sees what he does not really see.

The season for vacation arrived. I did not wish to pass these two months at my father's; but I thought of going to salute him as a proof of my respect and then to return. He wrote to me to say, that this would be throwing away both time and money. I learnt that Lamichone (such was the name of his governess) had interdicted my approach to the paternal mansion. This circumstance was not at all calculated to inspire me with courage. "Behold", said Edmund Roque (the only person to whom I confided my domestic concerns) the consequence of allowing the heart to be entangled by weak affection. You say that your father, in spite of all, is good and sensible. Know then, that it is owing to the abuse of this pretended goodness and this egotistical sensibility, that he is wanting in his duties towards his own family. You should learn to draw a moral from the above, instead of allowing your own conduct to be affected by that of your father. *Pardon, excuse*, very good words it is true, but preserve your own future from a similar destiny. Never cherish in your heart an ideal love for a mortal creature; a person, by means of this delirium, creates a necessity for a sublime intimacy, which tends ultimately towards the laughable delusions of real life. You are a poet like your mother, but you are as weak as your father, and you should not forget to take care, that you do not act like Petrarch, for whom Laura was an abstraction,

and whose poetry they say, drew^{its} inspiration from his cook woman.

Roque wished to carry me to pass the vacation with his family. He possessed very excellent parents, who shewed the example of all the domestic virtues in a calm and coldly regulated life. I knew that their society would have been of great good to me. But the Roque family lived within a few leagues of my own village, and it appeared to me, that my dwelling with them might cover my poor father with the shame of my exile. I refused, saying, that I was content to remain alone at Paris and to dream in my burning Attic of the freshness of the shades of my native valley.

Roque pitied this tranquility of soul.

"This is nothing but apathy," said he. "I do not wish to leave you thus, in order to find you in the course of two months, transformed into a chrysalis. You shall pass the whole of this solitary period in the best place in the world. You shall be a poet or a naturalist until my return; that would be of greater benefit to you than *mummifying* the intellect."

We started together by the road of Nemours, Montargis and Bruges; it was only at a small distance from the road to our country. Within a quarter of a league's distance from his house, Roque stopped in the way, in order to instal me into the retreat, which he had procured me.

Older than myself by two years, and having come out of the College before me, Roque had already

completed his apprenticeship in a certain art in the choice of a temporary solitude. He conducted me in to a small house, isolated from the village of Avon and lost in an under wood on the borders of the forest of Fontainebleau. This poor dwelling house was inhabited by an honest old couple, who received us with open arms and took charge of me for a very moderate consideration.

Jene and Marie Floche were the names of my hosts. Their rustic abode consisted of two stories each of which contained two chambers. An exterior staircase, all overhung with joy, led to the first, which was rented for me. Upon the ground floor, the Floche household undertook to prepare my repast and respect my retirement.

Roque, resolved to consecrate two days to my instalment into this new abode, commenced by promenading with me amongst the most romantic sceneries of the forest. He had himself sketched a plan of the principle localities, by means of which I could traverse vast spaces without losing myself; but he wished to enjoy my transport, by making me penetrate with him into the valley of the Sole, the defiles of Franchart, as far as the cross way of Grand Veneur; and into all those beautiful spots whose aged trees were then in all their magnificence.

That was the only agreeable day, which I had passed since my misfortune. It ended however in a very sad manner.

We had been walking from sunrise to sunset,

without taking any more rest than the time, occupied in making a slight repast of an anchorite upon the blooming heath. Roque had commenced his course of universal science with Geology. He was occupied in rummaging for herbs and other rare plants, and in his ardour for geological pursuits, he forgot very soon to enjoy the beauties of nature. His lively intelligence however, was not completely unoccupied, but he had voluntarily deprived himself of enjoyments, which would have turned his attention from the actual subject of his researches. He collected, broke, sifted and at the same time demonstrated, with ardor. I thought that this prolonged tension of his intellect, would have fatigued my patience ; but, I owed to him entirely the pleasures of that day and whilst listening to him, I saw rapidly passing before my eyes enchanting pictures, and the splendid rays and details of an indescribable poetry. I did not deem it proper to interrupt my hot-headed companion by requesting him to partake of my raptures. "I will return," said I to myself, and at every step, I marked some particular spot and I meditated a delicious resting place for my future excursions.

The balmy air of the forest and the beneficent exercise of the body, refreshed my spirit even before I perceived any change. Amongst these picturesque sceneries of rocks and trees, I did not find the monotonous and gravely melancholy physiognomy of my country, but this prolonged excursion amongst solitary regions, inspired me insensibly

as it were, with the physical energy and the sweet moral languor of my younger years. It appeared as if I was born anew, and a new life had entered into my breast.

At sunset, laden with samples of all sorts, we retook the way to our lodging. At a sandy and open spot, two blocks which lay across the pathway, were animated all on a sudden with a strange, savage and almost frightful scene.

A woman most horribly pale, dressed in many-colored rags, with a wild and suffering expression of features, was standing, leaning against one of the rocks, pensive, with eyes fixed towards the earth, and then suddenly raised towards Heaven with an air of reproach and inexpressible malediction. Afterwards at equal intervals, something like a deafening roar escaped from her bosom. She immediately hid her livid face within her hands and twisted her meager fingers within the black ringlets of her rude hair, which fell thick upon her shoulders.

Tears and perspiration flowed profusely along her face. Above her upon the rock, a young lad between nine and ten years of age, with sharp expressive features, belonging to that mysterious race, improperly called the *Bohemians*, appeared waiting for a signal or seeking with his eyes for a secure, lodging for the night. A small mule of lank and meager dimensions, was grazing within two paces from him. This group was the very image of hunger, distress and despair.

Hearing the stifled cries of the woman, we redoubled our steps. I hastened to interrogate her; she informed me by a sign, that she could not understand me. She knew not a word of our language, but with a discouraging gesture which was almost disdainful in its expression, she desired us to pass on our way. Roque addressed himself to the child. But my friend who had studied the universal philosophy on the formation of languages, did not understand a single living language besides his own.

“Now” said he, addressing me; “you who happen to have studied so many things, do you not understand the Spanish *incidentally*?”

That was the word with which he often used to ridicule the fragments of my superficial studies which I pursued without order. I felt myself too sensibly excited to partake of his *sangfroid*. In every other encounter, I would have maintained my position as a universal scholar; but he had neither the modesty nor the delicacy, which pity at least, should have made him shew on the present occasion. I ventured to pronounce for the first time a language which I had studied for a very short time only, and the harmony, of which I had tried to divine. I made myself understood and the young vagabond thus answered me; “we are the inhabitants of Andalusia. My father has left us this winter in order to seek his fortune at Paris from whence he has written to us to rejoin him. For the last three months, we have been on the road,

but behold there, my mother, taken ill all on a sudden and about to die here, because no body wishes to give us an asylum."

Being interrogated as to the cause of this barbarous refusal, he smiled bitterly, cast down his eyes and then raising them towards me, encouraged perhaps by the compassion which he read in my appearance. "Help my mother," said he, with a supplicating air. The unfortunate woman, suffering anew from a fresh attack of pain, had allowed the tattered garments in which she was clothed to fall from her shoulders; she was in an advanced state of pregnancy.

"It is not necessary, to be like you, passed as a Master Bachelor of Salamanca," cried Edmund Roque on rejoining me, "to see that this poor mendicant is now a prey to the first pangs of child birth. Alas! What shall we do? for to leave her alone with the sole resources of nature, however good they may be is to demand of Providence to take too great a responsibility." Providence! it is we who have found her," answered I. "We should try to remove this woman to our lodging and it is necessary that mother Floche should perform a deed of hospitality."

"We were trying to improvise a sort of litter, when the Bohemian, to whom her son explained our good intentions, overcame her pangs with a heroic courage, and intimated to us by signs, that she would follow us. She could not or she would not speak. We did not hear a word, come out of

ner lips, sealed either by suffering or by pride.

A quarter of an hour after, we were at the Floche house.

Fearing to meet with a repulse, similar to that which had driven the poor wanderer from other quarters, we concealed her situation from the not over-clear sighted eyes of the old Floche, until our protegee had passed the threshold of her door. Afterwards, it appeared to us that she had a sacred right to the assistance of her hosts, and whilst I addressed the old couple on that subject, Roque left in haste, to seek out a wise woman from the village.

Father Floche did not appear very well satisfied at first with the adventure ; but his wife who had authority in the household, showed a really Christian charity and obliged him to assist her in the truly maternal and affecting cares, which she hastened to extend towards the strangers. Roque returned with the wise woman of Avon, and after we had consigned our patient to her hands, we ascended up to our chambers, where our modest supper was awaiting us for a long time.

“ I do not believe, that we could have rendered any succour to the patient, in case of accident ” said my friend, (whilst attacking the repast with the fury of an appetite of twenty two years) “ unless you may have learnt *incidentally* Medicine and Surgery.”

“ Happily not ” answered I. “ You have not heretofore to be at all concerned about the eventualities

ty of a murder. Eat in peace. If the matron of Avon has not taken her degrees, like so many young assassins of our school fellows, she has at least some experience to recommend her.

To A Dead Crow.

BY BABOO KASHIPRASAUD GHOSH.

Gay minstrel of the Indian clime !
 How oft at morning's rosy prime
 When thou didst sing in *caw, caw* numbers,
 Vex'd I've awoke from my sweet slumbers,
 And to avoid that hateful sound,
 That plagues a head howe'er profound,
 Have walked out in my garden, where
 Beside the tank, in many a square,
 Sweet lillies, jasmines, roses bloom,
 Far from those trees within whose gloom
 Of foliage thick, thou hadst thy nest
 From daily toil at night to rest.

Now lifeless on the earth, cold, bare,
 Devoid alike of joy and care,
 The offals of my meal no more
 My spirit to eternity,

Attract thee as they did before.
 There's rubbish scattered round thee, but
 Thy heart is still, thine eyes are shut.
 No more that blunt yet useful beak
 From carcases thy food can seek,
 Or catch the young unheeded mouse,
 Which from flooring of my house
 Urged by its hapless luck, would astray
 And bask beneath the solar ray.

Gay minstrel ! ne'er had Death before
 Its dart destructive, sharpened more
 To pierce a gayer, mortal heart
 Than thine, which ah ! hath felt the smart !
 Though life no more is warm in thee,
 Yet thou dost look as though 't may be
 That life in thee is full and warm ;
 Not cruel death could mar thy form ;
 Thy features, one and all, possess
 Still, still their former ugliness.
 They are in truth the very same
 The Indian Crow hath, known to fame.

Oh ! may when death hath closed these eyes,
 And freed from earthly bondage, flies
 Stretched at full length I lie like thee,

On mother earth's cold lap, so ne'er
 To spin such verses out I'll dare,
 And please the public ear again
 With such discordant, silly strain,
 As thou didst once delight to pour
 At morn or noon, or evening hour.
 In sooth I promise this shall be
 My last line in addressing thee.

Harris Chunder Hookerjee.

A thunder bolt has fallen upon native society. Hushed is every voice and fixed is every eye. The friend of the poor and the Mentor of the rich, the spokesman, the Patriot, the brave heart that defied danger and battled foremost in the strife of politics has been swept away like a vision from our aching eyes. In the prime of his youth and the full splendour of his intellect, while yet the Indigoryut was bending before the sun and invoking blessings on the head of his deliverer, and the country from one end to the other was ringing with jubilee, the stroke of death fell heavily upon the land and its pride and its ornament disappeared in a cloud of glory. Our loss is great, der means and many wives he was reared in the

We were only just putting forth the buds and the blossoms of a healthy existence. From the darkness of ages we were only faintly emerging into light, groping our way through a choking mass of prejudices and struggling feebly though earnestly through obstruction and difficulty. We had only recently learnt the value of political liberty. The heads of our people had banded together for the noble work of representation—calm, sustained, and irresistible representation. They assumed an attitude of dignified remonstrance which the ruler could not help respecting. Hurish Chunder Mookerjee was the soul of this movement. He supplied the spirit, the energy, the breadth of view and the raciness of logic which raised the British Indian Association to the position of a power in the state. His earnest mind was incessantly at work, digesting the past and probing the future. Placed by fortune in a retired grade of life he worked up his way to the topmost ranks of society which he ruled by the sheer force of his intellect. He had established a dictatorship in the realm of thought to which the richest and the best did homage. The life of such a man is undoubtedly an interesting study and we proceed to sketch it in the hope that the biography might benefit those whose genius and ambition it is to follow in the footsteps of the deceased Hindoo Patriot!

Hurish Chunder Mookerjee was born in the year 1821. The second son of a *Koolin* brahmin of slender blow a retreat. We cite these little incidents

house of his mother's maternal uncle. The European reader will find it difficult to realise the nature and significance of the tie which bound such widely distant relatives, but the initiated in the mysteries of *Koolinism* will scarcely stop to mark the anomaly. Of course the rearing was limited to the supply of coarse rice and such vegetables as could be had for the asking. The boarding was as cheap as possible and the education cheaper—for it cost nothing. An insignificant village school which subsisted on the philanthropy of certain high officials imparted the rudiments of an English education to the man who at a maturer age wrote the English language with the fluency of a native and the strength and vigor of a university man. At school the precocious infant gave promise of the splendid man. There was not a subject in the curriculum which the youth had not mastered to the extent at least of his tutor's capacity to teach him. It is said that one of his native masters stood in such an awkward dread of his pupil's cross questionings that he was put to the serious necessity of carefully preparing the lessons which he taught and even then there were times in which the boy suggested a more correct analysis of a difficult passage than the man. His spirit and energy were remarkable. A drunken sailor having insulted some stray lads of the school, Hurris Chunder hastily organised a little Regiment, armed it with rulers, and at its head gave the enemy such a severe mauling that he was too glad as illustrative of the vigor of mind which distin-

guished the subject of this memoir at an age at which native youths are lost amidst pigeons and play. We have already said that the pecuniary prospects of Hurrish Chunder's family were none of the brightest. The same causes that made him a charity student of the Blowanipore Union School operated to force him into active life before he had completed his education. The cry for bread at home was too piteous and urgent to be neglected by a young man of fine sensibility and strong natural feelings. He deserted his school though he did not desert his books. At that time a keraniship was hard to be obtained. School distinctions and educational accomplishments were ridiculed by stiff-necked Registers who had slowly risen to fortune by the help of neither. A sputterer of Shakespeare was contemptuously treated by men who had never even heard the name of Shakespeare except perhaps as Sir Robert Shakespeare the Resident. The only passport to the office was a letter of recommendation. Hurrish Chunder was as poor in that commodity as he was in purse. That was a great obstructive to his hopes of preferment. But money he must have, or starve. His position had become desperate. His pen occasionally brought him a glittering rupee. But petition writing could not keep him above want. It sometimes nevertheless did him yeoman's service. We remember an anecdote told by himself as illustrative of his unhappy position soon after leaving school. One unfortunate day all

all his supplies had been so exhausted that there was not a grain of rice in the house. Dinner under the circumstances had become a serious difficulty. It was raining hard and furiously. He could not even go out and mortgage a brass plate, and buy food. He sat meditating with a heavy heart on his grievous destiny. Yet he could not believe that the God of Providence would forsake him. His mind was intensely fixed on the great author of his being. The door opened and a stranger entered his sitting room. Was that stranger the divinity in disguise come to rescue him from starvation? Possibly. It soon appeared however that he was the mooktear of a well known Zemindar who wanted some Bengallee papers to be translated into decent English. The fee offered was two Rupees. Hurish Chunder valued the silver at two Gold mohurs, so urgent was his necessity and well timed the relief!

But such a precarious income did not meet his wants. A permanent supply alone could leave him free to pursue his studies. He therefore took service with Messrs. Tulloh & Co, the well known auctioneers, on Rs. 8 per month. The pay was subsequently raised to 10 Rupees. And his employers thought it such a good salary for a young native that they positively refused to grant any further increase, although Hurish Chunder declared that he will not vex them for promotion for a long time were he allowed an additional two Rupees. The Auctioneers were inflexible. Sircars were

at a glut in the market. If Hurris Chunder could have stooped to rob his employers—Auction Sircars have peculiar opportunities and temptations for that—he would probably have staid to revenge himself on the senior partner for his stinginess. But though hard pressed for money he disdained to acquire it by infamous means. He resigned his place and was almost immediately appointed to a subordinate post in the Military Auditor General's office. The pay was Rupees twenty five per month. But the prospects were cheering. He found an invaluable friend in Mr. Mackenzie the now popular and energetic Abkarry and Income Tax Collector of Calcutta. This gentleman, himself a European, spurning the vulgar prejudices of caste and color took him kindly by the hand and omitted no opportunity of putting him forward. He early discovered in his young friend the genius that flashed out at a subsequent period and introduced him as an extraordinary clerk to the notice of Colonel Champneys the Deputy Military Auditor General. Hurris Chunder's prospects now began to brighten. The Colonel at once perceived the worth of the youthful copyist. With the shrewdness of judgement for which even his enemies gave him credit and the liberality of soul which has justly procured him the title of the Lucullus of Calcutta in the pages of Mr. Russell's Indian Diary, he deeply appreciated the brilliant talent which had elected the fortunes of a keranie. Fortunately also for Hurris Chunder the head of the Military Audit Department was

the high souled and chivalrous Colonel Goldie of whom it is not too much to say that he was one of the loftiest minded and most honorable men in the Bengal Army. No sneaking partialities obstructed the wide action of that splendid mind which directed the military economy of the Indian empire with a master's hand. He raised the copyist to the pay and position of an auditor, an office until then the preserve of European or Eurasian assistants. A remonstrance from Hurris silenced the voice of cavil. It was couched in that earnest philosophical style so peculiarly his own and which lent an austere charm to every thing that was written or even touched up by him. But whilst thus advancing steadily in official life, he did not neglect the opportunities which his success afforded of preparing himself for that stormy sea of politics in to which he was launched at a later period. Baboo Somboo Nath Pandit the well known Government pleader who was then only a Mohurir of the Sudder Court of Calcutta, had established his residence at Bhowanipore. His dingy garret soon attracted by the sterling good qualities of its occupant and his hospitable a *chutnias* a crowd of young men of whom Hurris was the leader. Neither Somboo Nath nor Hurris relished idle talk. Action was the prevailing tendency of both and their action eventuated in a law club. Brilliant were the law discussions that were nightly held in that little room. A stranger entering it would have believed that he had lighted upon a sort of Bengallee Temple bar.

Regulations and constructions were hurled at each other with the enthusiasm of neophytes and the sagacity of practiced lawyers. It was indeed a thorough bewilderment to lay understandings to follow up the current of the discussions. The original court had passed a decision, the judge had reversed it on appeal, the Sudder had reviewed the proceedings and ordered a re-trial. The whole merits of the case were energetically gone through in that mock court at Baboo Somboo Nath's. Counsel was arrayed on either side with the warmth of actual forensic struggle. Opinions were advanced which for depth and originality of conception might have equalled those of the brightest Sudder Judge. An animated discussion followed. Regulation so and so of so and so supported this view. But construction so and so of Regulation so and so opposed it. The grounds of the construction were analysed. The principle of the regulation was laid bare. Hurris Chunder's keen intellect directed the nice operations. His voice rose preeminent above the voices of the rest. His powerful mind made itself conspicuous in the debate and final adjudication. What an ornament was lost to the Sudder bar by a caprice of fortune! His nearest friends advised him to give up the writership and assert his proper position. But he remained firm to the profession he had adopted in adversity. It is said that he justified his choice by maintaining that his situation as a clerk left him greater leisure than other wise to aid the poor by his advice and by those

petitions which every wrong doer in the country has read with the blush of shame and the palor of ungodly fear. But the public does not yet know the true reason of that self denial which pinned him to the desk whilst he might have starred it in the bar. He had the delicacy not to parade his virtues—and it was the virtue of gratitude which tied him to the Military Auditor General's office. In the confidence of private friendship he only for once mentioned that honor and the highest feelings of that highest of human virtues to which we have already alluded forbade his deserting post so long as Colonel Champneys to whom he was so much indebted, remained in office. No argument could set him at liberty on that point which was a cardinal point with him. For once he broke through it and resigned. But a feeling word from the Colonel yet more firmly planted him where he was.

Some idea may be formed of the energy and perseverance of the remarkable man whose life we are portraying from the fact that he footed it all the way from Bhowanipore to Cornwallis Square a distance of 12, English miles' coming and going in order to hear Dr. Duff's lectures on mental Philosophy. The greed for knowledge must have been great indeed to enable him to kill time and space in its pursuit. Where are the young men that would willingly stand the locomotion for even a more exciting purpose? Some would want conveyances others would want companions. All would beat the tail of an excuse. But Hurris Chunder's energy

was of the real English type. In the course of his keranie life he was once compelled to make what convenience he could out of a three legged table and a broken chair. He was advised to represent the grievance to his superior officer. His reply deserves to be recorded as brimful of a haughty nationality. "A Bengallee is used to write upon his knee" told he to his Eurasian adviser, "a three legged table is decidedly more convenient than that."



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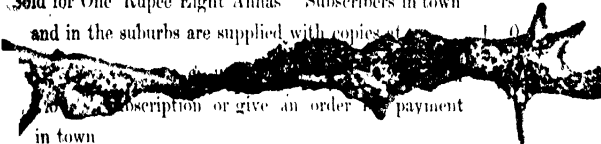
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